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OXFORD EDITION

THE COMPLETE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

THOMAS HOOD

EDITED, WITH NOTES

BY

WALTER JERROLD



HUMPHREY MILFORD
OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS
LONDON, NEW YORK, TORONTO, MELBOURNE
CAPE TOWN AND BOMBAY
1920

PREFACE

In this volume is given a fuller collection of the poetical writings of Thomas Hood than has hitherto been published; many as have been the editions they have varied in the way in which pieces have been overlooked or omitted from considerations of space or carelessness. Besides bringing together all that is available from earlier collections, the Editor has recovered from the periodicals for which Hood wrote a few poems which have hitherto escaped notice; in such cases, however, he has only taken pieces that were indubitably Hood's—resisting the temptation to swell their numbers by others for which the only evidence for ascription is internal. In addition he has had the good fortune to obtain half a dozen new poems from manuscript—one of these, it is true, had been given before, but only in an incomplete form.

A few words should be said about the arrangement of the poems in this edition, an arrangement which has been the result of careful consideration consequent upon the inconsistencies met with in other collections. It has for sixty years been the custom to divide Hood's poetical writings into 'comic' and 'serious', or into 'serious poems' and 'poems of wit and humour'. This was done in Moxon's editions shortly after Hood's death, it was done by Samuel Lucas twenty years later, and the arbitrary differentiation was maintained by Canon Ainger in the two volumes of selections which he issued in the Eversley Series in 1897. That it is an arbitrary form of classification may be seen by comparing some of those earlier editions, in which we find that one editor includes poems in the 'serious' section which another allots to the 'comic', and vice versa. Lucas, to cite but one example, puts 'Miss Kilmansegg' in the latter, while Ainger puts it in the former. Certain of Hood's poems are definitely comic and others are definitely serious in both thought and treatment, but many of them while deeply serious in intent are presented with all the machinery of wit and humour at his command. It has seemed therefore best to break away from this traditional and unsatisfactory method of classification, and to give the poems in a certain chronological order. That order is as follows: those poems which the author issued in collected forms are given first, and are given in the order of publication of the various volumes, ranging from the *Odes and Addresses to Great People* of 1825 to the *Whimsicalities* of 1844. These are followed by the miscellaneous poems published from time to time, but which were not

reprinted in any collection during his lifetime; these pieces are arranged chronologically in the order of their publication or of their writing, so far as that can be ascertained with certainty, and range from July 1821, when the poet joined the staff of the *London Magazine*, to the time when he lay on his deathbed. After these are given the few poems the original appearance of which has not been traced, those which are now printed from manuscript for the first time, and those published posthumously, including the poetical play of *Lamia*, which is probably an early work. In the supplementary pages devoted to Juvenile work is given for the first time in any collection of Hood's poems his youthful romance in verse 'The Bandit', and in this section there should be the few existing passages from a boyish 'Guide to Dundee' written in the manner of Anstey's *New Bath Guide*, and portions of two addresses written for a Literary Society to which he belonged—those passages however, first published in the revised edition of *The Memorials of Thomas Hood* by his son and daughter, are still copyright. In the appendix are given those portions of the *Odes and Addresses to Great People* which were written by John Hamilton Reynolds and another piece by the same writer.

The texts followed in preparing these poems have been wherever possible those as printed by the poet himself; where he reprinted pieces with any alterations the latter text is given with the changes noted. The only alterations made have been in correcting occasional obvious errors of the press. In the 'Notes' an attempt has been made to give elucidatory information which many readers might need and which they would not find in ordinary works of reference.

In conclusion very cordial and sincere thanks are due, and are hereby rendered, to Mr. Alex. Elliot for his ready permission to include in this collection 'The Bandit', first given to the world in 1885 in his very interesting volume *Hood in Scotland*; to Mr. John Fulleylove, R.I., for his kindness in permitting the use of manuscript poems of Hood's included among the papers of the late Townley Green, R.I.; and to Mr. W. A. Longmore, nephew of Mrs. Hood's, for allowing reference to his copies of the first edition of the *Odes and Addresses to Great People* in which Hood and Reynolds had respectively initialled their own contributions.

W. J.

CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE

OF THE

LIFE OF THOMAS HOOD

THIS Table shows the chief events of the poet's life, with the dates of the publication of his principal works, and his chronological relations to certain of his predecessors and contemporaries.

A D.	ÆT.	
1759	—	Thomas Hood born. The son of a farmer at Errol, in the Carse of Gowrie, he was apprenticed to a bookseller in Dundee. Later came to London and joined a publishing firm. Married Elizabeth Sands; their children, born on unascertained dates, were: (1) James (died Dec. 10, 1811). (2) Elizabeth. (3) Anne. (4) Jessie. (5) Catherine.
1765	—	George Reynolds born (died 1853). Writing master at Christ's Hospital.
1772	—	[Coleridge born (died 1834).]
1774	—	[Southey born (died 1843). Edward Dubois born (died 1850).]
1775	—	[Lamb born (died 1834).]
1779	—	[Moore born (died 1852). Horace Smith born (died 1849).]
1783	—	[Crabbe's *Village*. Blake's *Poetical Sketches*.]
1784	—	[Johnson died. Leigh Hunt born (died 1859). Allan Cunningham born (died 1842).]
1785	—	[Peacock born (died 1866). De Quincey born (died 1859). Cowper's *Task*.]
1786	—	[Burns's *Poems*. Blake's *Songs of Innocence*.]
1788	—	[Byron born (died 1824). Theodore Hook born (died 1841). Barham born (died 1845).]
1791	—	[Boswell's *Life of Johnson*.]
1792	—	[Rogers's *Pleasures of Memory*. Shelley born (died 1822).]
1793	—	[Wordsworth's *Evening Walk* and *Descriptive Sketches*.]
1794	—	JANE REYNOLDS born (died 1847).
1795	—	[Keats born (died 1821). Carlyle born (died 1881). George Darley born (died 1846). Talfourd born (died 1854). Landor's *Poems*.]

A.D.	ÆT.	
1796	—	[John Hamilton Reynolds born (died 1852). Burns died. Coleridge's *Poems*. Southey's *Joan of Arc*.]
1797	—	[*Poems* of Coleridge, Lamb, and Lloyd.]
1798	—	[Wordsworth's and Coleridge's *Lyrical Ballads*. Landor's *Gebir*.]
1799	—	(6) THOMAS HOOD born, May 23, at 31 Poultry, City of London. [Campbell's *Pleasures of Hope*.]
1800	1	[Macaulay born (died 1859). Cowper died.]
1801	2	[William Barnes born (died 1886). Leigh Hunt's *Juvenilia*. Lewis's *Tales of Wonder*. Southey's *Thalaba*.]
1802	3	[Darwin died. Harriet Martineau born (died 1876). Hugh Miller born (died 1856). *Edinburgh Review* started.]
1803	4	[Emerson born (died 1882). Douglas Jerrold born (died 1857). T. L. Beddoes born (died 1849). Beattie died.]
1804	5	[Disraeli born (died 1881). Hawthorne born (died 1864).]
1805	6	[Paley died. Scott's *Lay of the Last Minstrel*.]
1806	7	[Mrs. Browning born (died 1861). Lever born (died 1872). Moore's *Poetical Works of Thomas Little*.]
1807	8	[Longfellow born (died 1882). Whittier born (died 1892). Wordsworth's *Poems*. Crabbe's *Poems*. Lamb's *Tales from Shakespeare*. Sydney Smith's *Plymley Letters*.]
1808	9	[Porson died. Lamb's *Specimens*. Scott's *Marmion*. Mrs. Hemans's *Poems*.]
1809	10	[Byron's *English Bards*. Campbell's *Gertrude of Wyoming*. Tennyson born (died 1892). O. W. Holmes born (died 1894). Monckton Milnes born (died 1895). Frances A. Kemble born (died 1893). Mark Lemon born (died 1870). Poe born (died 1849). Paine died.]
1810	11	[Scott's *Lady of the Lake*. Crabbe's *Borough*. Southey's *Curse of Kehama*.]
1811	12	H.'s father died August 20; his brother died December 11. Family living at Lower Street, Islington. [Thackeray born (died 1863). A'Beckett born (died 1856).]
1812	13	[Browning born (died 1889). Eliza Cook born (died 1889). Dickens born (died 1870). Henry Mayhew born (died 1887). Wolcot's *Works*. Smith's *Rejected Addresses*. Byron's *Childe Harold*, i, ii. Crabbe's *Tales*.]
1813	14	About this time H. had a brief period as clerk in a city house. Smith's *Horace in London* (reprinted from the *Monthly Mirror*, published by H.'s father and edited by Edward Dubois). [Shelley's *Queen Mab*. Byron's *Giaour* and *Bride of Abydos*.]
1814	15	About this time H. took up engraving. [Byron's *Corsair*. Scott's *Waverley*. Charles Reade born (died 1884).]
1815	16	In the autumn H. went on a visit for his health's sake to relatives at Dundee. Began writing a rhymed satirical *Dundee Guide*.
1816	17	Dundee. Probably wrote *The Bandit*. Made first contributions (unidentified) to local periodicals. [Coleridge's *Christabel*, &c. Leigh Hunt's *Story of Rimini*. Peacock's *Headlong Hall*. Scott's *Old Mortality*. Shelley's *Alastor*. Charlotte Brontë born (died 1855). Sheridan died.]

A.D.	ÆT.	
1817	18	Dundee. Returned to London in the autumn. Probably apprenticed as engraver. [Coleridge's *Biographia Literaria*. Keats's *Poems*. Moore's *Lalla Rookh*. *Blackwood's Magazine* and *The Literary Gazette* started. Jane Austen died. Tom Taylor born (died 1880).]
1818	19	[Lamb's *Works*. Keats's *Endymion*. Peacock's *Nightmare Abbey*. Scott's *Rob Roy*. Mrs. Shelley's *Frankenstein*.]
1819	20	H. busy as engraver; joins a Literary Society. [Wordsworth's *Peter Bell*. Byron's *Don Juan*. Irving's *Sketch Book*. Hazlitt's *Comic Writers*. Shelley's *Cenci*. Barry Cornwall's *Dramatic Scenes*. Scott's *Ivanhoe*. Lowell born (died 1891). Wolcot died.]
1820	21	H. submits an instrument for use in copying drawings to the Society of Arts. The *Dundee Guide* lost. Engaged in engraving a plate for Neale's *Views of Seats*. [J. H. Reynolds's *Peter Corcoran*. Keats's *Lamia*. Shelley's *Prometheus Unbound*. Wordsworth's *River Duddon*. *London Magazine* started.]
1821	22	In the summer H. becomes sub-editor of the *London Magazine*, and frequent contributor to it. [Keats died. Shelley's *Adonais*. Beddoes' *Improvisatore*. Pierce Egan's *Life in London*.]
1822	23	In August *Gil Blas* by H. and Reynolds produced at the English Opera House. In the autumn H. becomes engaged to Jane Reynolds. [De Quincey's *Opium Eater*. Peacock's *Maid Marian*. Cunningham's *Traditional Tales*. Beddoes' *Bride's Tragedy*. Shelley died.]
1823	24	H. probably ceased to sub-edit the *London Magazine*. Visited Norfolk. [Lamb's *Essays of Elia*. Hazlitt's *Liber Amoris*. Barry Cornwall's *Flood of Thessaly*, &c. (with poem dedicated to H).]
1824	25	[Colman appointed Examiner of Plays. Hook's *Sayings and Doings*. Landor's *Imaginary Conversations*. Mitford's *Our Village*.]
1825	26	H.'s 'Hogarthian' plate, *The Progress of Cant*, and his and Reynolds's *Odes and Addresses to Great People* published. H. married to Jane Reynolds, May 5. Honeymoon at Hastings. Settled down at 2 Robert St., Adelphi. [Hazlitt's *Spirit of the Age*.]
1826	27	H. published first series of *Whims and Oddities*. Appointed dramatic critic of the *Atlas*. [Scott's *Woodstock*. Mrs. Shelley's *Last Man*. Gifford died.]
1827	28	First daughter born and died in May; giving occasion for Lamb's poem *On an Infant Dying as soon as Born*. *Whims and Oddities*, second series. *Plea of the Midsummer Fairies and other Poems*, and *National Tales*. [Blake died. Poe's *Tamerlane*. Tennysons' *Poems by Two Brothers*.]
1828	29	H. at Brighton after severe attack of rheumatic fever. Projects a *Brighton Guide*.
1829	30	Winchmore Hill. Edits the *Gem*, and contributes to it *The Dream of Eugene Aram*. Publishes *The Epping Hunt*.
1830	31	Daughter, Frances Freeling, born (died 1878). *Comic Annual* begun. [Hazlitt died. Tennyson's *Poems, chiefly Lyrical*.]

A.D.	ÆT.	
1831	32	*Dream of Eugene Aram* published separately. [Peacock's *Crotchet Castle*. Lamb's *Satan in Search of a Wife*. Poe's *Poems*.]
1832	33	Removes to Lake House, Wanstead. [Crabbe died. Scott died. Lytton's *Eugene Aram*.]
1833	34	[Lamb's *Last Essays of Elia*. Browning's *Pauline*.]
1834	35	Publishes *Tylney Hall*, and suffers serious financial loss through failure of a firm. Only son, Tom, born January 19 (died 1874). [Coleridge died. Lamb died. Southey's *Doctor*. Cunningham's *History of British Literature* (with notice of H.).]
1835	36	At Coblentz (372 Castor Hof) early in the year; joined there by his family. [Browning's *Paracelsus*. Dickens's *Boz*.]
1836	37	Coblentz (752 Alten Graben). [Colman died. Godwin died. O. W. Holmes's *Poems*. Hook's *Gilbert Gurney*.]
1837	38	Ostend (39 Rue Longue). Publishes in the *Athenaeum* the *Ode to Rae Wilson*. [Dickens's *Pickwick*. Carlyle's *French Revolution*. Lamb's *Letters*.]
1838	39	Ostend. [Dickens's *Oliver Twist*. Thackeray's *Yellow-Plush*. Carlyle's *Sartor*. Whittier's *Poems*.]
1839	40	Ostend (La Rhetorique, Rue St. François). Publishes *Hood's Own*. [Dickens's *Nickleby*. Longfellow's *Hyperion* and *Voices of the Night*. Lover's *Songs and Ballads*.]
1840	41	Returns to London. Camberwell (2 Union Road, High Street). Begins *Miss Kilmansegg* in the *New Monthly Magazine*. Publishes *Up the Rhine*. [Barham's *Ingoldsby Legends*. Thackeray's *Paris Sketch Book*. Poe's *Tales*.]
1841	42	Becomes editor of the *New Monthly Magazine* on Hook's death. Removes to 17 Elm Tree Road, St. John's Wood. [Dickens's *Barnaby Rudge* and *Old Curiosity Shop*. *Punch* started.]
1842	43	[Macaulay's *Lays*. Tennyson's *Poems*.]
1843	44	Removes to Devonshire Lodge, New Finchley Road. Ceases editing the *New Monthly Magazine*. *The Song of the Shirt* published in the Christmas number of *Punch*. [Horne's *Orion*. Thackeray's *Irish Sketch Book*. Macaulay's *Essays*. Ruskin's *Modern Painters*.]
1844	45	Starts *Hood's Magazine* in January. Seriously ill for months. Publishes *Whimsicalities*. Civil List pension granted to his wife in November. [Horne's *New Spirit of the Age*. Thackeray's *Barry Lyndon*. Mrs. Browning's *Poems*.]
1845	46	THOMAS HOOD dies after lingering illness, May 3. Buried at Kensal Green. [Barham died. Sydney Smith died.]

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ODES AND ADDRESSES TO GREAT PEOPLE

(1825. Third edition 1826.)

'Catching all the oddities, the whimsies, the absurdities, and the littlenesses of conscious greatness by the way.'—*Citizen of the World.*

ADDRESS.

The present being the first appearance of this little Work, some sort of Address seems to be called for from the Author, Editor, and Compiler,—and we come forward in prose, totally overcome, like a flurried manager, in his every-day clothes, to solicit public indulgence—protest an indelible feeling of reverence—bow, beseech, promise—and 'all that.'

To the persons addressed in the Poems, nothing need be said, as it would be only swelling the book, (a custom which we detest,) to recapitulate in prose what we have said in verse. To those unaddressed, an apology is due;—and to them it is very respectfully offered. Mr. Hunt for his Permanent Ink, deserves to have his name recorded in his own composition—Mr. Colman, the amiable King's Jester, and Oath-blaster of the modern Stage, merits a line—Mr. Accum, whose fame is potted—Mr. Bridgman, the maker of Patent Safety Coffins,—Mr. Kean, the great Lustre of the Boxes—Sir Humphry Davy, the great Lamplighter of the Pits—Sir William Congreve, one of the proprietors of the Portsmouth Rocket—yea, several others call for the Muse's approbation;—but our little Volume, like the Adelphi House, is easily filled, and those who are disappointed of places are requested to wait until the next performance.

Having said these few words to the uninitiated, we leave our Odes and Addresses, like Gentlemen of the Green Isle, to hunt their own fortunes;—and, by a modest assurance, to make their way to the hearts of those to whom they have addressed themselves.

ODE TO MR. GRAHAM

THE AERONAUT

'Up with me!—up with me into the sky!'—WORDSWORTH—*on a Lark!*

1

DEAR Graham, whilst the busy crowd,
The vain, the wealthy, and the proud,
Their meaner flights pursue,
Let us cast off the foolish ties
That bind us to the earth, and rise
And take a bird's-eye view!—

2

A few more whiffs of my segar
And then, in Fancy's airy car,
Have with thee for the skies:—
How oft this fragrant smoke upcurl'd,
Hath borne me from this little world,
And all that in it lies!—

3

Away !—away !—the bubble fills—
Farewell to earth and all its hills !—
We seem to cut the wind !—
So high we mount, so swift we go,
The chimney tops are far below,
The Eagle 's left behind !—

4

Ah me ! my brain begins to swim !—
The world is growing rather dim ;
The steeples and the trees—
My wife is getting very small !
I cannot see my babe at all !—
The Dollond, if you please !

5

Do, Graham, let me have a quiz,
Lord ! what a Lilliput it is,
That little world of Mogg's !—
Are those the London Docks ?—that channel,
The mighty Thames ?—a proper kennel
For that small Isle of Dogs !—

6

What is that seeming tea-urn there ?
That fairy dome, St. Paul's !—I swear,
Wren must have been a Wren !—
And that small stripe ?—it cannot be
The City Road !—Good lack ! to see
The little ways of men !

7

Little, indeed !—my eyeballs ache
To find a turnpike.—I must take
Their tolls upon my trust !—
And where is mortal labour gone ?
Look, Graham, for a little stone
Mac Adamized to dust !

8

Look at the horses !—less than flies !—
Oh, what a waste it was of sighs
To wish to be a Mayor !
What is the honour ?—none at all,
One's honour must be very small
For such a civic chair !—

9

And there 's Guildhall !—'tis far aloof—
Methinks, I fancy thro' the roof
Its little guardian Gogs,
Like penny dolls—a tiny show !—
Well,—I must say they're ruled below
By very little logs !—

10

Oh ! Graham, how the upper air
Alters the standards of compare ;
One of our silken flags
Would cover London all about—
Nay then—let 's even empty out
Another brace of bags !

11

Now for a glass of bright champagne
Above the clouds !—Come, let us drain
A bumper as we go !—
But hold !—for God's sake do not cant
The cork away—unless you want
To brain your friends below.

12

Think ! what a mob of little men
Are crawling just within our ken,
Like mites upon a cheese !—
Pshaw !—how the foolish sight rebukes
Ambitious thoughts !—can there be *Dukes*
Of *Gloster* such as these !—

13

Oh ! what is glory ?—what is fame
Hark to the little mob's acclaim,
'Tis nothing but a hum !—
A few near gnats would trump as loud
As all the shouting of a crowd
That has so far to come !—

14

Well—they are wise that choose the near,
A few small buzzards in the ear,
To organs ages hence !—
Ah me, how distance touches all ;
It makes the true look rather small,
But murders poor pretence.

15

'The world recedes—it disappears!
Heav'n opens on my eyes—my ears
With buzzing noises ring!'—
A fig for Southey's Laureat lore!—
What's Rogers here?—Who cares for Moore
That hears the Angels sing!—

16

A fig for earth, and all its minions!—
We are above the world's opinions,
Graham! we'll have our own!—
Look what a vantage height we've got—
Now——*do* you think Sir Walter Scott
Is such a Great Unknown?

17

Speak up,—or hath he hid his name
To crawl thro' 'subways' unto fame,
Like Williams of Cornhill?—
Speak up, my lad!—when men run small
We'll show what 's little in them all,
Receive it how they will!—

18

Think now of Irving!—shall he preach
The princes down,—shall he impeach
The potent and the rich,
Merely on ethic stilts,—and I
Not moralize at two miles high—
The true didactic pitch!

19

Come:—what d'ye think of Jeffrey, sir?
Is Gifford such a Gulliver
In Lilliput's Review,
That like Colossus he should stride
Certain small brazen inches wide
For poets to pass through?

20

Look down! the world is but a spot.
Now say—Is Blackwood's *low* or not,
For all the Scottish tone?
It shall not weigh us here—not where
The sandy burden 's lost in air—
Our lading—where is't flown?

21

Now,—like you Croly's verse indeed—
In heaven—where one cannot read
The 'Warren' on a wall?
What think you here of that man's fame?
Tho' Jerdan magnified his name,
To me 'tis very small!

22

And, truly, is there such a spell
In those three letters, L. E. L.,
To witch a world with song?
On clouds the Byron did not sit,
Yet dar'd on Shakspeare's head to spit,
And say the world was wrong!

23

And shall not we? Let 's think aloud!
Thus being couch'd upon a cloud,
Graham, we'll have our eyes!
We felt the great when we were less,
But we'll retort on littleness
Now we are in the skies.

24

O Graham, Graham, how I blame
The bastard blush,—the petty shame,
That used to fret me quite,—
The little sores I cover'd then,
No sores on earth, nor sorrows when
The world is out of sight!

25

My name is Tims.—I am the man
That North's unseen, diminish'd clan
So scurvily abused!
I am the very P. A. Z.
The London Lion's small pin's head
So often hath refused!

26

Campbell—(you cannot see him here)—
Hath scorn'd my *lays*:—do his appear
Such great eggs from the sky?—
And Longman, and his lengthy Co.
Long, only, in a little Row,
Have thrust my poems by!

27

What else?—I'm poor, and much beset
With damn'd small duns—that is—in debt
Some grains of golden dust!
But only worth, above, is worth.—
What 's all the credit of the earth?
An inch of cloth on trust!

28

What 's Rothschild here, that wealthy man!
Nay, worlds of wealth?—Oh, if you can
Spy out,—the *Golden Ball!*
Sure as we rose, all money sank:
What 's gold or silver now?—the Bank
Is gone—the 'Change and all!

29

What 's all the ground-rent of the globe?—
Oh, Graham, it would worry Job
To hear its landlords prate!
But after this survey, I think
I'll ne'er be bullied more, nor shrink
From men of large estate!

30

And less, still less, will I submit
To poor mean acres' worth of wit—
I that have heaven's span—
I that like Shakspeare's self may dream
Beyond the very clouds, and seem
An Universal Man!

31

Oh, Graham, mark those gorgeous crowds!
Like Birds of Paradise the clouds
Are winging on the wind!
But what is grander than their range?
More lovely than their sun-set change?—
The free creative mind!

32

Well! the Adults' School 's in the air!
The greatest men are lesson'd there
As well as the Lessee!
Oh could Earth's Ellistons thus small
Behold the greatest stage of all,
How humbled they would be!

33

'Oh would some God the giftie gie 'em,
To see themselves as others see 'em,'
'Twould much abate their fuss!
If they could think that from the skies
They are as little in our eyes
As they can think of us!

34

Of us? are *we* gone out of sight?
Lessen'd! diminish'd! vanish'd quite!
Lost to the tiny town!
Beyond the Eagle's ken—the grope
Of Dollond's longest telescope!
Graham! we're going down!

35

Ah me! I've touch'd a string that opes
The airy valve!—the gas elopes—
Down goes our bright Balloon!—
Farewell the skies! the clouds! I smell
The lower world! Graham, farewell,
Man of the silken moon!

36

The earth is close! the City nears—
Like a burnt paper it appears,
Studded with tiny sparks!
Methinks I hear the distant rout
Of coaches rumbling all about—
We're close above the Parks!

37

I hear the watchmen on their beats,
Hawking the hour about the streets.
Lord! what a cruel jar
It is upon the earth to light!
Well—there 's the finish of our flight!
I've smoked my last segar!

A *FRIENDLY* ADDRESS[1]

TO MRS. FRY *IN* NEWGATE

'Sermons in stones.'—*As You Like it.*
'Out! out! damned spot.'—*Macbeth.*

1

I LIKE you, Mrs. Fry! I like your name!
It speaks the very warmth you feel in pressing
In daily act round Charity's great flame—
I like the crisp Browne way you have of dressing,
Good Mrs. Fry! I like the placid claim
You make to Christianity,—professing
Love, and good *works*—of course you buy of Barton,
Beside the young *fry's* bookseller, Friend Darton!

2

I like, good Mrs. Fry, your brethren mute—
Those serious, solemn gentlemen that sport—
I should have said, that *wear*, the sober suit
Shap'd like a court dress—but for heaven's court.
I like your sisters too,—sweet Rachel's fruit—
Protestant nuns! I like their stiff support
Of virtue—and I like to see them clad
With such a difference—just like good from bad!

3

I like the sober colours—not the wet;
Those gaudy manufactures of the rainbow—
Green, orange, crimson, purple, violet—
In which the fair, the flirting, and the vain, go—
The others are a chaste, severer set,
In which the good, the pious, and the plain, go—
They're moral *standards*, to know Christians by—
In short, they are your *colours*, Mrs. Fry!

4

As for the naughty tinges of the prism—
Crimson 's the cruel uniform of war—
Blue—hue of brimstone! minds no catechism;
And green is young and gay—not noted for
Goodness, or gravity, or quietism,
Till it is sadden'd down to tea-green, or
Olive—and purple 's giv'n to wine, I guess;
And yellow is a convict by its dress!

[1] [Altered from 'Epistle' to 'Address' in the second edition.]

5

They're all the devil's liveries, that men
And women wear in servitude to sin—
But how will they come off, poor motleys, when
Sin's wages are paid down, and they stand in
The Evil presence? You and I know, then
How all the party colours will begin,
To part—the *Puttite* hues will sadden there,
Whereas the *Foxite* shades will all show fair!

6

Witness their goodly labours one by one!
Russet makes garments for the needy poor—
Dove-colour preaches love to all—and *dun*
Calls every day at Charity's street-door—
Brown studies scripture, and bids woman shun
All gaudy furnishing—*olive* doth pour
Oil into wounds: and *drab* and *slate* supply
Scholar and book in Newgate, Mrs. Fry!

7

Well! Heaven forbid that I should discommend
The gratis, charitable, jail-endeavour!
When all persuasions in your praises blend—
The Methodist's creed and cry are, *Fry* for ever!
No—I will be your friend—and, like a friend,
Point out your very worst defect—Nay, never
Start at that word!—But I *must* ask you why
You keep your school *in* Newgate, Mrs. Fry?

8

Too well I know the price our mother Eve
Paid for *her* schooling: but must all her daughters
Commit a petty larceny, and thieve—
Pay down a crime for '*entrance*' to your '*quarters*'?
Your classes may increase, but I must grieve
Over your pupils at their bread and waters!
Oh, tho' it cost you rent—(and rooms run high!)
Keep your school *out* of Newgate, Mrs. Fry!

9

O save the vulgar soul before it 's spoil'd!
Set up your mounted sign *without* the gate—
And there inform the mind before 'tis soil'd!
'Tis sorry writing on a greasy slate!
Nay, if you would not have your labours foil'd,
Take it *inclining* tow'rds a virtuous state,
Not prostrate and laid flat—else, woman meek!
The *upright* pencil will but hop and shriek!

10

Ah, who can tell how hard it is to drain
The evil spirit from the heart it preys in,—
To bring sobriety to life again,
Chok'd with the vile Anacreontic raisin,—
To wash Black Betty when her black 's ingrain,—
To stick a moral lacquer on Moll Brazen,
Of Suky Tawdry's habits to deprive her;
To tame the wild-fowl-ways of Jenny Diver!

11

Ah, who can tell how hard it is to teach
Miss Nancy Dawson on her bed of straw—
To make Long Sal sew up the endless breach
She made in manners—to write heaven's own law
On hearts of granite.—Nay, how hard to preach,
In cells, that are not memory's—to draw
The moral thread, thro' the immoral eye
Of blunt Whitechapel natures, Mrs. Fry!

12

In vain you teach them baby-work within:
'Tis but a clumsy botchery of crime;
'Tis but a tedious darning of old sin—
Come out yourself, and stitch up souls in time—
It is too late for scouring to begin
When virtue 's ravell'd out, when all the prime
Is worn away, and nothing sound remains;
You'll fret the fabric out before the stains!

13

I like your chocolate, good Mistress Fry!
I like your cookery in every way;
I like your shrove-tide service and supply;
I like to hear your sweet *Pandeans* play;
I like the pity in your full-brimm'd eye;
I like your carriage and your silken grey,
Your dove-like habits, and your silent preaching;
But I don't like your Newgatory teaching.

14

Come out of Newgate, Mrs. Fry! Repair
Abroad, and find your pupils in the streets.
O, come abroad into the wholesome air,
And take your moral place, before Sin seats
Her wicked self in the Professor's chair.
Suppose some morals raw! the true receipt 's
To dress them in the pan, but do not try
To cook them in the fire, good Mrs. Fry!

15

Put on your decent bonnet, and come out!
Good lack! the ancients did not set up schools
In jail—but at the *Porch!* hinting, no doubt,
That Vice should have a lesson in the rules
Before 'twas whipt by law.—O come about,
Good Mrs. Fry! and set up forms and stools
All down the Old Bailey, and thro' Newgate-street,
But not in Mr. Wontner's proper seat!

16

Teach Lady Barrymore, if, teaching, you
That peerless Peeress can absolve from dolour;
Teach her it is not virtue to pursue
Ruin of blue, or any other colour;
Teach her it is not Virtue's crown to rue,
Month after month, the unpaid drunken dollar;
Teach her that 'flooring Charleys' is a game
Unworthy one that bears a Christian name.

17

O come and teach our children—that ar'n't *ours*—
That heaven's straight pathway is a narrow way,
Not Broad St. Giles's, where fierce Sin devours
Children, like Time—or rather they both prey
On youth together—meanwhile Newgate low'rs
Ev'n like a black cloud at the close of day,
To shut them out from any more blue sky:
Think of these hopeless wretches, Mrs. Fry!

18

You are not nice—go into their retreats,
And make them Quakers, if you will.—'Twere best
They wore straight collars, and their shirts sans *pleats*;
That they had hats *with* brims,—that they were drest
In garbs without *lappels*—than shame the streets
With so much raggedness.—You may invest
Much cash this way—but it will cost its price,
To give a good, round, real *cheque* to Vice!

19

In brief,—Oh teach the child its moral note,
Not *in* the way from which it won't depart,—
But *out*—out—out! Oh, bid it walk remote!
And if the skies are clos'd against the smart,
Ev'n let him wear the single-breasted coat,
For that ensureth singleness of heart.—
Do what you will, his every want supply,
Keep him—but *out* of Newgate, Mrs. Fry!

ODE TO RICHARD MARTIN, ESQUIRE,

M.P. FOR GALWAY

'*Martin*, in this, has proved himself a very good Man!'—*Boxiana*.

1

How many sing of wars,
Of Greek and Trojan jars—
The butcheries of men!
The Muse hath a 'Perpetual Ruby Pen!'
Dabbling with heroes and the blood they spill;
But no one sings the man
That, like a pelican,
Nourishes Pity with his tender *Bill!*

2

Thou Wilberforce of hacks!
Of whites as well as blacks,
Pyebald and dapple gray,
Chestnut and bay—
No poet's eulogy thy name adorns!
But oxen, from the fens,
Sheep—in their pens,
Praise thee, and red cows with their winding horns!
Thou art sung on brutal pipes!
Drovers may curse thee,
Knackers asperse thee,
And sly M.P.'s bestow their cruel wipes;
But the old horse neighs thee,
And zebras praise thee,
Asses, I mean—that have as many stripes!

3

Hast thou not taught the Drover to forbear,
In Smithfield's muddy, murderous, vile environ,—
Staying his lifted bludgeon in the air!
Bullocks don't wear
Oxide of iron!
The cruel Jarvy thou hast summon'd oft,
Enforcing mercy on the coarse Yahoo,
That thought his horse the *courser* of the two—
Whilst Swift smiled down aloft!—
O worthy pair! for this, when ye inhabit
Bodies of birds—(if so the spirit shifts
From flesh to feather)—when the clown uplifts
His hand against the sparrow's nest, to *grab* it—
He shall not harm the MARTINS and the *Swifts!*

4

Ah! when Dean Swift was *quick*, how he enhanc'd
The horse!—and humbled biped man like Plato!
But now he 's dead, the charger is mischanc'd—
Gone backward in the world—and not advanc'd—
Remember Cato!
Swift was the horse's champion—not the King's,
Whom Southey sings,
Mounted on Pegasus—would he were thrown!
He'll wear that ancient hackney to the bone,
Like a mere clothes-horse airing royal things!
Ah well-a-day! the ancients did not use
Their steeds so cruelly!—let it debar men
From wanton rowelling and whip's abuse—
Look at the ancients' *Muse!*
Look at their *Carmen!*

5

O, Martin! how thine eye—
That one would think had put aside its lashes,—
That can't bear gashes
Thro' any horse's side, must ache to spy
That horrid window fronting Fetter-lane—
For there 's a nag the crows have picked for victual,
Or some man painted in a bloody vein—
Gods! is there no *Horse-spital!*
That such raw shows must sicken the humane!
Sure Mr. Whittle
Loves thee but little,
To let that poor horse linger in his *pane!*

6

O build a Brookes's Theatre for horses!
O wipe away the national reproach—
And find a decent Vulture for their corses!
And in thy funeral track
Four sorry steeds shall follow in each coach!
Steeds that confess 'the luxury of *wo!*'
True mourning steeds, in no extempore black,
And many a wretched hack
Shall sorrow for thee,—sore with kick and blow
And bloody gash—it is the Indian knack—
(Save that the savage is his own tormentor)—
Banting shall weep too in his sable scarf—
The biped woe the quadruped shall enter,
And Man and Horse go half and half,
As if their griefs met in a common *Centaur!*

ODE TO THE GREAT UNKNOWN

'O breathe not his name!'—*Moore.*

1

THOU Great Unknown!
I do not mean Eternity nor Death,
That vast incog!
For I suppose thou hast a living breath,
Howbeit we know not from whose lungs 'tis blown,
Thou man of fog!
Parent of many children—child of none!
Nobody's son!
Nobody's daughter—but a parent still!
Still but an ostrich parent of a batch
Of orphan eggs,—left to the world to hatch.
Superlative Nil!
A vox and nothing more,—yet not Vauxhall;
A head in papers, yet without a curl!
Not the Invisible Girl!
No hand—but a hand-writing on a wall—
A popular nonentity,
Still call'd the same,—without identity!
A lark, heard out of sight,—
A nothing shin'd upon,—invisibly bright,
'Dark with excess of light!'
Constable's literary John-a-nokes—
The real Scottish wizard—to no which,
Nobody—in a niche;
Every one's hoax!
Maybe Sir Walter Scott—
Perhaps not!
Why dost thou so conceal and puzzle curious folks?

2

Thou,—whom the second-sighted never saw,
The Master Fiction of fictitious history!
Chief Nong tong paw!
No mister in the world—and yet all mystery!
The 'tricksy spirit' of a Scotch Cock Lane—
A *novel* Junius puzzling the world's brain—
A man of magic—yet no talisman!
A man of clair obscure—not he o' the moon!
A star—at noon.
A non-descriptus in a caravan,
A private—of no corps—a northern light
In a dark lantern,—Bogie in a crape—
A figure—but no shape;
A vizor—and no knight;

The real abstract hero of the age;
The staple Stranger of the stage;
A Some One made in every man's presumption,
Frankenstein's monster—but instinct with gumption;
Another strange state captive in the north,
Constable-guarded in an iron mask—
Still let me ask,
Hast thou no silver platter,
No door-plate, or no card—or some such matter,
To scrawl a name upon, and then cast forth?

3

Thou Scottish Barmecide, feeding the hunger
Of Curiosity with airy gammon!
Thou mystery-monger,
Dealing it out like middle cut of salmon,
That people buy and can't make head or tail of it;
(Howbeit that puzzle never hurts the sale of it;)
Thou chief of authors mystic and abstractical,
That lay their proper bodies on the shelf—
Keeping thyself so truly to thyself,
Thou Zimmerman made practical!
Thou secret fountain of a Scottish style,
That, like the Nile,
Hideth its source wherever it is bred,
But still keeps disemboguing
(Not disembroguing)
Thro' such broad sandy mouths without a head!
Thou disembodied author—not yet dead,—
The whole world's literary Absentee!
Ah! wherefore hast thou fled,
Thou learned Nemo—wise to a degree,
Anonymous L.L.D.!

4

Thou nameless captain of the nameless gang
That do—and inquests cannot say who did it!
Wert thou at Mrs. Donatty's death-pang?
Hast thou made gravy of Wear's watch—or hid it?
Hast thou a Blue-Beard chamber? Heaven forbid it!
I should be very loth to see thee hang!
I hope thou hast an alibi well plann'd,
An innocent, altho' an ink-black hand.
Tho' thou hast newly turn'd thy private bolt on
The curiosity of all invaders—
I hope thou art merely closeted with Colton,
Who knows a little of the *Holy Land*,
Writing thy next new novel—The Crusaders!

5

Perhaps thou wert even born
To be Unknown.—Perhaps hung, some foggy morn,
At Captain Coram's charitable wicket,
Pinn'd to a ticket
That Fate had made illegible, foreseeing
The future great unmentionable being.—
Perhaps thou hast ridden
A scholar poor on St. Augustine's Back,
Like Chatterton, and found a dusty pack
Of Rowley novels in an old chest hidden;
A little hoard of clever simulation,
That took the town—and Constable has bidden
Some hundred pounds for a continuation—
To keep and clothe thee in genteel starvation.

6

I liked thy Waverley—first of thy breeding;
I like its modest 'sixty years ago,'
As if it was not meant for ages' reading.
I don't like Ivanhoe,
Tho' Dymoke does—it makes him think of clattering
In iron overalls before the king,
Secure from battering, to ladies flattering,
Tuning his challenge to the gauntlet's ring—
Oh better far than all that anvil clang
It was to hear thee touch the famous string
Of Robin Hood's tough bow and make it twang,
Rousing him up, all verdant, with his clan,
Like Sagittarian Pan!

7

I like Guy Mannering—but not that sham son
Of Brown.—I like that literary Sampson,
Nine-tenths a Dyer, with a smack of Porson.
I like Dirk Hatteraick, that rough sea Orson
That slew the Gauger;
And Dandie Dinmont, like old Ursa Major;
And Merrilies, young Bertram's old defender,
That Scottish Witch of Endor,
That doom'd thy fame. She was the Witch, I take it,
To tell a great man's fortune—or to make it!

8

I like thy Antiquary. With his fit on,
He makes me think of Mr. Britton,
Who has—or had—within his garden wall,
A *miniature Stone Henge*, so very small
The sparrows find it difficult to sit on;

And Dousterswivel, like Poyais' M'Gregor;
And Edie Ochiltree, that old *Blue Beggar*,
Painted so cleverly,
I think thou surely knowest Mrs. Beverly!
I like thy Barber—him that fir'd the *Beacon*—
But that 's a tender subject now to speak on!

9

I like long-arm'd Rob Roy.—His very charms
Fashion'd him for renown!—In sad sincerity,
The man that robs or writes must have long arms,
If he 's to hand his deeds down to posterity!
Witness Miss Biffin's posthumous prosperity,
Her poor brown crumpled mummy (nothing more)
Bearing the name she bore,
A thing Time's tooth is tempted to destroy!
But Roys can never die—why else, in verity,
Is Paris echoing with ' Vive le *Roy!* '
Aye, Rob shall live again, and deathless Di
Vernon, of course, shall often live again—
Whilst there 's a stone in Newgate, or a chain,
Who can pass by
Nor feel the Thief 's in prison and at hand?
There be Old Bailey Jarvys on the stand!

10

I like thy Landlord's Tales!—I like that Idol
Of love and Lammermoor—the blue-eyed maid
That led to church the mounted cavalcade,
And then pull'd up with such a bloody bridal!
Throwing equestrian Hymen on his haunches—
I like the family—not silver, branches
That hold the tapers
To light the serious legend of Montrose.—
I like M'Aulay's second-sighted vapours,
As if he could not walk or talk alone,
Without the devil—or the Great Unknown,—
Dalgetty is the dearest of Ducrows!

11

I like St. Leonard's Lily—drench'd with dew!
I like thy Vision of the Covenanters,
That bloody-minded Graham shot and slew.
' I like the battle lost and won,
The hurly burly 's bravely done,
The warlike gallops and the warlike *cant*ers!
I like that girded chieftain of the ranters,
Ready to preach down heathens, or to grapple,
With one eye on his sword
And one upon the Word,—

How *he* would cram the Caledonian Chapel!
I like stern Claverhouse, though he doth dapple
His raven steed with blood of many a corse—
I like dear Mrs. Headrigg, that unravels
Her texts of Scripture on a trotting horse—
She is so like Rae Wilson when he travels!

12

I like thy Kenilworth—but I'm not going
To take a Retrospective Re-Review
Of all thy dainty novels—merely showing
The old familiar faces of a few,
The question to renew,
How thou canst leave such deeds without a name,
Forego the unclaim'd dividends of fame,
Forego the smiles of literary houris—
Mid Lothian's trump, and Fife's shrill note of praise,
And all the Carse of Gowrie's,
When thou might'st have thy statue in Cromarty—
Or see thy image on Italian trays,
Betwixt Queen Caroline and Buonaparté,
Be painted by the Titian of R. A.'s,
Or vie in sign-boards with the Royal Guelph!
Perhaps have thy bust set cheek by jowl with Homer's,
Perhaps send out plaster proxies of thyself
To other Englands with Australian roamers—
Mayhap, in Literary Owhyhee
Displace the native wooden gods, or be
The China-Lar of a Canadian shelf!

13

It is not modesty that bids thee hide—
She never wastes her blushes out of sight:
It is not to invite
The world's decision, for thy fame is tried,—
And thy fair deeds are scatter'd far and wide,
Even royal heads are with thy readers reckon'd,—
From men in trencher caps to trencher scholars
In crimson collars,
And learned sergeants in the forty-second!
Whither by land or sea art thou not beckon'd?
Mayhap exported from the Frith of Forth,
Defying distance and its dim control;
Perhaps read about Stromness, and reckon'd worth
A brace of Miltons for capacious soul—
Perhaps studied in the whalers, further north,
And set above ten Shakspeares near the pole!

14

Oh, when thou writest by Aladdin's lamp,
With such a giant genius at command,
For ever at thy stamp,
To fill thy treasury from Fairy Land,
When haply thou might'st ask the pearly hand
Of some great British Vizier's eldest daughter,
Tho' princes sought her,
And lead her in procession hymeneal,
Oh, why dost thou remain a Beau Ideal!
Why stay, a ghost, on the Lethean Wharf,
Envelop'd in Scotch mist and gloomy fogs?
Why, but because thou art some puny Dwarf,
Some hopeless Imp, like Riquet with the Tuft,
Fearing, for all thy wit, to be rebuff'd,
Or bullied by our great reviewing Gogs?

15

What in this masquing age
Maketh Unknowns so many and so shy?
What but the critic's page?
One hath a cast, he hides from the world's eye;
Another hath a wen,—he won't show where;
A third has sandy hair,
A hunch upon his back, or legs awry,
Things for a vile reviewer to espy!
Another has a mangel-wurzel nose,—
Finally, this is dimpled,
Like a pale crumpet face, or that is pimpled,
Things for a monthly critic to expose—
Nay, what is thy own case—that being small,
Thou choosest to be nobody at all!

16

Well, thou art prudent, with such puny bones—
E'en like Elshender, the mysterious elf,
That shadowy revelation of thyself—
To build thee a small hut of haunted stones—
For certainly the first pernicious man
That ever saw thee, would quickly draw thee
In some vile literary caravan—
Shown for a shilling
Would be thy killing,
Think of Crachami's miserable span!
No tinier frame the tiny spark could dwell in
Than there it fell in—
But when she felt herself a show, she tried
To shrink from the world's eye, poor dwarf! and died!

17

Oh, since it was thy fortune to be born
A dwarf on some Scotch *Inch*, and then to flinch
From all the Gog-like jostle of great men,
Still with thy small crow pen
Amuse and charm thy lonely hours forlorn—
Still Scottish story daintily adorn,
Be still a shade—and when this age is fled,
When we poor sons and daughters of reality
Are in our graves forgotten and quite dead,
And Time destroys our mottoes of morality—
The lithographic hand of Old Mortality
Shall still restore thy emblem on the stone,
A featureless death's head,
And rob Oblivion ev'n of the Unknown!

ODE TO JOSEPH GRIMALDI, SENIOR

'This fellow 's wise enough to play the fool,
And to do that well craves a kind of wit.'—*Twelfth Night.*

1

JOSEPH! they say thou'st left the stage,
To toddle down the hill of life,
And taste the flannell'd ease of age,
Apart from pantomimic strife—
'Retir'd—(for Young would call it so)—
The world shut out'—in Pleasant Row!

2

And hast thou really wash'd at last
From each white cheek the red half moon?
And all thy public Clownship cast,
To play the private Pantaloon?
All youth—all ages—yet to be,
Shall have a heavy miss of thee!

3

Thou didst not preach to make us wise—
Thou hadst no finger in our schooling—
Thou didst not 'lure us to the skies'—
Thy simple, simple trade was—Fooling!

And yet, Heav'n knows! we could—we can
Much 'better spare a better man!'

4

Oh, had it pleas'd the gout to take
The reverend Croly from the stage,
Or Southey, for our quiet's sake,
Or Mr. Fletcher, Cupid's sage,
Or, damme! namby pamby Poole,—
Or any other clown or fool!

5

Go, Dibdin—all that bear the name,
Go Byeway Highway man! go! go!
Go, Skeffy—man of painted fame,
But leave thy partner, painted Joe!
I could bear Kirby on the wane,
Or Signor Paulo with a sprain!

6

Had Joseph Wilfred Parkins made
His grey hairs scarce in private peace—
Had Waithman sought a rural shade—
Or Cobbett ta'en a turnpike lease—
Or Lisle Bowles gone to *Balaam* Hill—
I think I could be cheerful still!

7

Had Medwin left off, to his praise,
Dead lion kicking, like—a friend!
Had long, long Irving gone his ways,
To muse on death at *Ponder's End*—
Or Lady Morgan taken leave
Of Letters—still I might not grieve!

8

But, Joseph—everybody's Jo!—
Is gone—and grieve I will and must!
As Hamlet did for Yorick, so
Will I for thee, (tho' not yet dust,)
And talk as he did when he miss'd
The kissing-crust that he had kiss'd!

9

Ah, where is now thy rolling head!
Thy winking, reeling, *drunken* eyes,
(As old Catullus would have said,)
Thy oven-mouth, that swallow'd pies—
Enormous hunger — monstrous drowth!
Thy pockets greedy as thy mouth!

10

Ah, where thy ears, so often cuff'd!—
Thy funny, flapping, filching hands!—
Thy partridge body, always stuff'd
With waifs, and strays, and contrabands!—
Thy foot—like Berkeley's *Foote*—for why?
'Twas often made to wipe an eye!

11

Ah, where thy legs—that witty pair!
For 'great wits jump'—and so did they!
Lord! how they leap'd in lamp-light air!
Caper'd—and bounc'd—and strode away!—
That years should tame the legs—alack!
I've seen spring thro' an Almanack!

12

But bounds will have their bound—the shocks
Of Time will cramp the nimblest toes;
And those that frisk'd in silken clocks
May look to limp in fleecy hose—
One only—(Champion of the ring)[1]
Could ever make his Winter,—Spring!

13

And gout, that owns no odds between
The toe of Czar and toe of Clown,
Will visit—but I did not mean
To moralize, though I am grown
Thus sad,—Thy going seem'd to beat
A muffled drum for Fun's retreat!

14

And, may be—'tis no time to smother
A sigh, when two prime wags of London,
Are gone—thou, Joseph, one—the other,
A Joe!—'sic transit gloria *Munden!*'
A third departure some insist on,—
Stage-apoplexy threatens Liston!—

15

Nay, then, let Sleeping Beauty sleep
With ancient '*Dozey*' to the dregs—
Let Mother Goose wear mourning deep,
And put a hatchment o'er her eggs!
Let Farley weep—for Magic's man
Is gone,—his Christmas Caliban!

16

Let Kemble, Forbes, and Willet rain,
As tho' they walk'd behind thy bier,—
For since thou wilt not play again,
What matters,—if in heav'n or here!
Or in thy grave, or in thy bed!—
There 's *Quick*[1], might just as well be dead!

[1] One of the old actors:—still a performer (but in private) of Old Rapid.

17

Oh, how will thy departure cloud
The lamp-light of the little breast!
The Christmas child will grieve aloud
To miss his broadest friend and best,—
Poor urchin! what avails to him
The cold New Monthly's *Ghost of Grimm?*

18

For who like thee could ever stride
Some dozen paces to the mile!—
The motley, medley coach provide—
Or like Joe Frankenstein compile
The *vegetable man* complete!—
A proper *Covent Garden* feat!

19

Oh, who like thee could ever drink,
Or eat—swill, swallow—bolt—and choke!
Nod, weep, and hiccup—sneeze and wink?—
Thy very yawn was quite a joke!
Tho' Joseph, Junior, acts not ill,
'There 's no Fool like the old Fool' still!

20

Joseph, farewell! dear funny Joe!
We met with mirth,—we part in pain!
For many a long, long year must go,
Ere Fun can see thy like again—
For Nature does not keep great stores
Of perfect Clowns—that are not *Boors!*

AN ADDRESS TO THE STEAM WASHING COMPANY

'*Archer.* How many are there, *Scrub?*
Scrub. Five and forty, Sir.'—*Beaux Stratagem.*
'For shame—let the linen alone.'—*M. W. of Windsor.*

Mr. Scrub—Mr. Slop—or whoever you be!
The Cock of Steam Laundries,—the head Patentee
Of Associate Cleansers,—Chief founder and prime
Of the firm for the wholesale distilling of grime—
Co-partners and dealers, in linen's propriety—
That make washing public—and wash in society—
O lend me your ear! if that ear can forego,
For a moment, the music that bubbles below,—
From your new Surrey Geisers[1] all foaming and hot,—
That soft '*simmer's* sang' so endear'd to the Scot—
If your hands may stand still, or your steam without danger—
If your suds will not cool, and a mere simple stranger,
Both to you and to washing, may put in a rub,—
O wipe out your Amazon arms from the tub,—
And lend me your ear,—Let me modestly plead
For a race that your labours may soon supersede—
For a race that, now washing no living affords—
Like Grimaldi must leave their aquatic old boards,
Not with pence in their pockets to keep them at ease,
Not with bread in the funds—or investments of cheese,—

[1] Geisers:—the boiling springs in Iceland.

But to droop like sad willows that liv'd by a stream,
Which the sun has suck'd up into vapour and steam.
Ah, look at the laundress, before you begrudge
Her hard daily bread to that laudable drudge—
When chanticleer singeth his earliest matins,
She slips her amphibious feet in her pattens,
And beginneth her toil while the morn is still grey,
As if she was washing the night into day—
Not with sleeker or rosier fingers Aurora
Beginneth to scatter the dew-drops before her;
Not Venus that rose from the billow so early,
Look'd down on the foam with a forehead more *pearly* [1]—
Her head is involv'd in an aerial mist,
And a bright-beaded bracelet encircles her wrist;
Her visage glows warm with the ardour of duty;
She 's Industry's moral—she 's all moral beauty!
Growing brighter and brighter at every rub—
Would any man ruin her?—No, Mr. Scrub!
No man that is manly would work her mishap—
No man that is manly would covet her cap—
Nor her apron—her hose—nor her gown made of stuff—
Nor her gin—nor her tea—nor her wet pinch of snuff!
Alas! so *she* thought—but that slippery hope
Has betrayed her—as tho' she had trod on her soap!
And she,—whose support,—like the fishes that fly,
Was to have her fins wet, must now drop from her sky—
She whose living it was, and a part of her fare,
To be damp'd once a day, like the great white sea bear,
With her hands like a sponge, and her head like a mop—
Quite a living absorbent that revell'd in slop—
She that paddled in water, must walk upon sand,
And sigh for her deeps like a turtle on land!

Lo, then, the poor laundress, all wretched she stands,
Instead of a counterpane wringing her hands!
All haggard and pinch'd, going down in life's vale,
With no faggot for burning, like Allan-a-dale!
No smoke from her flue—and no steam from her pane,
Where once she watch'd heaven, fearing God and the rain—
Or gaz'd o'er her bleach-field so fairly engross'd,
Till the lines wander'd idle from pillar to post!
Ah, where are the playful young pinners—ah, where
The harlequin quilts that cut capers in air—
The brisk waltzing stockings—the white and the black,
That danc'd on the tight-rope, or swung on the slack—
The light sylph-like garments so tenderly pinn'd,
That blew into shape, and embodied the wind!
There was white on the grass—there was white on the spray—
Her garden—it look'd like a garden of May!

[1] Query, *purly*?—Printer's Devil [omitted in second edition].

But now all is dark—not a shirt 's on a shrub—
You've ruin'd her prospects in life, Mr. Scrub!
You've ruin'd her custom—now families drop her—
From her silver reduc'd—nay, reduc'd from her *copper!*
The last of her washing is done at her eye,
One poor little kerchief that never gets dry!
From mere lack of linen she can't lay a cloth,
And boils neither barley nor alkaline broth—
But her children come round her as victuals grow scant,
And recal, with foul faces, the source of their want—
When she thinks of their poor little mouths to be fed,
And then thinks of her trade that is utterly dead,
And even its pearlashes laid in the grave—
Whilst her tub is a dry rotting, stave after stave,
And the greatest of Coopers, ev'n he that they dub
Sir Astley, can't bind up her heart or her tub,—
Need you wonder she curses your bones, Mr. Scrub?
Need you wonder, when steam has depriv'd her of bread,
If she prays that the evil may visit *your* head—
Nay, scald all the heads of your Washing Committee,—
If she wishes you all the soot blacks of the city—
In short, not to mention all plagues without number,
If she wishes you all in the *Wash* at the Humber!

Ah, perhaps, in some moment of drowth and despair,
When her linen got scarce, and her washing grew rare—
When the sum of her suds might be summ'd in a bowl,
And the rusty cold iron quite enter'd her soul—
When, perhaps, the last glance of her wandering eye
Had caught 'the Cock Laundresses' Coach' going by,
Or her lines that hung idle, to waste the fine weather,
And she thought of her wrongs and her rights both together,
In a lather of passion that froth'd as it rose,
Too angry for grammar, too lofty for prose,
On her sheet—if a sheet were still left her—to write,
Some remonstrance like this then, perchance, saw the light—

LETTER OF REMONSTRANCE FROM BRIDGET JONES TO THE NOBLEMEN AND GENTLEMEN FORMING THE WASHING COMMITTEE

It 's a shame, so it is—men can't Let alone
Jobs as is Woman's right to do—and go about there Own—
Theirs Reforms enuff Alreddy without your new schools
For washing to sit Up—and push the Old Tubs from their stools!
But your just like the Raddicals,—for upsetting of the Sudds
When the world wagged well enuff—and Wommen washed your old dirty duds,

I'm Certain sure Enuff your Ann Sisters had no stream Ingins, that 's Flat,—
But I Warrant your Four Fathers went as Tidy and gentlemanny for all that—
I suppose your the Family as lived in the Great Kittle
I see on Clapham Commun, some times a very considerable period back when I were little,
And they said it went with Steem,—But that was a joke!
For I never see none come of it,—that 's out of it—but only sum Smoak—
And for All your Power of Horses about your Ingins you never had but Two
In my time to draw you About to Fairs—and curse you, you know that 's true!
And for All your fine Perspectuses—howsomever you bewhich 'em,
Theirs as Pretty ones off Primerows Hill, as ever a one at Mitchum,
Thof I cant sea What Prospectives and washing has with one another to Do—
It aant as if a Bird'seye Hankicher can take a Birdshigh view!
But Thats your look out—I've not much to do with that—But pleas God to hold up fine,
Id show you caps and pinners and small things as lilliwhit as Ever crosst the Line,
Without going any Father off then Little Parodies Place,
And Thats more than you Can—and Ill say it behind your face—
But when Folks talks of washing, it ant for you too Speak—
As kept Dockter Pattyson out of his Shirt for a Weak!
Thinks I, when I heard it—Well, thear 's a Pretty go!
That comes o' not marking of things or washing out the marks, and Huddling em' up so!
Till Their friends comes and owns them, like drownded corpeses in a Vault,
But may Hap you havint Larn'd to spel—and That ant your Fault,
Only you ought to leafe the Linnins to them as has Larn'd,—
For if it warnt for Washing,—and whare Bills is concarn'd
What 's the Yuse, of all the world, for a Wommans Edication,
And Their Being maid Schollards of Sundays—fit for any Cityation.

Well, what I says is This—when every Kittle has its spout,
Theirs no nead for Companys to puff steam about!
To be sure its very Well, when Their ant enuff Wind
For blowing up Boats with,—but not to hurt human kind
Like that Pearkins with his Blunderbush, that 's loaded with hot water,
Thof a Sherrif might know Better, than make things for slaughtter,
As if War warnt Cruel enuff—wherever it befalls,
Without shooting poor sogers, with sich scalding hot washing balls,—
But thats not so Bad as a Sett of Bear Faced Scrubbs
As joins their Sopes together, and sits up Stream rubbing Clubs,
For washing Dirt Cheap,—and eating other Peple's grubs!
Which is all verry Fine for you and your Patent Tea,
But I wonders How Poor Wormmen is to get Their Bo He!
They must drink Hunt wash (the only wash God nose there will be!)
And their Little drop of Somethings as they takes for their Goods,
When you and your Steam has ruined (G—d forgive mee) their lively Hoods,

Poor Wommen as was born to Washing in their youth!
And now must go and Larn other Buisnesses Four Sooth!
But if so be They leave their Lines what are they to go at—
They won't do for Angell's—nor any Trade like That,
Nor we cant Sow Babby Work—for that 's all Bespoke,—
For the Queakers in Bridle! and a vast of the confind Folk
Do their own of Themselves—even the bettermost of em—aye, and evn them of middling degrees—
Why God help you Babby Linen ant Bread and Cheese!
Nor we can't go a hammering the roads into Dust,
But we must all go and be Bankers,—[like Mr. Marshes and Mr. Chamberses][1]—and that 's what we must!
God nose you oght to have more Concern for our Sects,
When you nose you have suck'd us and hanged round our Mutherly necks,
And remembers what you Owes to Wommen Besides washing—
You ant, curse you, like Men to go a slushing and sloshing
In mob caps, and pattins, adoing of Females Labers
And prettily jear'd At you great Horse God Meril things, ant you now by you next door neighbours—
Lawk I thinks I see you with your Sleaves tuckt up
No more like Washing than is drownding of a Pupp—
And for all Your Fine Water Works going round and round,
They'll scruntch your Bones some day—I'll be bound,
And no more nor be a gudgement,—for it cant come to good
To sit up agin Providince, which your a doing,—nor not fit It should,
For man warnt maid for Wommens starvation,
Nor to do away Laundrisses as is Links of Creation—
And cant be dun without in any Country But a [naked][1] Hottinpot Nation.
Ah, I wish our Minister would take one of your Tubbs
And preach a Sermon in it, and give you some good rubs—
But I warrants you reads (for you cant spel we nose) nayther Bybills or Good Tracks,
Or youd no better than Taking the close off one's Backs—
And let your neighbours oxin and Asses alone,—
And every Thing thats hern,—and give every one their Hone!

Well, its God for us All, and every Washer Wommen for herself,
And so you might, without shoving any on us off the shelf,
But if you warnt Noddis youd Let wommen abe
And pull of Your Pattins,—and leave the washing to we
That nose what 's what—Or mark what I say,
Youl make a fine Kittle of fish of Your Close some Day—
When the Aulder men wants Their Bibs, and their ant nun at all,
And Crist mass cum—and never a Cloth to lay in Gild Hall,
Or send a damp shirt to his Woship the Mare
Till hes rumatiz Poor Man, and cant set uprite in his Chare—
Besides Miss-Matching Larned Ladys Hose, as is sent for you not to wash (for you dont wash) but to stew
And make Peples Stockins yeller as oght to be Blew,

[1] [Added in the second edition.]

With a vast more like That,—and all along of Steam,
Which warnt meand by Nater for any sich skeam—
But thats your Losses and youl have to make It Good,
And I cant say I'm Sorry afore God if you shoud,
For men mought Get their Bread a great many ways
Without taking ourn—aye, and Moor to your Prays
[You might go and skim the creme off Mr. Muck-Adams milky ways—that 's what you might,
Or bete Carpets—or get into Parleamint,—or drive Crabrolays from morning to night,
Or, if you must be of our sects, be Watchmen, and slepe upon a poste!
(Which is an od way of sleping, I must say—and a very hard pillow at most,)
Or you might be any trade, as we are not on that I'm awares,
Or be Watermen now, (not Water-wommen,) and roe peple up and down Hungerford stares,
Or][1] If You Was even to Turn Dust Men a *dry sifting* Dirt!
But you oughtint to Hurt Them as never Did You no Hurt!

Yourn with Anymocity,
BRIDGET JONES.

ODE TO CAPTAIN PARRY

'By the North Pole, I do challenge thee!'—*Love's Labour's Lost.*

1

PARRY, my man! has thy brave leg
Yet struck its foot against the peg
On which the world is spun?
Or hast thou found No Thoroughfare
Writ by the hand of Nature there
Where man has never run!

2

Hast thou yet trac'd the Great Unknown
Of channels in the Frozen Zone,
Or held at Icy Bay,
Hast thou still miss'd the proper track
For homeward, Indian men that lack
A bracing by the way?

3

Still hast thou wasted toil and trouble
On nothing but the North-Sea Bubble
Of geographic scholar?
Or found new ways for ships to shape,
Instead of winding round the Cape,
A short cut thro' the collar!

4

Hast found the way that sighs were sent to[2]
The Pole—tho' God knows whom they went to!
That track reveal'd to Pope—
Or if the Arctic waters sally,
Or terminate in some blind alley,
A chilly path to grope?

5

Alas! tho' Ross, in love with snows,
Has painted them *couleur de rose*,
It is a dismal doom,
As Claudio saith, to Winter thrice,
'In regions of thick-ribbed ice'—
All bright,—and yet all gloom!

6

'Tis well for Gheber souls that sit
Before the fire and worship it
With pecks of Wallsend coals,
With feet upon the fender's front,
Roasting their corns—like Mr. Hunt—
To speculate on poles.

[1] [The lines in brackets were added in the second edition.]
[2] 'And waft a sigh from Indus to the Pole.'—*Eloisa to Abelard.*

7

'Tis easy for our Naval Board—
'Tis easy for our Civic Lord
Of London and of ease,
That lies in ninety feet of down,
With fur on his nocturnal gown,
To talk of Frozen Seas!

8

'Tis fine for Monsieur Ude to sit,
And prate about the mundane spit,
And babble of *Cook's* track—
He'd roast the leather off his toes,
Ere he would trudge thro' polar snows,
To plant a British *Jack!*

9

Oh, not the proud licentious great,
That travel on a carpet skate,
Can value toils like thine!
What 'tis to take a Hecla range,
Through ice unknown to Mr. Grange,
And alpine lumps of brine!

10

But we, that mount the Hill o' Rhyme,
Can tell how hard it is to climb
The lofty slippery steep.
Ah! there are more Snow Hills than that
Which doth black Newgate, like a hat,
Upon its forehead, keep.

11

Perchance thou'rt now—while I am writing—
Feeling a bear's wet grinder biting
About thy frozen spine!
Or thou thyself art eating whale,
Oily, and underdone, and stale,
That, haply, cross'd thy line!

12

But I'll not dream such dreams of ill—
Rather will I believe thee still
Safe cellar'd in the snow,—
Reciting many a gallant story,
Of British kings and British glory,
To crony Esquimaux—

13

Cheering that dismal game where Night
Makes one slow move from black to white
Thro' all the tedious year,—
Or smitten by some fond frost fair,
That comb'd out crystals from her hair,
Wooing a seal-skin Dear!

14

So much a long communion tends,
As Byron says, to make us friends
With what we daily view—
God knows the daintiest taste may come
To love a nose that 's like a plum,
In marble, cold and blue!

15

To dote on hair, an oily fleece!
As tho' it hung from Helen o' Greece—
They say that love prevails
Ev'n in the veriest polar land—
And surely she may steal thy hand
That used to steal thy nails!

16

But ah, ere thou art fixt to marry,
And take a polar Mrs. Parry,
Think of a six months' gloom—
Think of the wintry waste, and hers,
Each furnish'd with a dozen *furs*,
Think of thine icy *dome!*

17

Think of the children born to *blubber!*
Ah me! hast thou an Indian rubber
Inside!—to hold a meal
For months,—about a stone and half
Of whale, and part of a sea calf—
A fillet of salt veal!—

18

Some walrus ham—no trifle but
A decent steak—a solid cut
Of seal—no wafer slice!
A rein-deer's tongue and drink beside!
Gallons of Sperm—not rectified!
And pails of water-ice!

19

Oh, canst thou fast and then feast thus?
Still come away, and teach to us
Those blessed alternations—
To-day to run our dinners fine,
To feed on air and then to dine
With Civic Corporations—

20

To save th' Old Bailey daily shilling,
And then to take a half-year's filling
In P. N.'s pious Row—
When ask'd to Hock and haunch o' ven'son,
Thro' something we have worn our pens on
For Longman and his Co.

21

O come and tell us what the Pole is—
Whether it singular and sole is,—
Or straight, or crooked bent,—
If very thick or very thin,—
Made of what wood—and if akin
To those there be in Kent.

22

There 's Combe, there 's Spurzheim, and there 's Gall,
Have talk'd of poles—yet, after all,
What has the public learn'd?
And Hunt's account must still defer,—
He sought the *poll* at Westminster—
And is not yet *return'd!*

23

Alvanly asks if whist, dear soul,
Is play'd in snow-towns near the Pole,
And how the fur-man deals?
And Eldon doubts if it be true,
That icy Chancellors really do
Exist upon the *seals!*

24

Barrow, by well-fed office grates,
Talks of his own bechristen'd Straits,
And longs that he were there;
And Croker, in his cabriolet,
Sighs o'er his brown horse, at his Bay,
And pants to cross the *mer!*

25

O come away, and set us right,
And, haply, throw a northern light
On questions such as these:—
Whether, when this drown'd world was lost,
The surflux waves were lock'd in frost,
And turn'd to Icy Seas!

26

Is Ursa Major white or black?
Or do the Polar tribes attack
Their neighbours—and what for?
Whether they ever play at cuffs,
And then, if they take off their muffs
In pugilistic war?

27

Tell us, is *Winter* champion there,
As in our milder fighting air?
Say, what are *Chilly* loans?
What cures they have for rheums beside,
And if their hearts get ossified
From eating bread of bones?

28

Whether they are such dwarfs—the quicker
To circulate the vital liquor [1],—
And then, from head to heel—
How short the Methodists must choose
Their dumpy envoys not to lose
Their toes in spite of zeal?

29

Whether 'twill soften or sublime it
To preach of Hell in such a climate—
Whether may Wesley hope
To win their souls—or that old function
Of seals—with the extreme of unction—
Bespeaks them for the Pope?

30

Whether the lamps will e'er be 'learned'
Where six months' 'midnight oil' is burned,
Or Letters must defer
With people that have never conn'd
An A, B, C, but live beyond
The *Sound* of *Lancaster!*

31

O come away at any rate—
Well hast thou earn'd a downier state—
With all thy hardy peers—
Good lack, thou must be glad to smell dock,
And rub thy feet with opodeldock,
After such frosty years.

32

Mayhap, some gentle dame at last,
Smit by the perils thou hast pass'd,
However coy before,
Shall bid thee now set up thy rest
In that *Brest Harbour*, Woman's breast,
And tempt the Fates no more!

ODE TO W. KITCHENER, M.D.

AUTHOR OF THE COOK'S ORACLE—OBSERVATIONS ON VOCAL MUSIC—THE ART OF INVIGORATING AND PROLONGING LIFE—PRACTICAL OBSERVATIONS ON TELESCOPES, OPERA GLASSES, AND SPECTACLES—THE HOUSEKEEPER'S LEDGER—AND THE PLEASURE OF MAKING A WILL.

'I rule the roast, as Milton says!'—*Caleb Quotem.*

1

Oh![2] multifarious man!
Thou Wondrous, Admirable Kitchen Crichton:
Born to enlighten
The laws of Optics, Peptics, Music, Cooking—
Master of the Piano—and the Pan—
As busy with the kitchen as the skies!
Now looking
At some rich stew thro' Galileo's eyes—
Or boiling eggs—timed to a metronôme—
As much at home
In spectâcles as in mere isinglass—

[1] Buffon. [2] [In first edition, 'Hail!']

In the art of frying brown—as a digression
On music and poetical expression,—
Whereas, how few of all our cooks, alas!
Could tell Calliope from 'Calliopee!'
How few there be
Could leave the lowest for the highest stories,
(Observatories,)
And turn, like thee, Diana's calculator,
However *cook's* synonymous with *Kater*![1]
Alas! still let me say,
How few could lay
The carving knife beside the tuning fork,
Like the proverbial *Jack* ready for any work!

2

Oh, to behold thy features in thy book!
Thy proper head and shoulders in a plate,
How it would look!
With one rais'd eye watching the dial's date,
And one upon the roast, gently cast down—
Thy chops—done nicely brown—
The garnish'd brow—with 'a few leaves of bay'—
The hair—'done Wiggy's way!'
And still one studious finger near thy brains,
As if thou wert just come
From editing some
New soup—or hashing Dibdin's cold remains!
Or, Orpheus-like,—fresh from thy dying strains
Of music,—Epping luxuries of sound,
As Milton says, 'in many a bout
Of linked sweetness long drawn out,'
Whilst all thy tame stuff'd leopards listen'd round!

3

Oh, rather thy whole proper length reveal,
Standing like Fortune,—on the jack—thy wheel.
(Thou art, like Fortune, full of chops and changes,
Thou hast a fillet too before thine eye!)
Scanning our kitchen, and our vocal ranges,
As tho' it were the same to sing or fry—
Nay, so it is—hear how Miss Paton's throat
Makes 'fritters' of a note!
[And how Tom Cook (Fryer and Singer born
By name and nature) oh! how night and morn
He for the nicest public taste doth dish up
The good things from that *Pan* of music, Bishop!][2]
And is not reading near akin to feeding,
Or why should Oxford Sausages be fit
Receptacles for wit?

[1] Captain Kater, the Moon's Surveyor.
[2] [The lines in brackets were added in the second edition.]

Or why should Cambridge put its little, smart,
Minc'd brains into a Tart ?
Nay, then, thou wert but wise to frame receipts,
Book-treats,
Equally to instruct the Cook and cram her—
Receipts to be devour'd, as well as read,
The Culinary Art in gingerbread—
The Kitchen's *Eaten* Grammar !

4

Oh, very pleasant is thy motley page—
Aye, very pleasant in its chatty vein—
So—in a kitchen—would have talk'd Montaigne,
That merry Gascon—humourist, and sage !
Let slender minds with single themes engage,
Like Mr. Bowles with his eternal Pope,—
[Or Haydon on perpetual Haydon,—or
Hume on ' Twice three make four,'] [1]
Or Lovelass upon Wills,—Thou goest on
Plaiting ten topics, like Tate Wilkinson !
Thy brain is like a rich Kaleidoscope,
Stuff'd with a brilliant medley of odd bits,
And ever shifting on from change to change,
Saucepans—old Songs—Pills—Spectacles—and Spits !
Thy range is wider than a Rumford Range !
Thy grasp a miracle !—till I recall
Th' indubitable cause of thy variety—
Thou art, of course, th' Epitome of all
That spying—frying—singing—mix'd Society
Of Scientific Friends, who used to meet
Welch Rabbits—and thyself—in Warren Street !

5

Oh, hast thou still those Conversazioni,
Where learned visitors discoursed—and fed ?
There came Belzoni,
Fresh from the ashes of Egyptian dead—
And gentle Poki—and that Royal Pair,
Of whom thou didst declare—
' Thanks to the greatest *Cooke* we ever read—
They were—what *Sandwiches* should be—half *bred !* '
There fam'd M'Adam from his manual toil
Relax'd—and freely own'd he took thy hints
On ' making *Broth* with *Flints* '—
There Parry came, and show'd thee polar oil
For melted butter—Combe with his medullary
Notions about the *Skullery*,
And Mr. Poole, too partial to a broil—

[1] [The lines in brackets were added in the second edition.]

ODE TO H. BODKIN, ESQ.

SECRETARY TO THE SOCIETY FOR THE SUPPRESSION OF MENDICITY

'This is your charge—you shall comprehend all vagrom men.'—*Much Ado About Nothing.*

1

HAIL, King of Shreds and Patches, hail,
Disperser of the Poor!
Thou Dog in office, set to bark
All beggars from the door!

2

Great overseer of overseers,
And Dealer in old rags!
Thy public duty never fails,
Thy ardour never flags!

3

Oh, when I take my walks abroad,
How many Poor I *miss!*
Had Doctor Watts walk'd now a days
He would have written this!

4

So well thy Vagrant catchers prowl,
So clear thy caution keeps
The path—O, Bodkin, sure thou hast
The eye that never sleeps!

5

No Belisarius pleads for alms,
No Benbow, lacking legs;
The pious man in black is now
The only man that begs!

6

Street-Handels are disorganiz'd,
Disbanded every band!—
The silent *scraper* at the door
Is scarce allow'd to stand!

7

The Sweeper brushes with his broom,
The Carstairs with his chalk
Retires,—the Cripple leaves his stand,
But cannot sell his walk.

8

The old Wall-blind resigns the wall,
The Camels hide their humps,
The Witherington without a leg
Mayn't beg upon his stumps!

9

Poor Jack is gone, that used to doff
His batter'd tatter'd hat,
And show his dangling sleeve, alas!
There seem'd no arm in that!

10

Oh! it was such a sin to air
His true blue naval rags,
Glory's own trophy, like St. Paul,
Hung round with holy flags!

11

Thou knowest best. I meditate,
My Bodkin, no offence!
Let us, henceforth, but guard[1] our pounds,
Thou dost protect our pence!

12

Well art thou pointed 'gainst the Poor,
For, when the Beggar Crew
Bring their petitions, thou art paid,
Of course, to 'run them through.'

13

Doubtless[2] thou art what Hamlet meant—
To wretches the last friend:
What ills can mortals have, they can't
With a bare *Bodkin* end?

[1] [In first edition, 'nurse.']

[2] [In first edition, 'Of course.']

ADDRESS TO MARIA DARLINGTON,[1]

ON HER RETURN TO THE STAGE

'It was Maria!—
And better fate did Maria deserve than to have her banns forbid—
She had, since that, she told me, strayed as far as Rome, and walked round St. Peter's once and return'd back.'—*See the whole story in Sterne and the newspapers.*

1

THOU art come back again to the stage,
Quite as blooming as when thou didst leave it;
And 'tis well for this fortunate age
That thou didst not, by going off, grieve it!
It is pleasant to see thee again—
Right pleasant to see thee, by Herclé,
Unmolested by pea-colour'd Hayne!
And free from that thou-and-thee Berkeley!

2

Thy sweet foot, my Foote, is as light
(Not *my* Foote—I speak by correction)
As the snow on some mountain at night,
Or the snow that has long on thy neck shone.
The Pit is in raptures to free thee,
The Boxes impatient to greet thee,
The Galleries quite clam'rous to see thee,
And thy scenic relations to meet thee!

3

Ah, where was thy sacred retreat?
Maria! ah, where hast thou been,
With thy two little wandering Feet,
Far away from all peace and pea-green!
Far away from Fitzhardinge the bold,
Far away from himself and his lot!
I envy the place thou hast stroll'd,
If a stroller thou art—which thou'rt not!

4

Sterne met thee, poor wandering thing,
Methinks, at the close of the day—
When thy Billy had just slipp'd his string,
And thy little dog quite gone astray—
He bade thee to sorrow no more—
He wish'd thee to lull thy distress
In his bosom—he couldn't do more,
And a Christian could hardly do less!

[1] [This was written jointly by Hood and Reynolds. For those pieces by Reynolds alone, see the appendix.]

5

Ah, me! for thy small plaintive pipe,
I fear we must look at thine eye—
I would it were my task to wipe
That hazel orb thoroughly dry![1]
Oh sure 'tis a barbarous deed
To give pain to the feminine mind—
But the wooer that left thee to bleed
Was a creature more killing than kind!

6

The man that could tread on a worm
Were a brute—and inhuman to boot;
But he merits a much harsher term
That can wantonly tread on a Foote!
Soft mercy and gentleness blend
To make up a Quaker—but he
That spurn'd thee could scarce be a *Friend*
Though he dealt in that Thou-ing of 'thee.'

7

They that lov'd thee, Maria, have flown!
The friends of the midsummer hour!
But those friends now in anguish atone,
And mourn o'er thy desolate bow'r.
Friend Hayne, the Green Man, is quite out,
Yea, utterly out of his bias;
And the faithful Fitzhardinge, no doubt,
Is counting his Ave Marias!

8

Ah, where wert thou driven away,
To feast on thy desolate woe?
We have witness'd thy weeping in play,
But none saw the earnest tears flow—
Perchance thou wert truly forlorn,—
Tho' none but the fairies could mark
Where they hung upon some Berkeley thorn,
Or the thistles in Burderop Park!

9

Ah, perhaps, when old age's white snow
Has silver'd the crown of Hayne's nob—
For even the greenest will grow
As hoary as 'White-headed Bob'—
He'll wish, in the days of his prime,
He had been rather kinder to one
He hath left to the malice of Time—
A woman—so weak and undone!

[1] [In the first edition these two lines ran:
That eye—'orc'd so often to wipe
That the handkerchief never got dry.]

WHIMS AND ODDITIES. FIRST SERIES

(1826. Fourth edition 1829)

'O Cicero! Cicero! if to pun be a crime, 'tis a crime I have learned of thee:
O Bias! Bias! if to pun be a crime, by thy example I was biassed.'—*Scriblerus.*

DEDICATION

TO THE REVIEWERS

What is a modern Poet's fate?
To write his thoughts upon a slate;—
The Critic spits on what is done,—
Gives it a wipe,—and all is gone.

MORAL REFLECTIONS ON THE CROSS OF ST. PAUL'S

1

THE man that pays his pence, and goes
Up to thy lofty cross, St. Paul,
Looks over London's naked nose,
Women and men:
The world is all beneath his ken,
He sits above the *Ball.*
He seems on Mount Olympus' top,
Among the Gods, by Jupiter! and lets drop
His eyes from the empyreal clouds
On mortal crowds.

2

Seen from these skies,
How small those emmets in our eyes!
Some carry little sticks—and one
His eggs—to warm them in the sun:
Dear! what a hustle,
And bustle!
And there's my aunt. I know her by her waist,
So long and thin,
And so pinch'd in,
Just in the pismire taste.

3

Oh! what are men?—Beings so small,
That, should I fall
Upon their little heads, I must
Crush them by hundreds into dust!

4

And what is life? and all its ages—
There's seven stages!
Turnham Green! Chelsea! Putney! Fulham!
Brentford! and Kew!
And Tooting, too!
And oh! what very little nags to pull 'em.
Yet each would seem a horse indeed,
If here at Paul's tip-top we'd got 'em;
Although, like Cinderella's breed,
They're mice at bottom.
Then let me not despise a horse,
Though he looks small from Paul's high cross!
Since he would be,—as near the sky,
—Fourteen hands high.

5

What is this world with London in its lap?
Mogg's Map.
The Thames, that ebbs and flows in its broad channel?
A *tidy* kennel.
The bridges stretching from its banks?
Stone planks.
Oh me! hence could I read an admonition
To mad Ambition!
But that he would not listen to my call,
Though I should stand upon the cross, and *ball!*

A VALENTINE

1

Oh ! cruel heart ! ere these posthumous papers
  Have met thine eyes, I shall be out of breath ;
Those cruel eyes, like two funereal tapers,
  Have only lighted me the way to death.
Perchance, thou wilt extinguish them in vapours,
  When I am gone, and green grass covereth
Thy lover, lost ; but it will be in vain—
It will not bring the vital spark again.

2

Ah ! when those eyes, like tapers, burned so blue,
  It seemed an omen that we must expect
The sprites of lovers ; and it boded true,
  For I . m half a sprite—a ghost elect ;
Wherefore I write to thee this last adieu,
  With my last pen—before that I effect
My exit from the stage ; just stopp'd before
The tombstone steps that lead us to death's door.

3

Full soon these living eyes, now liquid bright,
  Will turn dead dull, and wear no radiance, save
They shed a dreary and inhuman light,
  Illumed within by glow-worms of the grave ;
These ruddy cheeks, so pleasant to the sight,
  These lusty legs, and all the limbs I have,
Will keep Death's carnival, and, foul or fresh,
Must bid farewell, a long farewell, to flesh !

4

Yea, and this very heart, that dies for thee,
  As broken victuals to the worms will go ;
And all the world will dine again but me—
  For I shall have no stomach ;—and I know,
When I am ghostly, thou wilt sprightly be
  As now thou art : but will not tears of woe
Water thy spirits, with remorse adjunct,
When thou dost pause, and think of the defunct ?

5

And when thy soul is buried in a sleep,
  In midnight solitude, and little dreaming
Of such a spectre—what, if I should creep
  Within thy presence in such dismal seeming ?
Thine eyes will stare themselves awake, and weep,
  And thou wilt cross thyself with treble screaming,
And pray with mingled penitence and dread
That I were less alive—or not so dead.

6

Then will thy heart confess thee, and reprove
This wilful homicide which thou hast done:
And the sad epitaph of so much love
Will eat into thy heart, as if in stone:
And all the lovers that around thee move,
Will read my fate, and tremble for their own;
And strike upon their heartless breasts, and sigh,
'Man, born of woman, must of woman die!'

7

Mine eyes grow dropsical—I can no more—
And what is written thou may'st scorn to read,
Shutting thy tearless eyes.—'Tis done—'tis o'er—
My hand is destin'd for another deed.
But one last word wrung from its aching core,
And my lone heart in silentness will bleed;
Alas! it ought to take a life to tell
That one last word—that fare—fare—fare thee well!

LOVE

O Love! what art thou, Love? the ace of hearts,
Trumping earth's kings and queens, and all its suits;
A player, masquerading many parts
In life's odd carnival;—a boy that shoots,
From ladies' eyes, such mortal woundy darts;
A gardener, pulling heart's-ease up by the roots;
The Puck of Passion—partly false—part real—
A marriageable maiden's 'beau-ideal.'

O Love, what art thou, Love? a wicked thing,
Making green misses spoil their work at school;
A melancholy man, cross-gartering?
Grave ripe-faced wisdom made an April fool?
A youngster, tilting at a wedding-ring?
A sinner, sitting on a cuttie stool?
A Ferdinand de Something in a hovel,
Helping Matilda Rose to make a novel?

O Love! what art thou, Love? one that is bad
With palpitations of the heart—like mine—
A poor bewildered maid, making so sad
A necklace of her garters—fell design!
A poet, gone unreasonably mad,
Ending his sonnets with a hempen line?
O Love!—but whither now? forgive me, pray;
I'm not the first that Love hath led astray.

'PLEASE TO RING THE BELLE'

1

I'LL tell you a story that 's not in Tom Moore :—
Young Love likes to knock at a pretty girl's door :
So he call'd upon Lucy—'twas just ten o'clock—
Like a spruce single man, with a smart double knock.

2

Now, a hand-maid, whatever her fingers be at,
Will run like a puss when she hears a *rat*-tat :
So Lucy ran up—and in two seconds more
Had questioned the stranger and answer'd the door.

3

The meeting was bliss ; but the parting was woe
For the moment will come when such comers must go :
So she kiss'd him, and whisper'd—poor innocent thing—
' The next time you come, love, pray come with a ring.'

A RECIPE—FOR CIVILIZATION

The following Poem—is from the Pen of DOCTOR KITCHENER!—the most heterogeneous of Authors, but at the same time—in the Sporting Latin of Mr. Egan,—a real Homo-*genius*, or a Genius of a Man! in the Poem, his CULINARY ENTHUSIASM, as usual, *boils over!* and makes it seem written, as he describes himself (see The Cook's Oracle)—with the Spit in one hand!—and the Frying-Pan in the other,—While in the style of the rhymes it is Hudibrastic,——as if in the ingredients of Versification, he had been assisted by his BUTLER!

As a Head Cook, Optician—Physician, Music Master—Domestic Economist and Death-bed Attorney!—I have celebrated The Author elsewhere with approbation:—and cannot now place him upon the Table *as a Poet*,——without still being his LAUDER, a phrase which those persons whose course of classical reading recalls the INFAMOUS FORGERY on *The Immortal Bard of Avon!*[1]——will find easy to understand.

SURELY, those sages err who teach
That man is known from brutes by speech,
Which hardly severs man from woman,
But not th' inhuman from the human,—
Or else might parrots claim affinity,
And dogs be doctors by latinity,—
Not t' insist, (as might be shown,)
That beasts have gibberish of their own,
Which once was no dead tongue, tho' we
Since Esop's days have lost the key ;
Nor yet to hint dumb men,—and, still, not
Beasts that could gossip though they will not,
But play at dummy like the monkeys,
For fear mankind should make them flunkies.
Neither can man be known by feature
Or form, because so like a creature,
That some grave men could never shape
Which is the aped and which the ape,
Nor by his gait, nor by his height,
Nor yet because he 's black or white,
But *rational*,—for so we call
The only COOKING ANIMAL!

[1] [In the first edition this was curiously given as 'Eden.']

The only one who brings his bit
Of dinner to the pot or spit,
For where 's the lion e'er was hasty,
To put his ven'son in a pasty ?
Ergo, by logic, we repute,
That he who cooks is not a brute,—
But Equus brutum est, which means,
If a horse had sense he'd boil his beans,
Nay, no one but a horse would forage
On naked oats instead of porridge,
Which proves, if brutes and Scotchmen vary,
The difference is culinary.
Further, as man is known by feeding
From brutes,—so men from men, in breeding,
Are still distinguished as they eat,
And raw in manners, raw in meat,—
Look at the polish'd nations hight
The civilized—the most polite
Is that which bears the praise of nations
For dressing eggs two hundred fashions,
Whereas, at savage feeders look,—
The less refined the less they cook ;
From Tartar grooms that merely straddle
Across a steak and warm their saddle,
Down to the Abyssinian squaw,
That bolts her chops and collops raw,
And, like a wild beast, cares as little
To dress her person as her victual,—
For gowns, and gloves, and caps, and tippets,
Are beauty's sauces, spice, and sippets,
And not by shamble bodies put on,
But those who roast and boil their mutton ;
So Eve and Adam wore no dresses
Because they lived on water-cresses,
And till they learn'd to cook their crudities,
Went blind as beetles to their nudities.
For niceness comes from th' inner side,
(As an ox is drest before his hide,)
And when the entrail loathes vulgarity
The outward man will soon cull rarity,
For 'tis th' effect of what we eat
To make a man look like his meat,
As insects show their food's complexions ;
Thus fopling's clothes are like confections.
But who, to feed a jaunty coxcomb,
Would have an Abyssinian ox come?—
Or serve a dish of fricassees,
To clodpoles in a coat of frize ?
Whereas a black would call for buffalo
Alive—and, no doubt, eat the offal too.
Now, (this premised) it follows then
That certain culinary men
Should first go forth with pans and spits
To bring the heathens to their wits,
(For all wise Scotchmen of our century
Know that first steps are alimentary ;
And, as we have prov'd, flesh pots and saucepans
Must pave the way for Wilberforce plans ;)
But Bunyan err'd to think the near gate
To take man's soul, was battering Ear gate,
When reason should have work'd her course
As men of war do—when their force
Can't take a town by open courage,
They steal an entry with its forage.
What reverend bishop, for example,
Could preach horn'd Apis from his temple ?
Whereas a cook would soon unseat him,
And make his own churchwardens eat him.
Not Irving could convert those vermin,
Th' Anthropophages, by a sermon ;
Whereas your Osborne [1], in a trice,
Would 'take a shin of beef and spice,'—
And raise them such a savoury smother,
No Negro would devour his brother,

[1] Cook to the late Sir Joseph Banks.

But turn his stomach round as loth
As Persians, to the old black broth,—
For knowledge oftenest makes an entry,
As well as true love, thro' the pantry,
Where beaux that came at first for feeding
Grow gallant men and get good breeding;—
Exempli gratia—in the West,
Ship-traders say there swims a nest
Lin'd with black natives, like a rookery,
But coarse as carrion crows at cookery.—
This race, though now call'd O. Y. E. men,
(To show they are more than A. B. C. men,)
Was once so ignorant of our knacks
They laid their mats upon their backs,
And grew their quartern loaves for luncheon
On trees that baked them in the sun shine.
As for their bodies, they were coated,
(For painted things are so denoted;)
But, the naked truth is, stark primevals,
That said their prayers to timber devils,
Allow'd polygamy—dwelt in wigwams,—
And, when they meant a feast, ate big yams.—
And why?—because their savage nook
Had ne'er been visited by Cook,—
And so they fared till our great chief
Brought them, not methodists, but beef,
In tubs,—and taught them how to live,
Knowing it was too soon to give,
Just then, a homily on their sins,
(For cooking ends ere grace begins)
Or hand his tracts to the untractable
Till they could keep a more exact table—
For nature has her proper courses,
And wild men must be back'd like horses,
Which, jockeys know, are never fit
For riding till they've had a bit
I' the mouth; but then, with proper tackle,
You may trot them to a tabernacle.
Ergo (I say) he first made changes
In the heathen modes, by kitchen ranges,
And taught the king's cook, by convincing
Process, that chewing was not mincing,
And in her black fist thrust a bundle
Of tracts abridg'd from Glasse and Rundell,
Where, ere she had read beyond Welsh rabbits,
She saw the spareness of her habits,
And round her loins put on a striped
Towel, where fingers might be wiped,
And then her breast clothed like her ribs,
(For aprons lead of course to bibs)
And, by the time she had got a meat-
Screen, veil'd her back, too, from the heat—
As for her gravies and her sauces,
(Tho' they reform'd the royal fauces,)
Her forcemeats and ragouts,—I praise not,
Because the legend further says not,
Except, she kept each Christian high-day,
And once upon a fat good Fry-day
Ran short of logs, and told the Pagan
That turn'd the spit, to chop up Dagon!

THE LAST MAN

'Twas in the year two thousand and one,
A pleasant morning of May,
I sat on the gallows-tree all alone,
A chaunting a merry lay,—
To think how the pest had spared my life,
To sing with the larks that day!

When up the heath came a jolly knave,
Like a scarecrow, all in rags:
It made me crow to see his old duds
All abroad in the wind, like flags:—
So up he came to the timbers' foot
And pitch'd down his greasy bags.—

Good Lord! how blythe the old beggar was!
At pulling out his scraps,—
The very sight of his broken orts
Made a work in his wrinkled chaps:
'Come down,' says he, 'you Newgate bird,
And have a taste of my snaps!'——

Then down the rope, like a tar from the mast,
I slided, and by him stood;
But I wished myself on the gallows again
When I smelt that beggar's food,
A foul beef-bone and a mouldy crust;
'Oh!' quoth he, 'the heavens are good!'

Then after this grace he cast him down:
Says I, 'You'll get sweeter air
A pace or two off, on the windward side,'
For the felons' bones lay there.
But he only laugh'd at the empty skulls,
And offered them part of his fare.

'I never harm'd *them*, and they won't harm me:
Let the proud and the rich be cravens!'
I did not like that strange beggar man,
He look'd so up at the heavens.

Anon he shook out his empty old poke;
'There's the crumbs,' saith he, 'for the ravens!'

It made me angry to see his face,
It had such a jesting look;
But while I made up my mind to speak,
A small case-bottle he took:
Quoth he, 'though I gather the green water-cress,
My drink is not of the brook!'

Full manners-like he tender'd the dram;
Oh, it came of a dainty cask!
But, whenever it came to his turn to pull,
'Your leave, good sir, I must ask;
But I always wipe the brim with my sleeve,
When a hangman sups at my flask!'

And then he laugh'd so loudly and long,
The churl was quite out of breath;
I thought the very Old One was come
To mock me before my death,
And wish'd I had buried the dead men's bones
That were lying about the heath!

But the beggar gave me a jolly clap—
'Come, let us pledge each other,
For all the wide world is dead beside,
And we are brother and brother—
I've a yearning for thee in my heart,
As if we had come of one mother.

'I've a yearning for thee in my heart
That almost makes me weep,
For as I pass'd from town to town
The folks were all stone-asleep,—
But when I saw thee sitting aloft,
It made me both laugh and leap!'

Now a curse (I thought) be on his love,
And a curse upon his mirth,—
An' if it were not for that beggar man
I'd be the King of the earth,—
But I promis'd myself an hour should come
To make him rue his birth—

So down we sat and bous'd again
Till the sun was in mid-sky,
When, just when the gentle west-wind came,
We hearken'd a dismal cry;
'Up, up, on the tree,' quoth the beggar man,
'Till these horrible dogs go by!'

And, lo! from the forest's far-off skirts,
They came all yelling for gore,
A hundred hounds pursuing at once,
And a panting hart before,
Till he sunk down at the gallows' foot,
And there his haunches they tore!

His haunches they tore, without a horn
To tell when the chase was done;
And there was not a single scarlet coat
To flaunt it in the sun!—
I turn'd, and look'd at the beggar man,
And his tears dropt one by one!

And with curses sore he chid at the hounds,
Till the last dropt out of sight,
Anon, saith he, 'Let's down again,
And ramble for our delight,
For the world 's all free, and we may choose
A right cozie barn for to-night!'

With that, he set up his staff on end,
And it fell with the point due West;
So we far'd that way to a city great,
Where the folks had died of the pest—
It was fine to enter in house and hall
Wherever it liked me best;

For the porters all were stiff and cold,
And could not lift their heads;
And when we came where their masters lay,
The rats leapt out of the beds;
The grandest palaces in the land
Were as free as workhouse sheds.

But the beggar man made a mumping face,
And knocked at every gate:
It made me curse to hear how he whined,
So our fellowship turned to hate,
And I bade him walk the world by himself,
For I scorn'd so humble a mate!

So *he* turn'd right, and *I* turn'd left,
As if we had never met;
And I chose a fair stone house for myself,
For the city was all to let;
And for three brave holidays drank my fill
Of the choicest that I could get.

And because my jerkin was coarse and worn,
I got me a properer vest;
It was purple velvet, stitch'd o'er with gold,
And a shining star at the breast!—
'Twas enough to fetch old Joan from her grave
To see me so purely drest!

But Joan was dead and under the mould,
And every buxom lass;
In vain I watch'd, at the window pane
For a Christian soul to pass!
But sheep and kine wander'd up the street,
And browz'd on the new-come grass.—

When lo! I spied the old beggar man,
And lustily he did sing!—
His rags were lapp'd in a scarlet cloak,
And a crown he had like a King;
So he stept right up before my gate
And danc'd me a saucy fling!

Heaven mend us all!—but, within my mind,
I had killed him then and there;
To see him lording so braggart-like
That was born to his beggar's fare,
And how he had stolen the royal crown
His betters were meant to wear.

But God forbid that a thief should die
Without his share of the laws!

So I nimbly whipt my tackle out,
And soon tied up his claws,—
I was judge myself, and jury, and all,
And solemnly tried the cause.

But the beggar man would not plead, but cried
Like a babe without its corals,
For he knew how hard it is apt to go
When the law and a thief have quarrels,—
There was not a Christian soul alive
To speak a word for his morals.

Oh, how gaily I doff'd my costly gear,
And put on my work-day clothes;
I was tired of such a long Sunday life,—
And never was one of the sloths;
But the beggar man grumbled a weary deal,
And made many crooked mouths.

So I haul'd him off to the gallows' foot,
And blinded him in his bags;
'Twas a weary job to heave him up,
For a doom'd man always lags;
But by ten of the clock he was off his legs
In the wind, and airing his rags!

So there he hung, and there I stood,
The LAST MAN left alive,
To have my own will of all the earth:
Quoth I, now I shall thrive!
But when was ever honey made
With one bee in a hive?

My conscience began to gnaw my heart,
Before the day was done,
For other men's lives had all gone out,
Like candles in the sun!—
But it seem'd as if I had broke, at last,
A thousand necks in one!

So I went and cut his body down
To bury it decentlie;—
God send there were any good soul alive
To do the like by me!
But the wild dogs came with terrible speed,
And bade me up the tree!

My sight was like a drunkard's sight,
And my head began to swim,
To see their jaws all white with foam,
Like the ravenous ocean brim;—
But when the wild dogs trotted away
Their jaws were bloody and grim!

Their jaws were bloody and grim,
good Lord!
But the beggar man, where was he?—
There was naught of him but some ribbons of rags
Below the gallows' tree!—
I know the Devil, when I am dead,
Will send his hounds for me!—

I've buried my babies one by one,
And dug the deep hole for Joan,
And covered the faces of kith and kin,
And felt the old churchyard stone
Go cold to my heart, full many a time,
But I never felt so lone!

For the lion and Adam were company,
And the tiger him beguiled:
But the simple kine are foes to my life,
And the household brutes are wild.
If the veriest cur would lick my hand,
I could love it like a child!

And the beggar man's ghost besets my dream,
At night to make me madder,—
And my wretched conscience within my breast,
Is like a stinging adder;—
I sigh when I pass the gallows' foot,
And look at the rope and ladder!—

For hanging looks sweet,—but, alas! in vain
My desperate fancy begs,—
I must turn my cup of sorrows quite up,
And drink it to the dregs,—
For there is not another man alive,
In the world, to pull my legs!

FAITHLESS SALLY BROWN

AN OLD BALLAD

YOUNG BEN he was a nice young man,
A carpenter by trade;
And he fell in love with Sally Brown,
That was a lady's maid.

But as they fetch'd a walk one day,
They met a press-gang crew;
And Sally she did faint away,
Whilst Ben he was brought to.

The Boatswain swore with wicked words,
Enough to shock a saint,
That though she did seem in a fit,
'Twas nothing but a feint.

'Come, girl,' said he, 'hold up your head,
He'll be as good as me;
For when your swain is in our boat,
A boatswain he will be.'

So when they'd made their game of her,
And taken off her elf,
She roused, and found she only was
A coming to herself.

'And is he gone, and is he gone?'
She cried, and wept outright:
'Then I will to the water side,
And see him out of sight.'

A waterman came up to her,—
'Now, young woman,' said he,
'If you weep on so, you will make
Eye-water in the sea.'

'Alas! they've taken my beau Ben
To sail with old Benbow;'
And her woe began to run afresh,
As if she'd said Gee woe!

Says he, 'They've only taken him
To the Tender ship, you see;'
'The Tender-ship,' cried Sally Brown,
'What a hard-ship that must be!'

'O! would I were a mermaid now,
For then I'd follow him;
But Oh!—I'm not a fish-woman,
And so I cannot swim.

'Alas! I was not born beneath
The virgin and the scales,
So I must curse my cruel stars,
And walk about in Wales.'

Now Ben had sail'd to many a place
That 's underneath the world;
But in two years the ship came home,
And all her sails were furl'd.

But when he call'd on Sally Brown,
To see how she went on,
He found she'd got another Ben,
Whose Christian-name was John.

'O Sally Brown, O Sally Brown,
How could you serve me so?
I've met with many a breeze before,
But never such a blow:'

Then reading on his 'bacco box
He heaved a bitter sigh,
And then began to eye his pipe,
And then to pipe his eye.

And then he tried to sing 'All 's Well,'
But could not though he tried;
His head was turn'd, and so he chew'd
His pigtail till he died.

His death, which happen'd in his berth,
At forty-odd befell:
They went and told the sexton, and
The sexton toll'd the bell.

BACKING THE FAVOURITE!

Oh a pistol, or a knife!
For I'm weary of my life,—
  My cup has nothing sweet left to flavour it;
My estate is out at nurse,
And my heart is like my purse,—
  And all through backing of the Favourite!

At dear O'Neil's first start,
I sported all my heart,—
  Oh, Becher, he never marr'd a braver hit!
For he cross'd her in her race,
And made her lose her place,
  And there was an end of that Favourite!

Anon, to mend my chance,
For the Goddess of the Dance[1]
  I pin'd, and told my enslaver it!—
But she wedded in a canter,
And made me a Levanter,
  In foreign lands to sigh for the Favourite!

Then next Miss M. A. Tree
I adored, so sweetly she
  Could warble like a nightingale and quaver it;—
But she left that course of life
To be Mr. Bradshaw's wife,
  And all the world lost on the Favourite!

But out of sorrow's surf
Soon I leap'd upon the turf,
  Where fortune loves to wanton it and waver it;—
But standing on the pet,
'O my bonny, bonny Bet!'
  Black and yellow pull'd short up with the Favourite!

Thus flung by all the crack,
I resolv'd to cut the pack,—
  The second-raters seemed then a safer hit!
So I laid my little odds
Against Memnon! Oh, ye Gods!
  Am I always to be floored by the Favourite!

THE MERMAID OF MARGATE

'Alas! what perils do environ
That man who meddles with a siren!'—*Hudibras.*

On Margate beach, where the sick one roams,
  And the sentimental reads;
Where the maiden flirts, and the widow comes—
  Like the ocean—to cast her weeds,—
Where urchins wander to pick up shells,
  And the Cit to spy at the ships,—
Like the water gala at Sadler's Wells,—
  And the Chandler for watery dips;—

[1] The late favourite of the King's Theatre, who left the pas seul of life for a perpetual *Ball.* Is not that her effigy now commonly borne about by the Italian image vendors—an ethereal form holding a wreath with both hands above her head—and her husband, in emblem, beneath her foot?

There 's a maiden sits by the ocean brim,
As lovely and fair as sin !
But woe, deep water and woe to him,
That she snareth like Peter Fin !

Her head is crown'd with pretty sea-wares,
And her locks are golden and loose:
And seek to her feet, like other folks' heirs,
To stand, of course, in her shoes !

And, all day long, she combeth them well,
With a sea-shark's prickly jaw ;
And her mouth is just like a rose-lipp'd shell,
The fairest that man e'er saw !

And the Fishmonger, humble as love may be,
Hath planted his seat by her side ;
' Good even, fair maid ! Is thy lover at sea,
To make thee so watch the tide ? '

She turn'd about with her pearly brows,
And clasp'd him by the hand :—
' Come, love, with me ; I've a bonny house
On the golden Goodwin Sand.'

And then she gave him a siren kiss,
No honeycomb e'er was sweeter ;
Poor wretch ! how little he dreamt for this
That Peter should be salt-Peter :

And away with her prize to the wave she leapt,
Not walking, as damsels do,
With toe and heel, as she ought to have stept,
But she hopt like a Kangaroo;

One plunge, and then the victim was blind,
Whilst they galloped across the tide;
At last, on the bank he waked in his mind,
And the Beauty was by his side.

One half on the sand, and half in the sea,
But his hair began to stiffen ;
For when he look'd where her feet should be,
She had no more feet than Miss Biffen !

But a scaly tail, of a dolphin's growth,
In the dabbling brine did soak :
At last she open'd her pearly mouth,
Like an oyster, and thus she spoke :—

' You crimpt my father, who was a skate ;—
And my sister you sold—a maid ;
So here remain for a fish'ry fate,
For lost you are, and betray'd ! '

And away she went, with a seagull's scream,
And a splash of her saucy tail ;
In a moment he lost the silvery gleam
That shone on her splendid mail !

The sun went down with a blood-red flame,
And the sky grew cloudy and black,
And the tumbling billows like leap-frog came,
Each over the other's back !

Ah, me! it had been a beautiful scene,
With a safe terra-firma round ;
But the green water-hillocks all seem'd to him
Like those in a church-yard ground;

And Christians love in the turf to lie,
Not in watery graves to be ;
Nay, the very fishes will sooner die
On the land than in the sea.

And whilst he stood, the watery strife
Encroached on every hand,
And the ground decreas'd—his moments of life
Seem'd measur'd, like Time's, by sand ;

And still the waters foam'd in, like ale,
In front, and on either flank,
He knew that Goodwin and Co. must fail,
There was such a run on the bank.

A little more, and a little more,
The surges came tumbling in;
He sang the evening hymn twice o'er,
And thought of every sin!

Each flounder and plaice lay cold at his heart,
As cold as his marble slab;
And he thought he felt, in every part,
The pincers of scalded crab!

The squealing lobsters that he had boil'd,
And the little potted shrimps,
All the horny prawns he had ever spoil'd,
Gnawed into his soul, like imps!

And the billows were wandering to and fro,
And the glorious sun was sunk,
And Day, getting black in the face, as though
Of the night-shade she had drunk!

Had there been but a smuggler's cargo adrift,
One tub, or keg, to be seen,
It might have given his spirits a lift
Or an *anker* where *Hope* might lean!

But there was not a box or a beam afloat,
To raft him from that sad place;
Not a skiff, not a yawl, or a mackarel boat,
Nor a smack upon Neptune's face.

At last, his lingering hopes to buoy,
He saw a sail and a mast,
And called 'Ahoy!'—but it was not a hoy,
And so the vessel went past.

And with saucy wing that flapp'd in his face,
The wild bird about him flew,
With a shrilly scream, that twitted his case,
'Why, thou art a sea-gull too!'

And lo! the tide was over his feet;
Oh! his heart began to freeze,
And slowly to pulse:—in another beat
The wave was up to his knees!

He was deafen'd amidst the mountain-tops,
And the salt spray blinded his eyes,
And wash'd away the other salt-drops
That grief had caused to arise:—

But just as his body was all afloat,
And the surges above him broke,
He was saved from the hungry deep by a boat,
Of Deal—(but builded of oak.)

The skipper gave him a dram, as he lay,
And chafed his shivering skin;
And the Angel return'd that was flying away
With the spirit of Peter Fin!

'AS IT FELL UPON A DAY'

Oh! what's befallen Bessy Brown,
She stands so squalling in the street;
She 's let her pitcher tumble down,
And all the water 's at her feet!

The little school-boys stood about,
And laugh'd to see her pumping, pumping;
Now with a curtsey to the spout,
And then upon her tiptoes jumping.

Long time she waited for her neighbours,
To have their turns:—but she must lose
The watery wages of her labours,—
Except a little in her shoes!

Without a voice to tell her tale,
And ugly transport in her face;
All like a jugless nightingale,
She thinks of her bereaved case.

At last she sobs—she cries—she screams!—
And pours her flood of sorrows out,
From eyes and mouth, in mingled streams,
Just like the lion on the spout.

For well poor Bessy knows her mother
Must lose her tea, for water's lack,
That Sukey burns—and baby-brother
Must be dry-rubb'd with huck-a-back!

A FAIRY TALE

On Hounslow Heath—and close beside the road,
As western travellers may oft have seen,—
A little house some years ago there stood,
A minikin abode;
And built like Mr. Birkbeck's all of wood:
The walls of white, the window shutters green;—
Four wheels it had at North, South, East, and West,
(Tho' now at rest)
On which it used to wander to and fro',
Because its master ne'er maintain'd a rider,
Like those who trade in Paternoster Row;
But made his business travel for itself,
Till he had made his pelf,
And then retired—if one may call it so,
Of a roadsider.

Perchance, the very race and constant riot
Of stages, long and short, which thereby ran,
Made him more relish the repose and quiet
Of his now sedentary caravan;
Perchance, he lov'd the ground because 'twas common,
And so he might impale a strip of soil,
That furnish'd, by his toil,
Some dusty greens, for him and his old woman;—
And five tall hollyhocks, in dingy flower,
Howbeit, the thoroughfare did no ways spoil
His peace, unless, in some unlucky hour,
A stray horse came and gobbled up his bow'r!

But tir'd of always looking at the coaches,
The same to come,—when they had seen them one day!
And, used to brisker life, both man and wife
Began to suffer N U E's approaches,
And feel retirement like a long wet Sunday,—
So, having had some quarters of school breeding,
They turn'd themselves, like other folks, to reading;
But setting out where others nigh have done,
And being ripen'd in the seventh stage,
The childhood of old age,
Began, as other children have begun,—
Not with the pastorals of Mr. Pope,
Or Bard of Hope,

Or Paley ethical, or learned Porson,—
But spelt, on Sabbaths, in St. Mark, or John,
And then relax'd themselves with Whittington,
Or Valentine and Orson—
But chiefly fairy tales they loved to con,
And being easily melted in their dotage,
Slobber'd,—and kept
Reading,—and wept
Over the white Cat, in their wooden cottage.

Thus reading on—the longer
They read, of course, their childish faith grew stronger
In Gnomes, and Hags, and Elves, and Giants grim,—
If talking Trees and Birds reveal'd to him,
She saw the flight of Fairyland's fly-wagons,
And magic fishes swim
In puddle ponds, and took old crows for dragons.—
Both were quite drunk from the enchanted flagons;
When, as it fell upon a summer's day,
As the old man sat a feeding
On the old babe-reading,
Beside his open street-and-parlour door,
A hideous roar
Proclaim'd a drove of beasts was coming by the way,

Long-horned, and short, of many a different breed,
Tall, tawny brutes, from famous Lincoln-levels
Or Durham feed;
With some of those unquiet black dwarf devils
From nether side of Tweed,
Or Firth of Forth;
Looking half wild with joy to leave the North,—
With dusty hides, all mobbing on together,—
When,—whether from a fly's malicious comment
Upon his tender flank, from which he shrank;
Or whether
Only in some enthusiastic moment,—
However, one brown monster, in a frisk,
Giving his tail a perpendicular whisk,
Kick'd out a passage thro' the beastly rabble;
And after a pas seul,—or, if you will, a
Horn-pipe before the Basket-maker's villa,
Leapt o'er the tiny pale,—
Back'd his beef steaks against the wooden gable,
And thrust his brawny bell-rope of a tail
Right o'er the page,
Wherein the sage
Just then was spelling some romantic fable.

The old man, half a scholar, half a dunce,
Could not peruse,—who could?—two tales at once;

And being huff'd
At what he knew was none of Riquet's Tuft;
Bang'd-to the door,
But most unluckily enclosed a morsel
Of the intruding tail, and all the tassel:—
The monster gave a roar,
And bolting off with speed increased by pain,
The little house became a coach once more,
And, like Macheath, 'took to the road' again!

Just then, by fortune's whimsical decree,
The ancient woman stooping with her crupper
Towards sweet home, or where sweet home should be,
Was getting up some household herbs for supper;
Thoughtful of Cinderella, in the tale,
And quaintly wondering if magic shifts
Could o'er a common pumpkin so prevail,
To turn it to a coach;—what pretty gifts
Might come of cabbages, and curly kale;
Meanwhile she never heard her old man's wail,
Nor turn'd, till home had turn'd a corner, quite
Gone out of sight!

At last, conceive her, rising from the ground,
Weary of sitting on her russet clothing
And looking round
Where rest was to be found,
There was no house—no villa there—no nothing!
No house!
The change was quite amazing;
It made her senses stagger for a minute,
The riddle's explication seem'd to harden;
But soon her superannuated *nous*
Explained the horrid mystery;—and raising
Her hand to heaven, with the cabbage in it,
On which she meant to sup,—
'Well! this *is* Fairy Work! I'll bet a farden,
Little Prince Silverwings has ketch'd me up,
And set me down in some one else's garden!'

THE FALL OF THE DEER

[From an old MS.]

Now the loud Crye is up, and harke!
The barkye Trees give back the Bark;
The House Wife heares the merrie rout,
And runnes,—and lets the beere run out,
Leaving her Babes to weepe,—for why?
She likes to heare the Deer Dogges crye,
And see the wild Stag how he stretches
The naturall Buck-skin of his Breeches,

Running like one of Human kind
Dogged by fleet Bailiffes close behind—
As if he had not payde his Bill
For Ven'son, or was owing still
For his two Hornes, and soe did get
Over his Head and Ears in Debt;—
Wherefore he strives to paye his Waye
With his long Legges the while he maye:—
But he is chased, like Silver Dish,
As well as anye Hart may wish
Except that one whose Heart doth beat
So faste it hasteneth his Feet;—
And runninge soe he holdeth Death
Four Feet from him,—till his Breath
Faileth, and slacking Pace at last,
From runninge slow he standeth faste,
With hornie Bayonettes at baye
To baying Dogges around, and they
Pushing him sore, he pusheth sore,
And goreth them that seek his Gore,—
Whatever Dogge his Horne doth rive
Is dead—as sure as he 's alive!
Soe that courageous Hart doth fight
With Fate, and calleth up his might,
And standeth stout that he maye fall
Bravelye, and be avenged of all,
Nor like a Craven yeeld his Breath
Under the Jawes of Dogges and Death!

DECEMBER AND MAY

'Crabbed Age and Youth cannot live together.'—SHAKSPEARE.

SAID Nestor, to his pretty wife, quite sorrowful one day,
'Why, dearest, will you shed in pearls those lovely eyes away?
You ought to be more fortified;' 'Ah, brute, be quiet, do,
I know I'm not so fortyfied, nor fiftyfied, as you!

'Oh, men are vile deceivers all, as I have ever heard,
You'd die for me you swore, and I—I took you at your word.
I was a tradesman's widow then—a pretty change I've made;
To live, and die the wife of one, a widower by trade!'

'Come, come, my dear, these flighty airs declare, in sober truth,
You want as much in age, indeed, as I can want in youth;
Besides, you said you liked old men, though now at me you huff.'
'Why, yes,' she said, 'and so I do—but you're not old enough!'

'Come, come, my dear, let 's make it up, and have a quiet hive;
I'll be the best of men,—I mean, I'll be the best *alive!*
Your grieving so will kill me, for it cuts me to the core.'—
'I thank ye, sir, for telling me—for now I'll grieve the more!'

A WINTER NOSEGAY

O, wither'd winter Blossoms,
Dowager-flowers, — the December vanity.
In antiquated visages and bosoms,—
What are ye plann'd for,
Unless to stand for
Emblems, and peevish morals of humanity?

There is my Quaker Aunt,
A Paper-Flower,—with a formal border
No breeze could e'er disorder,
Pouting at that old beau—the Winter Cherry,
A pucker'd berry;
And Box, like a tough-liv'd annuitant,—
Verdant alway—
From quarter-day even to quarter-day;
And poor old Honesty, as thin as want,
Well named—God-wot;
Under the baptism of the water-pot,
The very apparition of a plant;
And why,
Dost hold thy head so high,
Old Winter-Daisy;—
Because thy virtue never was infirm,
Howe'er thy stalk be crazy?
That never wanton fly, or blighting worm,
Made holes in thy most perfect indentation?
'Tis likely that sour leaf,
To garden thief,
Forcepp'd or wing'd, was never a temptation;—
Well,—still uphold thy wintry-reputation;
Still shalt thou frown upon all lovers' trial:
And when, like Grecian maids, young maids of ours
Converse with flow'rs,
Then thou shalt be the token of denial.

Away! dull weeds,
Born without beneficial use or needs!
Fit only to deck out cold winding-sheets;
And then not for the milkmaid's funeral-bloom,
Or fair Fidele's tomb——
To tantalize,—vile cheats!
Some prodigal bee, with hope of after-sweets,
Frigid and rigid,
As if ye never knew
One drop of dew,
Or the warm sun resplendent;
Indifferent of culture and of care,
Giving no sweets back to the fostering air,
Churlishly independent—
I hate ye, of all breeds;
Yea, all that live so selfishly—to self,
And not by interchange of kindly deeds—
Hence!—from my shelf!

EQUESTRIAN COURTSHIP

It was a young maiden went forth to ride,
And there was a wooer to pace by her side;
His horse was so little, and hers so high,
He thought his Angel was up in the sky.
His love was great, tho' his wit was small;
He bade her ride easy—and that was all.
The very horses began to neigh,—
Because their betters had nought to say.

They rode by elm, and they rode by oak,
They rode by a church-yard, and then he spoke :—
'My pretty maiden, if you'll agree,
You shall always amble through life with me.'

The damsel answer'd him never a word,
But kick'd the grey mare, and away she spurr'd.
The wooer still follow'd behind the jade,
And enjoy'd—like a wooer—the dust she made.

They rode thro' moss, and they rode thro' more,—
The gallant behind and the lass before :—
At last they came to a miry place,
And there the sad wooer gave up the chase.

Quoth he, 'If my nag was better to ride,
I'd follow her over the world so wide.
Oh, it is not my love that begins to fail,
But I've lost the last glimpse of the grey mare's tail!'

SHE IS FAR FROM THE LAND

CABLES entangling her,
Shipspars for mangling her,
Ropes, sure of strangling her ;
Blocks over-dangling her ;
Tiller to batter her,
Topmast to shatter her,
Tobacco to spatter her ;
Boreas blustering,
Boatswain quite flustering,
Thunder-clouds mustering
To blast her with sulphur—
If the deep don't engulph her ;
Sometimes fear's scrutiny
Pries out a mutiny,
Sniffs conflagration,
Or hints at starvation :—
All the sea-dangers,
Buccaneers, rangers,
Pirates and Sallee-men,
Algerine galleymen,
Tornadoes and typhons,
And horrible syphons,
And submarine travels
Thro' roaring sea-navels.
Everything wrong enough,
Long-boat not long enough,
Vessel not strong enough ;
Pitch marring frippery,
The deck very slippery,
And the cabin—built sloping,
The Captain a-toping,
And the Mate a blasphemer,
That names his Redeemer,—
With inward uneasiness ;
The cook known, by greasiness,
The victuals beslubber'd,
Her bed—in a cupboard ;
Things of strange christening,
Snatch'd in her listening,
Blue lights and red lights
And mention of dead-lights,
And shrouds made a theme of,
Things horrid to dream of,—
And *buoys* in the water
To fear all exhort her ;
Her friend no Leander,
Herself no sea-gander,
And ne'er a cork jacket
On board of the packet ;
The breeze still a stiffening,
The trumpet quite deafening ;
Thoughts of repentance,
And doomsday and sentence ;
Everything sinister,
Not a church minister,—
Pilot a blunderer,
Coral reefs under her,
Ready to sunder her ;

Trunks tipsy-topsy,
The ship in a dropsy;
Waves oversurging her,
Sirens a-dirgeing her;
Sharks all expecting her,
Sword-fish dissecting her,
Crabs with their hand-vices
Punishing land vices;
Sea-dogs and unicorns,
Things with no puny horns,
Mermen carnivorous—
'Good Lord deliver us!'

THE STAG-EYED LADY

A MOORISH TALE

Scheherazade immediately began the following story.

Ali Ben Ali (did you never read
His wond'rous acts that chronicles relate,—
How there was one in pity might exceed
The sack of Troy?) Magnificent he sate
Upon the throne of greatness—great indeed,
For those that he had under him were great—
The horse he rode on, shod with silver nails,
Was a Bashaw—Bashaws have horses' tails.

Ali was cruel—a most cruel one!
'Tis rumour'd he had strangled his own mother—
Howbeit such deeds of darkness he had done,
'Tis thought he would have slain his elder brother
And sister too—but happily that none
Did live within *harm's* length of one another,
Else he had sent the Sun in all its blaze
To endless night, and shorten'd the Moon's days.

Despotic power, that mars a weak man's wit,
And makes a bad man—absolutely bad,
Made Ali wicked—to a fault:—'tis fit
Monarchs should have some check-strings; but he had
No curb upon his will,—no, not a *bit*—
Wherefore he did not reign well—and full glad
His slaves had been to hang him—but they falter'd,
And let him live unhang'd—and still unalter'd,

Until he got a sage-bush of a beard,
Wherein an Attic owl might roost—a trail
Of bristly hair—that, honour'd and unshear'd,
Grew downward like old women and cow's tail:
Being a sign of age—some grey appear'd,
Mingling with duskier brown its warnings pale;
But yet not so poetic as when Time
Comes like Jack Frost, and whitens it in rime.

Ben Ali took the hint, and much did vex
His royal bosom that he had no son,
No living child of the more noble sex,
To stand in his Morocco shoes—not one
To make a negro-pollard—or tread necks
When he was gone—doom'd, when his days were done,
To leave the very city of his fame
Without an Ali to keep up his name.

Therefore he chose a lady for his love,
Singling from out the herd one stag-eyed dear;
So call'd, because her lustrous eyes, above
All eyes, were dark, and timorous, and clear;
Then, through his Muftis piously he strove,
And drumm'd with proxy-prayers Mohammed's ear,
Knowing a boy for certain must come of it,
Or else he was not praying to his *Profit.*

Beer will grow *mothery*, and ladies fair
Will grow like beer; so did that stag-eyed dame:
Ben Ali hoping for a son and heir,
Boy'd up his hopes, and even chose a name
Of mighty hero that his child should bear;
He made so certain ere his chicken came:
But oh! all worldly wit is little worth,
Nor knoweth what to-morrow will bring forth.

To-morrow came, and with to-morrow's sun
A little daughter to this world of sins,—
Miss-fortunes never come alone—so one
Brought on another, like a pair of twins!
Twins! female twins!—it was enough to stun
Their little wits and scare them from their skins
To hear their father stamp, and curse and swear,
Pulling his beard because he had no heir.

Then strove their stag-eyed mother to calm down
This his paternal rage, and thus addrest:
'O! Most Serene! why dost thou stamp and frown,
And box the compass of the royal chest?
Ah! thou wilt mar that portly trunk, I own
I love to gaze on!—Pr'ythee, thou hadst best
Pocket thy fists. Nay, love, if you so thin
Your beard, you'll want a wig upon your chin!'

But not her words, nor e'en her tears, could slack
The quicklime of his rage, that hotter grew;
He call'd his slaves to bring an ample sack
Wherein a woman might be *poked*—a few
Dark grimly men felt pity and look'd black
At this sad order; but their slaveships knew
When any dared demur, his sword so bending
Cut off the 'head and front of their offending.'

For Ali had a sword, much like himself,
A crooked blade, guilty of human gore—
The trophies it had lopp'd from many an elf
Were stuck at his *head*-quarters by the score—
Nor yet in peace he laid it on the shelf,
But jested with it, and his wit cut sore;
So that (as they of Public Houses speak)
He often did his dozen *butts* a week.

Therefore his slaves, with most obedient fears,
Came with the sack the lady to enclose;
In vain from her stag-eyes 'the big round tears
Coursed one another down her innocent nose;'
In vain her tongue wept sorrow in their ears;
Though there were some felt willing to oppose,
Yet when their heads came in their heads, that minute,
Though 'twas a piteous *case*, they put her in it.

And when the sack was tied, some two or three
Of these black undertakers slowly brought her
To a kind of Moorish Serpentine; for she
Was doom'd to have *a winding sheet of water.*
Then farewell, earth—farewell to the green tree—
Farewell, the sun—the moon—each little daughter!
She 's shot from off the shoulders of a black,
Like a bag of Wall's-End from a coalman's back.

The waters oped, and the wide sack full-fill'd
All that the waters oped, as down it fell;
Then closed the wave, and then the surface rill'd
A ring above her, like a water-knell;
A moment more, and all its face was still'd,
And not a guilty heave was left to tell
That underneath its calm and blue transparence
A dame lay drowned in her sack, like Clarence.

But Heaven beheld, and awful witness bore,
The moon in black eclipse deceased that night,
Like Desdemona smother'd by the Moor,
The lady's natal star with pale affright
Fainted and fell—and what were stars before,
Turn'd comets as the tale was brought to light:
And all look'd downward on the fatal wave,
And made their own reflections on her grave.

Next night, a head—a little lady head,
Push'd through the waters a most glassy face,
With weedy tresses, thrown apart and spread,
Comb'd by 'live ivory, to show the space
Of a pale forehead, and two eyes that shed
A soft blue mist, breathing a bloomy grace
Over their sleepy lids—and so she rais'd
Her *aqua*line nose above the stream, and gazed.

She oped her lips—lips of a gentle blush,
So pale it seem'd near drowned to a white,—
She oped her lips, and forth there sprang a gush
Of music bubbling through the surface light;
The leaves are motionless, the breezes hush
To listen to the air—and through the night
There come these words of a most plaintive ditty,
Sobbing as they would break all hearts with pity:

THE WATER PERI'S SONG

Farewell, farewell, to my mother's own daughter,
The child that she wet-nursed is lapp'd in the wave;
The *Mussul*-man coming to fish in this water,
Adds a tear to the flood that weeps over her grave.

This sack is her coffin, this water 's her bier,
This greyish *bath* cloak is her funeral pall;
And, stranger, O stranger! this song that you hear
Is her epitaph, elegy, dirges, and all!

Farewell, farewell, to the child of Al Hassan,
My mother's own daughter—the last of her race—
She 's a corpse, the poor body! and lies in this basin,
And sleeps in the water that washes her face.

REMONSTRATORY ODE

FROM THE ELEPHANT AT EXETER CHANGE, TO MR. MATHEWS AT THE ENGLISH OPERA-HOUSE

'——See with what courteous action,
He beckons you to a more removed ground.'—*Hamlet.*

(WRITTEN BY A FRIEND)

I

Oh, Mr. Mathews! Sir!
(If a plain elephant may speak his mind,
And that I have a mind to speak I find
By my inward stir)
I long have thought, and wish'd to say, that we
Mar our well-merited prosperity
By being such near neighbours,
My keeper now hath lent me pen and ink,
Shov'd in my truss of lunch, and tub of drink,
And left me to my labours.

The whole menagerie is in repose,
The Coatamundi is in his Sunday clothes,
Watching the Lynx's most unnatural doze;
The Panther is asleep, and the Macaw;
The Lion is engaged on something raw;
The white bear cools his chin
'Gainst the wet tin;
And the confined old Monkey 's in the straw.
All the nine little Lionets are lying
Slumbering in milk, and sighing;
Miss Cross is sipping ox-tail soup
In her front coop,

So here's the happy mid-day moment;
—yes,
I seize it, Mr. Mathews, to address
A word or two
To you
On the subject of the ruin which must come
By both being in the Strand, and both at home
On the same nights; two treats
So very near each other,
As, oh my brother!
To play old gooseberry with both receipts.

2

When you begin
Your summer fun, three times a week, at eight,
And carriages roll up, and cits roll in,
I feel a change in Exeter 'Change's change.
And, dash my trunk! I hate
To ring my bell when you ring yours, and go
With a diminish'd glory through *my* show!
It is most strange;
But crowds that meant to see me eat a stack,
And sip a water-butt or so, and crack
A root of mangel-wurtzel with my foot,
Eat little children's fruit,
Pick from the floor small coins,
And then turn slowly round and show my India-rubber loins:
'Tis strange—most strange, but true,
That these same crowds seek *you!*
Pass *my* abode and pay at *your* next door!
It makes me roar
With anguish when I think of this;
I go
With sad severity my nightly rounds
Before one poor front row,
My fatal funny foe!
And when I stoop, as duty bids, I sigh
And feel that, while poor elephantine I
Pick up a sixpence, you pick up the pounds!

3

Could you not go?
Could you not take the Cobourg or the Surrey?
Or Sadler's Wells—(I am not in a hurry,
I never am!) for the next season?—oh!
Woe! woe! woe!
To both of us, if we remain; for not
In silence will I bear my altered lot,
To have you merry, sir, at my expense:
No man of any sense,
No true great person (and we both are great
In our own ways) would tempt another's fate.
I would myself depart
In Mr. Cross's cart;
But, like Othello, 'am not easily moved,'
There's a nice house in Tottenham Court, they say,
Fit for a single gentleman's small play;
And more conveniently near your home;
You'll easily go and come.
Or get a room in the City—in some street—
Coachmakers' Hall, or the Paul's Head, Cateaton Street;
Any large place, in short, in which to get your bread;
But do not stay, and get
Me into the Gazette!

4

Ah! The Gazette!
I press my forehead with my trunk, and wet
My tender cheek with elephantine tears,
Shed of a walnut size
From my wise eyes,
To think of ruin after prosperous years.
What a dread case would be
For me—large me!

To meet at Basinghall Street, the first
and seventh
And the eleventh !
To undergo (D————n !)
My last examination !
To cringe, and to surrender,
Like a criminal offender,
All my effects—my bell-pull, and my
bell,
My bolt, my stock of hay, my new
deal cell,
To *post* my ivory, Sir !
And have some curious commissioner
Very irreverently search my trunk !
'Sdeath ! I should die
With rage, to find a tiger in possession
Of my abode ; up to his yellow
knees
In my old straw ; and my profound
profession
Entrusted to two beasts of assignees !

5

The truth is simply this,—if you *will*
stay
Under my very nose,
Filling your rows
Just at my feeding time, to see *your*
play,
My mind 's made up,
No more at nine I sup,
Except on Tuesdays, Wednesdays,
Fridays, Sundays,
From eight to eleven,
As I hope for heaven.
On Thursdays, and on Saturdays, and
Mondays,
I'll squeak and roar, and grunt with-
out cessation,
And utterly confound your recita-
tion.
And, mark me ! all my friends of the
furry snout
Shall join a chorus shout :
We will be heard—we'll spoil
Your wicked witty ruination toil.
Insolvency must ensue
To you, sir, you ;
Unless you move your opposition
shop,
And let me stop.

6

I have no more to say:—I do not write
In anger, but in sorrow ; I must
look
However to my interests every night,
And they detest your ' Memoran-
dum-book.'
If we could join our forces—I should
like it ;
You do the dialogue, and I the
songs.
A voice to me belongs ;
(The Editors of the Globe and Travel-
ler ring
With praises of it, when I hourly sing
God save the King.)
If such a bargain could be schemed
I'd strike it !
I think, too, I could do the Welch
old man
In the Youthful Days, if dress'd
upon your plan ;
And the attorney in your Paris trip,
I'm large about the hip !
Now think of this!—for we can not go
on
As next door rivals, that my mind
declares :
I must be pennyless, or you be gone !
We must live separate, or else have
shares.
I am a friend or foe
As you take this ;
Let me your profitable hubbub miss
Or be it ' Mathews, Elephant, and
Co. ! '

THE IRISH SCHOOLMASTER

1

ALACK! 'tis melancholy theme to think
How Learning doth in rugged states abide,
And, like her bashful owl, obscurely blink,
In pensive glooms and corners, scarcely spied;
Not, as in Founders' Halls and domes of pride,
Served with grave homage, like a tragic queen,
But with one lonely priest compell'd to hide,
In midst of foggy moors and mosses green,
In that clay cabin hight the College of Kilreen!

2

This College looketh South and West alsoe,
Because it hath a cast in windows twain;
Crazy and crack'd they be, and wind doth blow
Thorough transparent holes in every pane,
Which Dan, with many paines, makes whole again
With nether garments, which his thrift doth teach,
To stand for glass, like pronouns, and when rain
Stormeth, he puts, 'once more unto the breach,'
Outside and in, tho' broke, yet so he mendeth each.

3

And in the midst a little door there is,
Whereon a board that doth congratulate
With painted letters, red as blood I wis,
Thus written,
'CHILDREN TAKEN IN TO BATE:'
And oft, indeed, the inward of that gate,
Most ventriloque, doth utter tender squeak,
And moans of infants that bemoan their fate,
In midst of sounds of Latin, French, and Greek,
Which, all i' the Irish tongue, he teacheth them to speak.

4

For some are meant to right illegal wrongs,
And some for Doctors of Divinitie,
Whom he doth teach to murder the dead tongues,
And so win academical degree;
But some are bred for service of the sea,
Howbeit, their store of learning is but small.
For mickle waste he counteth it would be
To stock a head with bookish wares at all,
Only to be knocked off by ruthless cannon ball.

5

Six babes he sways,—some little and some big,
Divided into classes six ;—alsoe,
He keeps a parlour boarder of a pig,
That in the College fareth to and fro,
And picketh up the urchins' crumbs below,—
And eke the learned rudiments they scan,
And thus his A, B, C, doth wisely know,—
Hereafter to be shown in caravan,
And raise the wonderment of many a learned man.

6

Alsoe, he schools some tame familiar fowls,
Whereof, above his head, some two or three
Sit darkly squatting, like Minerva's owls,
But on the branches of no living tree,
And overlook the learned family ;
While, sometimes, Partlet, from her gloomy perch,
Drops feather on the nose of Dominie,
Meanwhile, with serious eye, he makes research
In leaves of that sour tree of knowledge—now a birch.

7

No chair he hath, the awful Pedagogue,
Such as would magisterial hams imbed,
But sitteth lowly on a beechen log,
Secure in high authority and dread :
Large, as a dome for learning, seems his head,
And like Apollo's, all beset with rays,
Because his locks are so unkempt and red,
And stand abroad in many several ways :—
No laurel crown he wears, howbeit his cap is baise.

8

And, underneath, a pair of shaggy brows
O'erhang as many eyes of gizzard hue,
That inward giblet of a fowl, which shows
A mongrel tint, that is ne brown ne blue ;
His nose,—it is a coral to the view ;
Well nourished with Pierian Potheen,—
For much he loves his native mountain dew ;—
But to depict the dye would lack, I ween,
A bottle-red, in terms, as well as bottle-green.

9

As for his coat, 'tis such a jerkin short
As Spencer had, ere he composed his Tales ;
But underneath he hath no vest nor aught,
So that the wind his airy breast assails ;

Below, he wears the nether garb of males,
Of crimson plush, but non-plushed at the knee;—
Thence further down the native red prevails,
Of his own naked fleecy hosiery:—
Two sandals, without soles, complete his cap-a-pee.

10

Nathless, for dignity, he now doth lap
His function in a magisterial gown,
That shows more countries in it than a map,—
Blue tinct, and red, and green, and russet brown,
Besides some blots, standing for country-town;
And eke some rents, for streams and rivers wide;
But, sometimes, bashful when he looks adown,
He turns the garment of the other side,
Hopeful that so the holes may never be espied!

11

And soe he sits, amidst the little pack,
That look for shady or for sunny noon,
Within his visage, like an almanack,—
His quiet smile foretelling gracious boon:
But when his mouth droops down, like rainy moon,
With horrid chill each little heart unwarms,
Knowing that infant show'rs will follow soon,
And with forebodings of near wrath and storms
They sit, like timid hares, all trembling on their forms.

12

Ah! luckless wight, who cannot then repeat
'Corduroy Colloquy,'—or 'Ki, Kæ, Kod,'—
Full soon his tears shall make his turfy seat
More sodden, tho' already made of sod,
For Dan shall whip him with the word of God,—
Severe by rule, and not by nature mild,
He never spoils the child and spares the rod,
But spoils the rod and never spares the child,
And soe with holy rule deems he is reconcil'd.

13

But, surely, the just sky will never wink
At men who take delight in childish throe,
And stripe the nether-urchin like a pink
Or tender hyacinth, inscribed with woe;
Such bloody Pedagogues, when they shall know,
By useless birches, that forlorn recess,
Which is no holiday, in Pit below,
Will hell not seem designed for their distress,—
A melancholy place, that is all bottomlesse?

14

Yet would the Muse not chide the wholesome use
Of needful discipline, in due degree.
Devoid of sway, what wrongs will time produce,
Whene'er the twig untrained grows up a tree.
This shall a Carder, that a Whiteboy be,
Ferocious leaders of atrocious bands,
And Learning's help be used for infamie,
By lawless clerks, that, with their bloody hands,
In murder'd English write Rock's murderous commands.

15

But ah! what shrilly cry doth now alarm
The sooty fowls that dozed upon the beam,
All sudden fluttering from the brandish'd arm,
And cackling chorus with the human scream;
Meanwhile, the scourge plies that unkindly seam,
In Phelim's brogues, which bares his naked skin,
Like traitor cap in warlike fort, I deem,
That falsely lets the fierce besieger in,
Nor seeks the Pedagogue by other course to win.

16

No parent dear he hath to heed his cries;—
Alas! his parent dear is far aloof,
And deep his Seven-Dial cellar lies,
Killed by kind cudgel-play, or gin of proof;
Or climbeth, catwise, on some London roof,
Singing, perchance, a lay of Erin's Isle,
Or, whilst he labours, weaves a fancy-woof,
Dreaming he sees his home,—his Phelim smile;
Ah me! that luckless imp, who weepeth all the while!

17

Ah! who can paint that hard and heavy time,
When first the scholar lists in learning's train,
And mounts her rugged steep, enforc'd to climb,
Like sooty imp, by sharp posterior pain,
From bloody twig, and eke that Indian cane,
Wherein, alas! no sugar'd juices dwell,
For this, the while one stripling's sluices drain
Another weepeth over chilblains fell,
Always upon the heel, yet never to be well!

18

Anon a third, for his delicious root,
Late ravish'd from his tooth by elder chit,
So soon is human violence afoot,
So hardly is the harmless biter bit!

Meanwhile, the tyrant, with untimely wit
And mouthing face, derides the small one's moan,
Who, all lamenting for his loss, doth sit,
Alack,—mischance comes seldomtimes alone,
But aye the worried dog must rue more curs than one.

19

For lo! the Pedagogue, with sudden drub,
Smites his scald head, that is already sore,—
Superfluous wound,—such is Misfortune's rub!
Who straight makes answer with redoubled roar,
And sheds salt tears twice faster than before,
That still, with backward fist he strives to dry;
Washing, with brackish moisture, o'er and o'er,
His muddy cheek, that grows more foul thereby,
Till all his rainy face looks grim as rainy sky.

20

So Dan, by dint of noise, obtains a peace,
And with his natural untender knack,
By new distress, bids former grievance cease,
Like tears dried up with rugged huckaback,
That sets the mournful visage all awrack;
Yet soon the childish countenance will shine
Even as thorough storms the soonest slack,
For grief and beef in adverse ways incline,
This keeps, and that decays, when duly soak'd in brine.

21

Now all is hushed, and, with a look profound,
The Dominie lays ope the learned page;
(So be it called) although he doth expound
Without a book, both Greek and Latin sage;
Now telleth he of Rome's rude infant age,
How Romulus was bred in savage wood,
By wet-nurse wolf, devoid of wolfish rage;
And laid foundation-stone of walls of mud,
But watered it, alas! with warm fraternal blood.

22

Anon, he turns to that Homeric war,
How Troy was sieged like Londonderry town;
And stout Achilles, at his jaunting-car,
Dragged mighty Hector with a bloody crown:
And eke the bard, that sung of their renown,
In garb of Greece most beggar-like and torn,
He paints, with colly, wand'ring up and down:
Because, at once, in seven cities born;
And so, of parish rights, was, all his days forlorn.

23

Anon, through old Mythology he goes,
Of gods defunct, and all their pedigrees,
But shuns their scandalous amours, and shows
How Plato wise, and clear-ey'd Socrates,
Confess'd not to those heathen hes and shes;
But thro' the clouds of the Olympic cope
Beheld St. Peter, with his holy keys,
And own'd their love was naught, and bow'd to Pope,
Whilst all their purblind race in Pagan mist did grope.

24

From such quaint themes he turns, at last, aside,
To new philosophies, that still are green,
And shows what rail-roads have been track'd to guide
The wheels of great political machine;
If English corn should grow[1] abroad, I ween,
And gold be made of gold, or paper sheet;
How many pigs be born to each spalpeen;
And, ah! how man shall thrive beyond his meat,—
With twenty souls alive, to one square sod of peat!

25

Here, he makes end; and all the fry of youth,
That stood around with serious look intense,
Close up again their gaping eyes and mouth,
Which they had opened to his eloquence,
As if their hearing were a threefold sense;
But now the current of his words is done,
And whether any fruits shall spring from thence,
In future time, with any mother's son,
It is a thing, God wot! that can be told by none.

26

Now by the creeping shadows of the noon,
The hour is come to lay aside their lore;
The cheerful pedagogue perceives it soon,
And cries, 'Begone!' unto the imps,—and four
Snatch their two hats, and struggle for the door,
Like ardent spirits vented from a cask,
All blythe and boisterous,—but leave two more,
With Reading made Uneasy for a task,
To weep, whilst all their mates in merry sunshine bask,

27

Like sportive Elfins, on the verdant sod,
With tender moss so sleekly overgrown,
That doth not hurt, but kiss, the sole unshod,
So soothly kind is Erin to her own!

[Thus in 4th edition; 'go' in some reprints, it may be an intended bull.]

And one, at Hare and Hound, plays all alone,—
For Phelim 's gone to tend his step-dame's cow;
Ah! Phelim's step-dame is a canker'd crone!
Whilst other twain play at an Irish row,
And, with shillelah small, break one another's brow!

28

But careful Dominie, with ceaseless thrift,
Now changeth ferula for rural hoe;
But, first of all, with tender hand doth shift
His college gown, because of solar glow,
And hangs it on a bush, to scare the crow:
Meanwhile, he plants in earth the dappled bean,
Or trains the young potatoes all a-row,
Or plucks the fragrant leek for pottage green,
With that crisp curly herb, call'd Kale in Aberdeen.

29

And so he wisely spends the fruitful hours,
Linked each to each by labour, like a bee;
Or rules in Learning's hall, or trims her bow'rs;—
Would there were many more such wights as he,
To sway each capital academie
Of Cam and Isis, for, alack! at each
There dwells, I wot, some dronish Dominie,
That does no garden work, nor yet doth teach,
But wears a floury head, and talks in flow'ry speech!

THE SEA-SPELL

'*Cauld, cauld*, he lies beneath the deep.'—*Old Scotch Ballad.*

1

It was a jolly mariner!
The tallest man of three,—
He loosed his sail against the wind,
And turned his boat to sea:
The ink-black sky told every eye
A storm was soon to be!

2

But still that jolly mariner
Took in no reef at all,
For, in his pouch, confidingly,
He wore a baby's caul;
A thing, as gossip-nurses know,
That always brings a squall!

3

His hat was new, or newly glaz'd,
Shone brightly in the sun;
His jacket, like a mariner's,
True blue, as e'er was spun;
His ample trowsers, like Saint Paul,
Bore forty stripes save one.

4

And now the fretting foaming tide
He steer'd away to cross;
The bounding pinnace play'd a game
Of dreary pitch and toss;
A game that, on the good dry land,
Is apt to bring a loss!

5

Good Heaven befriend that little boat,
And guide her on her way!
A boat, they say, has canvas wings,
But cannot fly away!
Though, like a merry singing-bird,
She sits upon the spray!

6

Still east by south the little boat,
With tawny sail kept beating:
Now out of sight, between two waves,
Now o'er th' horizon fleeting:
Like greedy swine that feed on mast,—
The waves her mast seem'd eating!

7

The sullen sky grew black above,
The wave as black beneath;
Each roaring billow show'd full soon
A white and foamy wreath;
Like angry dogs that snarl at first,
And then display their teeth.

8

The boatman looked against the wind,
The mast began to creak,
The wave, per saltum, came and dried,
In salt, upon his cheek!
The pointed wave against him rear'd,
As if it own'd a pique!

9

Nor rushing wind, nor gushing wave,
That boatman could alarm,
But still he stood away to sea,
And trusted in his charm;
He thought by purchase he was safe,
And arm'd against all harm!

10

Now thick and fast and far aslant,
The stormy rain came pouring,
He heard upon the sandy bank,
The distant breakers roaring,—
A groaning intermitting sound,
Like Gog and Magog snoring!

11

The seafowl shriek'd around the mast,
Ahead the grampus tumbled,
And far off, from a copper cloud,
The hollow thunder rumbled;
It would have quail'd another heart,
But his was never humbled.

12

For why? he had that infant's caul;
And wherefore should he dread?
Alas! alas! he little thought,
Before the ebb-tide sped,—
That like that infant, he should die,
And with a watery head!

13

The rushing brine flowed in apace;
His boat had ne'er a deck;
Fate seem'd to call him on, and he
Attended to her beck;
And so he went, still trusting on,
Though reckless—to his wreck!

14

For as he left his helm, to heave
The ballast-bags a-weather,
Three monstrous seas came roaring on,
Like lions leagued together.
The two first waves the little boat
Swam over like a feather.—

15

The two first waves were past and gone,
And sinking in her wake;
The hugest still came leaping on,
And hissing like a snake;
Now helm a-lee! for through the midst
The monster he must take!

16

Ah me! it was a dreary mount!
Its base as black as night,
Its top of pale and livid green,
Its crest of awful white,
Like Neptune with a leprosy,-
And so it rear'd upright!

17

With quaking sails the little boat
Climb'd up the foaming heap;
With quaking sails it paused awhile.
At balance on the steep;
Then rushing down the nether slope,
Plunged with a dizzy sweep!

18

Look, how a horse, made mad with fear,
Disdains his careful guide;
So now the headlong headstrong boat,
Unmanaged, turns aside,
And straight presents her reeling flank
Against the swelling tide!

19

The gusty wind assaults the sail;
Her ballast lies a-lee!
The sheet 's to windward, taut and stiff!
Oh! the Lively—where is she?
Her capsiz'd keel is in the foam,
Her pennon 's in the sea!

20

The wild gull, sailing overhead,
Three times beheld emerge
The head of that bold mariner,
And then she screamed his dirge!
For he had sunk within his grave,
Lapp'd in a shroud of surge!

21

The ensuing wave, with horrid foam,
Rush'd o'er and covered all,—
The jolly boatman's drowning scream
Was smother'd by the squall,—
Heaven never heard his cry, nor did
The ocean heed his *caul.*

FAITHLESS NELLY GRAY

A PATHETIC BALLAD

Ben Battle was a soldier bold,
And used to war's alarms:
But a cannon-ball took off his legs,
So he laid down his arms!

Now as they bore him off the field,
Said he, 'Let others shoot,
For here I leave my second leg,
And the Forty-second Foot!'

The army-surgeons made him limbs:
Said he,—'They're only pegs:
But there's as wooden members quite
As represent my legs!'

Now Ben he loved a pretty maid,
Her name was Nelly Gray;
So he went to pay her his devours
When he'd devoured his pay!

But when he called on Nelly Gray,
She made him quite a scoff;
And when she saw his wooden legs,
Began to take them off!

'O Nelly Gray! O, Nelly Gray!
Is this your love so warm?
The love that loves a scarlet coat
Should be more uniform!'

Said she, 'I loved a soldier once,
For he was blythe and brave;
But I will never have a man
With both legs in the grave!

'Before you had those timber toes,
Your love I did allow,
But then, you know, you stand upon
Another footing now!'

'O, Nelly Gray! O, Nelly Gray!
For all your jeering speeches,
At duty's call, I left my legs
In Badajos's *breaches!*'

'Why, then,' said she, 'you've lost the feet
Of legs in war's alarms,
And now you cannot wear your shoes
Upon your feats of arms!'

'O, false and fickle Nelly Gray;
I know why you refuse:—
Though I've no feet—some other man
Is standing in my shoes!

'I wish I ne'er had seen your face;
But, now, a long farewell!
For you will be my death;—alas!
You will not be my *Nell!*'

Now when he went from Nelly Gray,
His heart so heavy got—
And life was such a burthen grown,
It made him take a knot!

So round his melancholy neck,
A rope he did entwine,
And, for his second time in life,
Enlisted in the Line!

One end he tied around a beam,
And then removed his pegs,
And, as his legs were off,—of course,
He soon was off his legs!

And there he hung, till he was dead
As any nail in town,—
For though distress had cut him up,
It could not cut him down!

A dozen men sat on his corpse,
To find out why he died—
And they buried Ben in four cross-roads,
With a *stake* in his inside!

WHIMS AND ODDITIES. SECOND SERIES

(1827)

TO SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART.

THIS VOLUME IS RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED BY THE AUTHOR

'What Demon hath possessed thee, that thou wilt never forsake that impertinent custom of punning?'—*Scriblerus.*

BIANCA'S DREAM

A VENETIAN STORY

BIANCA!—fair Bianca!—who could dwell
With safety on her dark and hazel gaze,
Nor find there lurk'd in it a witching spell,
Fatal to balmy nights and blessed days!
The peaceful breath that made the bosom swell,
She turn'd to gas, and set it in a blaze;
Each eye of hers had Love's Eupyrion in it,
That he could light his link at in a minute.

So that, wherever in her charms she shone,
A thousand breasts were kindled into flame;
Maidens who cursed her looks forgot their own,
And beaux were turn'd to flambeaux where she came;
All hearts indeed were conquer'd but her own,
Which none could ever temper down or tame:
In short, to take our haberdasher's hints,
She might have written over it,—'from Flint's.'

She was, in truth, the wonder of her sex,
At least in Venice—where with eyes of brown,
Tenderly languid, ladies seldom vex
An amourous gentle with a needless frown;
Where gondolas convey guitars by pecks,
And Love at casements climbeth up and down,
Whom for his tricks and custom in that kind,
Some have considered a Venetian blind.

Howbeit, this difference was quickly taught,
  Amongst more youths who had this cruel jailor,
To hapless Julio—all in vain he sought
  With each new moon his hatter and his tailor;
In vain the richest padusoy he bought,
  And went in bran new beaver to assail her—
As if to show that Love had made him *smart*
All over—and not merely round his heart.

In vain he laboured thro' the sylvan park
  Bianca haunted in—that where she came,
Her learned eyes in wandering might mark
  The twisted cypher of her maiden name,
Wholesomely going thro' a course of bark:
  No one was touched or troubled by his flame,
Except the dryads, those old maids that grow
In trees,—like wooden dolls in embryo.

In vain complaining elegies he writ,
  And taught his tuneful instrument to grieve,
And sang in quavers how his heart was split,
  Constant beneath her lattice with each eve;
She mock'd his wooing with her wicked wit,
  And slash'd his suit, so that it matched his sleeve,
Till he grew silent at the vesper star,
And quite despairing, hamstring'd his guitar.

Bianca's heart was coldly frosted o'er
  With snows unmelting—an eternal sheet,
But his was red within him, like the core
  Of old Vesuvius, with perpetual heat;
And oft he longed internally to pour
  His flames and glowing lava at her feet,
But when his burnings he began to spout,
She stopped his mouth, and put the *crater* out.

Meanwhile he wasted in the eyes of men,
  So thin, he seem'd a sort of skeleton-key
Suspended at death's door—so pale—and then
  He turn'd as nervous as an aspen tree;
The life of man is three score years and ten,
  But he was perishing at twenty-three,
For people truly said, as grief grew stronger,
'It could not shorten his poor life—much longer.'

For why, he neither slept, nor drank, nor fed,
  Nor relished any kind of mirth below;
Fire in his heart, and frenzy in his head,
  Love had become his universal foe,
  Salt in his sugar—nightmare in his bed,
  At last, no wonder wretched Julio,
A sorrow-ridden thing, in utter dearth
Of hope,—made up his mind to cut her girth!

For hapless lovers always died of old,
  Sooner than chew reflection's bitter cud;
So Thisbe stuck herself, what time 'tis told
  The tender-hearted mulberries wept blood;
And so poor Sappho, when her boy was cold,
  Drown'd her salt tear drops in a salter flood,
Their fame still breathing, tho' their breath be past,
For those old *suitors* lived beyond their last.

So Julio went to drown,—when life was dull,
  But took his corks, and merely had a bath;
And once he pull'd a trigger at his scull,
  But merely broke a window in his wrath;
And once his hopeless being to annul,
  He tied a pack-thread to a beam of lath,
A line so ample, 'twas a query whether
'Twas meant to be a halter or a tether.

Smile not in scorn, that Julio did not thrust
  His sorrows thro'—'tis horrible to die!
And come down with our little all of dust,
  That dun of all the duns to satisfy:
To leave life's pleasant city as we must,
  In Death's most dreary spunging-house to lie,
Where even all our personals must go
To pay the debt of nature that we owe!

So Julio liv'd:—'twas nothing but a pet
  He took at life—a momentary spite;
Besides, he hoped that time would some day get
  The better of love's flame, however bright;
A thing that time has never compass'd yet,
  For love, we know, is an immortal light.
Like that old fire, that, quite beyond a doubt,'
Was always in,—for none have found it out.

Meanwhile, Bianca dream'd—'twas once when night
  Along the darken'd plain began to creep,
Like a young Hottentot, whose eyes are bright,
  Altho' in skin as sooty as a sweep:
The flowers had shut their eyes—the zephyr light
  Was gone, for it had rock'd the leaves to sleep.
And all the little birds had laid their heads
Under their wings—sleeping in feather beds.

Lone in her chamber sat the dark-ey'd maid,
  By easy stages jaunting thro' her pray'rs,
But list'ning side-long to a serenade,
  That robb'd the saints a little of their shares;
For Julio underneath the lattice play'd
  His Deh Vieni, and such amorous airs,
Born only underneath Italian skies,
Where every fiddle has a Bridge of Sighs.

Sweet was the tune—the words were even sweeter,
  Praising her eyes, her lips, her nose, her hair,
With all the common tropes wherewith in metre
  The hackney poets overcharge their fair.
Her shape was like Diana's, but completer;
  Her brow with Grecian Helen's might compare:
Cupid, alas! was cruel Sagittarius,
Julio—the weeping water-man Aquarius.

Now, after listing to such laudings rare,
  'Twas very natural indeed to go—
What if she did postpone one little pray'r—
  To ask her mirror, 'if it was not so?'
'Twas a large mirror, none the worse for wear,
  Reflecting her at once from top to toe:
And there she gazed upon that glossy track,
That showed her front face tho' it 'gave her back.'

And long her lovely eyes were held in thrall,
  By that dear page where first the woman reads:
That Julio was no flatt'rer, none at all,
  She told herself—and then she told her beads;
Meanwhile, the nerves insensibly let fall
  Two curtains fairer than the lily breeds;
For Sleep had crept and kiss'd her unawares,
Just at the half-way milestone of her pray'rs.

Then like a drooping rose so bended she,
Till her bow'd head upon her hand reposed;
But still she plainly saw, or seem'd to see,
That fair reflexion, tho' her eyes were closed,
A beauty-bright as it was wont to be,
A portrait Fancy painted while she dozed:
'Tis very natural, some people say,
To dream of what we dwell on in the day.

Still shone her face—yet not, alas! the same,
But 'gan some dreary touches to assume,
And sadder thoughts, with sadder changes came—
Her eyes resigned their light, her lips their bloom,
Her teeth fell out, her tresses did the same,
Her cheeks were tinged with bile, her eyes with rheum:
There was a throbbing at her heart within,
For, oh! there was a shooting in her chin.

And lo! upon her sad desponding brow,
The cruel trenches of besieging age,
With seams, but most unseemly, 'gan to show
Her place was booking for the seventh stage;
And where her raven tresses used to flow,
Some locks that Time had left her in his rage,
And some mock ringlets, made her forehead shady,
A compound (like our Psalms) of tête and braidy.

Then for her shape—alas! how Saturn wrecks,
And bends, and corkscrews all the frame about,
Doubles the hams, and crooks the straightest necks,
Draws in the nape, and pushes forth the snout,
Makes backs and stomachs concave or convex;
Witness those pensioners called In and Out,
Who all day watching first and second rater,
Quaintly unbend themselves—but grow no straighter.

So Time with fair Bianca dealt, and made
Her shape a bow, that once was like an arrow;
His iron hand upon her spine he laid,
And twisted all awry her 'winsome marrow.'
In truth it was a change!—she had obey'd
The holy Pope before her chest grew narrow,
But spectacles and palsy seem'd to make her
Something between a Glassite and a Quaker.

Her grief and gall meanwhile were quite extreme,
And she had ample reason for her trouble;
For what sad maiden can endure to seem
Set in for singleness, tho' growing double.
The fancy madden'd her; but now the dream,
Grown thin by getting bigger, like a bubble,
Burst,—but still left some fragments of its size,
That, like the soapsuds, smarted in her eyes.

And here—just here—as she began to heed
The real world, her clock chimed out its score;
A clock it was of the Venetian breed,
That cried the hour from one to twenty-four;
The works moreover standing in some need
Of workmanship, it struck some dozens more;
A warning voice that clench'd Bianca's fears,
Such strokes referring doubtless to her years.

At fifteen chimes she was but half a nun,
By twenty she had quite renounced the veil;
She thought of Julio just at twenty-one,
And thirty made her very sad and pale,
To paint that ruin where her charms would run;
At forty all the maid began to fail,
And thought no higher, as the late dream cross'd her,
Of single blessedness, than single Gloster.

And so Bianca changed;—the next sweet even,
With Julio in a black Venetian bark,
Row'd slow and stealthily—the hour, eleven,
Just sounding from the tow'r of old St. Mark,
She sate with eyes turn'd quietly to heav'n,
Perchance rejoicing in the grateful dark
That veil'd her blushing cheek—for Julio brought her,
Of course—to break the ice upon the water.

But what a puzzle is one's serious mind
To open;—oysters, when the ice is thick,
Are not so difficult and disinclin'd;
And Julio felt the declaration stick
About his throat in a most awful kind;
However, he contrived by bits to pick
His trouble forth,—much like a rotten cork
Grop'd from a long-neck'd bottle with a fork.

But love is still the quickest of all readers;
And Julio spent besides those signs profuse
That English telegraphs and foreign pleaders,
In help of language, are so apt to use;
Arms, shoulders, fingers, all were interceders,
Nods, shrugs, and bends,—Bianca could not choose
But soften to his suit with more facility,
He told his story with so much agility.

'Be thou my park, and I will be thy dear,
(So he began at last to speak or quote;)
Be thou my bark, and I thy gondolier,
(For passion takes this figurative note;)
Be thou my light, and I thy chandelier;
Be thou my dove, and I will be thy cote:
My lily be, and I will be thy river;
Be thou my life—and I will be thy liver.'

This, with more tender logic of the kind,
He pour'd into her small and shell-like ear,
That timidly against his lips inclin'd;
Meanwhile her eyes glanced on the silver sphere
That even now began to steal behind
A dewy vapour, which was lingering near,
Wherein the dull moon crept all dim and pale,
Just like a virgin putting on the veil:—

Bidding adieu to all her sparks—the stars,
That erst had woo'd and worshipp'd in her train,
Saturn and Hesperus, and gallant Mars—
Never to flirt with heavenly eyes again.
Meanwhile, remindful of the convent bars,
Bianca did not watch these signs in vain,
But turn'd to Julio at the dark eclipse,
With words, like verbal kisses, on her lips.

He took the hint full speedily, and, back'd
By love, and night, and the occasion's meetness,
Bestow'd a something on her cheek that smack'd
(Tho' quite in silence) of ambrosial sweetness;
That made her think all other kisses lack'd
Till then, but what she knew not, of completeness:
Being used but sisterly salutes to feel,
Insipid things—like sandwiches of veal.

He took her hand, and soon she felt him wring
The pretty fingers all instead of one;
Anon his stealthy arm began to cling
About her waist that had been clasp'd by none;
Their dear confessions I forbear to sing,
Since cold description would but be outrun;
For bliss and Irish watches have the pow'r.
In twenty minutes, to lose half an hour!

MARY'S GHOST

A PATHETIC BALLAD

'Twas in the middle of the night,
To sleep young William tried,
When Mary's ghost came stealing in,
And stood at his bed-side.

2

O William dear! O William dear!
My rest eternal ceases;
Alas! my everlasting peace
Is broken into pieces.

3

I thought the last of all my cares
Would end with my last minute;
But tho' I went to my long home,
I didn't stay long in it.

4

The body-snatchers they have come,
And made a snatch at me;
It 's very hard them kind of men
Won't let a body be!

5

You thought that I was buried deep
Quite decent like and chary,
But from her grave in Mary-bone
They've come and boned your Mary.

6

The arm that used to take your arm
Is took to Dr. Vyse;
And both my legs are gone to walk
The hospital at Guy's.

7

I vow'd that you should have my hand,
But fate gives us denial;
You'll find it there, at Dr. Bell's,
In spirits and a phial.

8

As for my feet, the little feet
You used to call so pretty,
There 's one, I know, in Bedford Row,
The t'other 's in the city.

9

I can't tell where my head is gone,
But Doctor Carpue can:
As for my trunk, it 's all pack'd up
To go by Pickford's van.

10

I wish you'd go to Mr. P.
And save me such a ride;
I don't half like the outside place,
They've took for my inside.

11

The cock it crows—I must begone!
My William we must part!
But I'll be yours in death, altho'
Sir Astley has my heart.

12

Don't go to weep upon my grave,
And think that there I be;
They haven't left an atom there
Of my anatomie.

THE PROGRESS OF ART

O HAPPY time!—Art's early days!
When o'er each deed, with sweet self-praise,
Narcissus-like I hung!
When great Rembrandt but little seem'd,
And such Old Masters all were deem'd
As nothing to the young!

Some scratchy strokes—abrupt and few,
So easily and swift I drew,
Suffic'd for my design;
My sketchy, superficial hand,
Drew solids at a dash—and spann'd
A surface with a line.

Not long my eye was thus content,
But grew more critical—my bent
Essay'd a higher walk;
I copied leaden eyes in lead—
Rheumatic hands in white and red,
And gouty feet—in chalk.

Anon my studious art for days
Kept making faces—happy phrase,
For faces such as mine!
Accomplish'd in the details then,
I left the minor parts of men,
And drew the form divine.

Old Gods and Heroes—Trojan—Greek,
Figures—long after the antique,
Great Ajax justly feared;
Hectors of whom at night I dreamt,
And Nestor, fringed enough to tempt
Bird-nesters to his beard.

A Bacchus, leering on a bowl,
A Pallas, that out-star'd her owl,
A Vulcan—very lame;
A Dian stuck about with stars,
With my right hand I murder'd Mars—
(One Williams did the same.)

But tir'd of this dry work at last,
Crayon and chalk aside I cast,
And gave my brush a drink!
Dipping—'as when a painter dips
In gloom of earthquake and eclipse,'—
That is—in Indian ink.

Oh then, what black Mont Blancs arose,
Crested with soot, and not with snows;
What clouds of dingy hue!
In spite of what the Bard has penn'd,
I fear the distance did not 'lend
Enchantment to the view.'

Not Radcliffe's brush did e'er design
Black Forests, half so black as mine,
Or lakes so like a pall;
The Chinese cake dispers'd a ray
Of darkness, like the light of Day
And Martin over all.

Yet urchin pride sustain'd me still,
I gaz'd on all with right good will,
And spread the dingy tint;
'No holy Luke helped me to paint,
The Devil surely, not a Saint,
Had any finger in't!'

But colours came!—like morning light,
With gorgeous hues displacing night.
Or Spring's enliven'd scene:
At once the sable shades withdrew;
My skies got very, very blue;
My trees extremely green.

And wash'd by my cosmetic brush,
How Beauty's cheek began to blush;
With locks of auburn stain—
(Not Goldsmith's Auburn)—nut-brown hair,
That made her loveliest of the fair;
Not 'loveliest of the plain!'

Her lips were of vermilion hue;
Love in her eyes, and Prussian blue,
Set all my heart in flame!—
A young Pygmalion, I ador'd
The maids I made—but time was stor'd
With evil—and it came!

Perspective dawn'd—and soon I saw
My houses stand against its law;
And 'keeping' all unkept!
My beauties were no longer things
For love and fond imaginings;
But horrors to be wept!

Ah! why did knowledge ope my eyes?
Why did I get more artist-wise?
It only serves to hint,
What grave defects and wants are mine;
That I'm no Hilton in design—
In nature no De Wint!

Thrice happy time!—Art's early days!
When o'er each deed with sweet self-praise,
Narcissus-like I hung!
When great Rembrandt but little seem'd,
And such Old Masters all were deem'd
As nothing to the young!

A LEGEND OF NAVARRE

'Twas in the reign of Lewis, call'd the Great,
As one may read on his triumphal arches,
The thing befel I'm going to relate,
In course of one of those 'pomposo' marches
He lov'd to make, like any gorgeous Persian,
Partly for war, and partly for diversion.

Some wag had put it in the royal brain
To drop a visit at an old chateau,
Quite unexpected, with his courtly train;
The monarch liked it,—but it happened so,
That Death had got before them by a post,
And they were 'reckoning without their *host*,'

Who died exactly as a child should die,
Without one groan or a convulsive breath,
Closing without one pang his quiet eye,
Sliding composedly from sleep—to death;
A corpse so placid ne'er adorn'd a bed,
He seem'd not quite—but only rather dead.

All night the widow'd Baroness contriv'd
To shed a widow's tears; but on the morrow
Some news of such unusual sort arriv'd,
There came strange alteration in her sorrow;
From mouth to mouth it past, one common humming
Throughout the house—the King! the King is coming!

The Baroness, with all her soul and heart,
A loyal woman, (now called ultra-loyal,)
Soon thrust all funeral concerns apart,
And only thought about a banquet-royal;
In short, by help of earnest preparation,
The visit quite dismiss'd the visitation.

And spite of all her grief for the ex-mate,
There was a secret hope she could not smother,

That some one, early, might replace 'the late'—
It was too soon to think about another;
Yet let her minutes of despair be reckon'd
Against her hope, which was but for *a second.*

She almost thought that being thus bereft
Just then, was one of time's propitious touches;
A thread in such a nick so nicked, it left
Free opportunity to be a duchess;
Thus all her care was only to look pleasant,
But as for tears—she dropp'd them—for the present.

Her household, as good servants ought to try,
Look'd like their lady—any thing but sad,
And giggled even that they might not cry,
To damp fine company; in truth they had
No time to mourn, thro' choking turkeys' throttles,
Scouring old laces, and reviewing bottles.

Oh what a hubbub for the house of woe!
All, resolute to one irresolution,
Kept tearing, swearing, plunging to and fro,
Just like another French mob-revolution.
There lay the corpse that could not stir a muscle,
But all the rest seem'd Chaos in a bustle.

The Monarch came: Oh! who could ever guess
The Baroness had been so late a weeper!
The kingly grace and more than graciousness,
Buried the poor defunct some fathoms deeper,—
Could he have had a glance—alas, poor Being!
Seeing would certainly have led to *D*—ing.

For casting round about her eyes to find
Some one to whom her chattels to endorse,
The comfortable dame at last inclin'd
To choose the cheerful Master of the Horse;
He was so gay,—so tender,—the complete
Nice man,—the sweetest of the monarch's suite.

He saw at once and enter'd in the lists—
Glance unto glance made amorous replies;
They talk'd together like two egotists,
In conversation all made up of *eyes*;
No couple ever got so right consort-ish
Within two hours—a courtship rather shortish.

At last, some sleepy, some by wine opprest,
The courtly company began 'nid noddin;'
The King first sought his chamber, and the rest
Instanter followed by the course he trod in.
I shall not please the scandalous by showing
The order, or disorder of their going.

The old Chateau, before that night, had never
Held half so many underneath its roof;
It task'd the Baroness's best endeavour,
And put her best contrivance to the proof,
To give them chambers up and down the stairs,
In twos and threes, by singles, and by pairs.

She had just lodging for the whole—yet barely;
And some, that were both broad of back and tall,
Lay on spare beds that served them very sparely;
However, there were beds enough for all;
But living bodies occupied so many,
She could not let the dead one take up any!

The act was, certainly, not over decent:
Some small respect, e'en after death she ow'd him,
Considering his death had been so recent;
However, by command, her servants stow'd him,
(I am asham'd to think how he was slubber'd,)
Stuck bolt upright within a corner cupboard!

And there he slept as soundly as a post,
With no more pillow than an oaken shelf:
Just like a kind accommodating host,
Taking all inconvenience on himself;
None else slept in that room, except a stranger,
A decent man, a sort of Forest Ranger.

Who, whether he had gone too soon to bed,
Or dreamt himself into an appetite,
Howbeit, he took a longing to be fed,
About the hungry middle of the night;
So getting forth, he sought some scrap to eat,
Hopeful of some stray pasty or cold meat.

The casual glances of the midnight moon,
Bright'ning some antique ornaments of brass,
Guided his gropings to that corner soon,
Just where it stood, the coffin-safe, alas!
He tried the door—then shook it—and in course
Of time it opened to a little force.

He put one hand in, and began to grope;
The place was very deep and quite as dark as
The middle night;—when lo! beyond his hope,
He felt a something cold, in fact, the carcase;
Right overjoy'd, he laugh'd, and blest his luck
At finding, as he thought, this haunch of buck!

Then striding back for his *couteau-de-chasse*,
Determin'd on a little midnight lunching,
He came again and probed about the mass,
As if to find the fattest bit for munching;

Not meaning wastefully to cut it all up,
But only to abstract a little collop.

But just as he had struck one greedy stroke,
His hand fell down quite powerless and weak;
For when he cut the haunch it plainly spoke
As haunch of ven'son never ought to speak;
No wonder that his hand could go no further—
Whose could?—to carve cold meat that bellow'd, 'murther!'

Down came the Body with a bounce, and down
The Ranger sprang, a staircase at a spring,
And bawl'd enough to waken up a town;
Some thought that *they* were murder'd, some, the King,
And, like Macduff, did nothing for a season,
But stand upon the spot and bellow, 'Treason!'

A hundred nightcaps gathered in a mob,
Torches drew torches, swords brought swords together,
It seem'd so dark and perilous a job;
The Baroness came trembling like a feather
Just in the rear, as pallid as a corse,
Leaning against the Master of the Horse.

A dozen of the bravest up the stair,
Well lighted and well watch'd, began to clamber;
They sought the door—they found it—they were there—
A dozen heads went poking in the chamber;
And lo! with one hand planted on his hurt,
There stood the Body bleeding thro' his shirt,—

No passive corse—but like a duellist
Just smarting from a scratch—in fierce position,
One hand advanc'd, and ready to resist;
In fact, the Baron doff'd the apparition,
Swearing those oaths the French delight in most,
And for the second time 'gave up the ghost!'

A living miracle!—for why?—the knife
That cuts so many off from grave grey hairs,
Had only carv'd him kindly into life.
How soon it changed the posture of affairs!
The difference one person more or less
Will make in families, is past all guess.

There stood the Baroness—no widow yet:
Here stood the Baron—'in the body' still:
There stood the Horses' Master in a pet,
Choking with disappointment's bitter pill,
To see the hope of his reversion fail,
Like that of riding on a donkey's tail.

The Baron liv'd—'twas nothing but a trance:
The lady died—'twas nothing but a death:
The cupboard-cut serv'd only to enhance
This postscript to the old Baronial breath:—
He soon forgave, for the revival's sake,
A little *chop* intended for a *steak!*

THE DEMON-SHIP

'TWAS off the Wash—the sun went down—the sea look'd black and grim,
For stormy clouds, with murky fleece, were mustering at the brim;
Titanic shades! enormous gloom!—as if the solid night
Of Erebus rose suddenly to seize upon the light!
It was a time for mariners to bear a wary eye,
With such a dark conspiracy between the sea and sky!

Down went my helm—close reef'd—the tack held freely in my hand—
With ballast snug—I put about, and scudded for the land.
Loud hiss'd the sea beneath her lee—my little boat flew fast,
But faster still the rushing storm came borne upon the blast.
Lord! what a roaring hurricane beset the straining sail!
What furious sleet, with level drift, and fierce assaults of hail!
What darksome caverns yawn'd before! what jagged steeps behind!
Like battle-steeds, with foamy manes, wild tossing in the wind.
Each after each sank down astern, exhausted in the chase,
But where it sank another rose and gallop'd in its place;
As black as night—they turned to white, and cast against the cloud
A snowy sheet, as if each surge upturn'd a sailor's shroud:—
Still flew my boat; alas! alas! her course was nearly run!
Behold yon fatal billow rise—ten billows heap'd in one!
With fearful speed the dreary mass came rolling, rolling, fast,
As if the scooping sea contain'd one only wave at last!
Still on it came, with horrid roar, a swift pursuing grave;
It seem'd as though some cloud had turn'd its hugeness to a wave!
Its briny sleet began to beat beforehand in my face—
I felt the rearward keel begin to climb its swelling base!
I saw its alpine hoary head impending over mine!
Another pulse—and down it rush'd—an avalanche of brine!
Brief pause had I, on God to cry, or think of wife and home;
The waters clos'd—and when I shriek'd, I shriek'd below the foam!
Beyond that rush I have no hint of any after deed—
For I was tossing on the waste, as senseless as a weed.

* * * * * * * *

'Where am I? in the breathing world, or in the world of death?'
With sharp and sudden pang I drew another birth of breath;
My eyes drank in a doubtful light, my ears a doubtful sound—
And was that ship a *real* ship whose tackle seem'd around?

A moon, as if the earthly moon, was shining up aloft;
But were those beams the very beams that I had seen so oft?
A face, that mock'd the human face, before me watch'd alone;
But were those eyes the eyes of man that look'd against my own?

Oh! never may the moon again disclose me such a sight
As met my gaze, when first I look'd, on that accursed night!
I've seen a thousand horrid shapes begot of fierce extremes
Of fever; and most frightful things have haunted in my dreams—
Hyenas—cats—blood-loving bats—and apes with hateful stare,—
Pernicious snakes, and shaggy bulls—the lion, and she-bear—
Strong enemies, with Judas looks, of treachery and spite—
Detested features, hardly dimm'd and banish'd by the light!
Pale-sheeted ghosts, with gory locks, upstarting from their tombs—
All phantasies and images that flit in midnight glooms—
Hags, goblins, demons, lemures, have made me all aghast,—
But nothing like that GRIMLY ONE who stood beside the mast!

His cheek was black—his brow was black—his eyes and hair as dark:
His hand was black, and where it touch'd, it left a sable mark;
His throat was black, his vest the same, and when I look'd beneath,
His breast was black—all, all, was black except his grinning teeth.
His sooty crew were like in hue, as black as Afric slaves!
Oh, horror! e'en the ship was black that plough'd the inky waves!

'Alas!' I cried, 'for love of truth and blessed mercy's sake,
Where am I? in what dreadful ship? upon what dreadful lake?
What shape is that, so very grim, and black as any coal?
It is Mahound, the Evil One, and he has gain'd my soul!
Oh, mother dear! my tender nurse! dear meadows that beguil'd
My happy days, when I was yet a little sinless child,—
My mother dear—my native fields, I never more shall see:
I'm sailing in the Devil's Ship, upon the Devil's Sea!'

Loud laugh'd that SABLE MARINER, and loudly in return
His sooty crew sent forth a laugh that rang from stem to stern—
A dozen pair of grimly cheeks were crumpled on the nonce—
As many sets of grinning teeth came shining out at once:
A dozen gloomy shapes at once enjoy'd the merry fit,
With shriek and yell, and oaths as well, like Demons of the Pit.
They crow'd their fill, and then the Chief made answer for the whole:—
'Our skins,' said he, 'are black ye see, because we carry coal;
You'll find your mother sure enough, and see your native fields—
For this here ship has pick'd you up—the Mary Ann of Shields!'

A TRUE STORY

Of all our pains, since man was curst,
I mean of body, not the mental,
To name the worst, among the worst,
The dental sure is transcendental;
Some bit of masticating bone,
That ought to help to clear a shelf:
But lets its proper work alone,
And only seems to gnaw itself,
In fact, of any grave attack
On victual, there is little danger,
'Tis so like coming to the *rack*,
As well as going to the manger.

Old Hunks—it seem'd a fit retort
Of justice on his grinding ways—
Possess'd a grinder of the sort,
That troubled all his latter days.
The best of friends fall out, and so
His teeth had done some years ago,
Save some old stumps with ragged root,
And they took turn about to shoot:
If he drank any chilly liquor,
They made it quite a point to throb;
But if he warm'd it on the hob,
Why then they only twitch'd the quicker.

One tooth—I wonder such a tooth
Had never kill'd him in his youth—
One tooth he had with many fangs,
That shot at once as many pangs,
It had an universal sting;
One touch of that extatic stump
Could jerk his limbs, and make him jump,
Just like a puppet on a string;
And what was worse than all, it had
A way of making others bad.
There is, as many know, a knack,
With certain farming undertakers,
And this same tooth pursued their track,
By adding *achers* still to *achers!*

One way there is, that has been judg'd
A certain cure, but Hunks was loth
To pay the fee, and quite begrudg'd
To lose his tooth and money both;
In fact, a dentist and the wheel
Of Fortune, are a kindred cast,
For after all is drawn, you feel
It's paying for a blank at last;
So Hunks went on from week to week,
And kept his torment in his cheek;
Oh! how it sometimes set him rocking,
With that perpetual gnaw—gnaw—gnaw,
His moans and groans were truly shocking,
And loud,—altho' he held his jaw.
Many a tug he gave his gum
And tooth, but still it would not come,
Tho' tied by string, to some firm thing,
He could not draw it, do his best,
By draw'rs,—altho' he tried a chest.

At last, but after much debating,
He joined a score of mouths in waiting,
Like his, to have their troubles out.
Sad sight it was to look about
At twenty faces making faces,
With many a rampant trick and antic,
For all were very horrid cases,
And made their owners nearly frantic.
A little wicket now and then
Took one of these unhappy men,
And out again the victim rush'd,
While eyes and mouth together gush'd;
At last arrived our hero's turn,
Who plunged his hands in both his pockets,
And down he sat, prepar'd to learn
How teeth are charm'd to quit their sockets.

Those who have felt such operations,
Alone can guess the sort of ache,
When his old tooth began to break
The thread of old associations;
It touch'd a string in every part,
It had so many tender ties;
One chord seem'd wrenching at his heart,
And two were tugging at his eyes;

'Bone of his bone,' he felt of course,
As husbands do in such divorce;
At last the fangs gave way a little,
Hunks gave his head a backward jerk,
And, lo! the cause of all this work,
Went—where it used to send his victual!

The monstrous pain of this proceeding,
Had not so numbed his miser wit,
But in this slip he saw a hit
To save, at least, his purse from bleeding;
So when the dentist sought his fees,
Quoth Hunks, 'Let's finish, if you please.'
'How finish! why it's out!'—'Oh! no—
'Tis you are out, to argue so;
I'm none of your before-hand tippers.
My tooth is in my head no doubt,
But, as you say you pull'd it out,
Of course it's there—between your nippers.'
'Zounds, sir! d'ye think I'd sell the truth
To get a fee? no, wretch, I scorn it!'
But Hunks still ask'd to see the tooth,
And swore, by gum! he had not drawn it.

His end obtain'd, he took his leave,
A secret chuckle in his sleeve;
The joke was worthy to produce one,
To think, by favour of his wit,
How well a dentist had been hit
By one old stump, and that a loose one!
The thing was worth a laugh, but mirth
Is still the frailest thing on earth;
Alas! how often when a joke
Seems in our sleeve, and safe enough,
There comes some unexpected stroke,
And hangs a weeper on the cuff!

Hunks had not whistled half a mile,
When, planted right across a stile,
There stood his foeman, Mike Mahoney,
A vagrant reaper, Irish-born,
That help'd to reap our miser's corn,
But had not help'd to reap his money,
A fact that Hunks remembered quickly;
His whistle all at once was quell'd;
And when he saw how Michael held
His sickle, he felt rather sickly.

Nine souls in ten, with half his fright,
Would soon have paid the bill at sight,
But misers (let observers watch it)
Will never part with their delight
Till well demanded by a hatchet
They live hard—and they die to match it.
Thus Hunks, prepar'd for Mike's attacking,
Resolv'd not yet to pay the debt,
But let him take it out in hacking;
However, Mike began to stickle
In words before he used the sickle;
But mercy was not long attendant:
From words at last he took to blows,
And aim'd a cut at Hunks's nose,
That made it what some folks are not—
A member very independent.

Heaven knows how far this cruel trick
Might still have led, but for a tramper
That came in danger's very nick,
To put Mahoney to the scamper.
But still compassion met a damper;
There lay the sever'd nose, alas!
Beside the daisies on the grass,
'Wee, crimson-tipt' as well as they,
According to the poet's lay:
And there stood Hunks, no sight for laughter!
Away went Hodge to get assistance,
With nose in hand, which Hunks ran after,
But somewhat at unusual distance.
In many a little country place
It is a very common case
To have but one residing doctor,
Whose practice rather seems to be
No practice, but a rule of three,
Physician—surgeon—drug-decocter;
Thus Hunks was forc'd to go once more

Where he had ta'en his tooth before.
His mere name made the learned man
hot,—
'What! Hunks again within my door!
I'll pull his nose;' quoth Hunks, 'You
cannot.'

The doctor look'd and saw the case
Plain as the nose *not* on his face.
'O! hum—ha—yes—I understand.'
But then arose a long demur,
For not a finger would he stir
Till he was paid his fee in hand;
That matter settled, there they were,
With Hunks well strapp'd upon his
chair.

The opening of a surgeon's job—
His tools, a chestfull or a drawfull—
Are always something very awful,
And give the heart the strangest throb;
But never patient in his funks
Look'd half so like a ghost as Hunks,
Or surgeon half so like a devil
Prepar'd for some infernal revel:
His huge black eye kept rolling, rolling,
Just like a bolus in a box:
His fury seem'd above controlling,
He bellow'd like a hunted ox:
'Now, swindling wretch, I'll show thee
how
We treat such cheating knaves as thou;
Oh! sweet is this revenge to sup:
I have thee by the nose—it 's now
My turn—and I will turn it up.'

Guess how the miser liked this scurvy
And cruel way of venting passion;
The snubbing folks in this new fashion
Seem'd quite to turn him topsy-turvy;
He utter'd pray'rs, and groans, and
curses,
For things had often gone amiss
And wrong with him before, but this
Would be the worst of all *reverses!*
In fancy he beheld his snout
Turn'd upward like a pitcher's spout;
There was another grievance yet,
And fancy did not fail to show it,
That he must throw a summerset,
Or stand upon his head to blow it.

And was there then no argument
To change the doctor's vile intent,
And move his pity?—yes, in truth,
And that was—paying for the tooth.
'Zounds! pay for such a stump! I'd
rather——'
But here the menace went no farther,
For with his other ways of pinching,
Hunks had a miser's love of snuff,
A recollection strong enough
To cause a very serious flinching;
In short he paid and had the feature
Replac'd as it was meant by nature;
For tho' by this 'twas cold to handle,
(No corpse's could have felt more
horrid,)
And white just like an end of candle,
The doctor deem'd and prov'd it too,
That noses from the nose will do
As well as noses from the forehead;
So fix'd by dint of rag and lint,
The part was bandag'd up and muffled.
The chair unfasten'd, Hunks arose,
And shuffled out, for once unshuffled;
And as he went, these words he
snuffled—
'Well, this *is* "paying thro' the nose."'

TIM TURPIN

A PATHETIC BALLAD

TIM TURPIN he was gravel blind,
And ne'er had seen the skies:
For Nature, when his head was made,
Forgot to dot his eyes.

So, like a Christmas pedagogue,
Poor Tim was forc'd to do—
Look out for pupils, for he had
A vacancy for two.

There's some have specs to help their sight
Of objects dim and small:
But Tim had *specks* within his eyes,
And could not see at all.

Now Tim he woo'd a servant-maid,
And took her to his arms;
For he, like Pyramus, had cast
A wall-eye on her charms.

By day she led him up and down
Where'er he wish'd to jog,
A happy wife, altho' she led
The life of any dog.

But just when Tim had liv'd a month
In honey with his wife,
A surgeon ope'd his Milton eyes,
Like oysters, with a knife.

But when his eyes were open'd thus,
He wish'd them dark again:
For when he look'd upon his wife,
He saw her very plain.

Her face was bad, her figure worse,
He couldn't bear to eat:
For she was any thing but like
A Grace before his meat.

Now Tim he was a feeling man:
For when his sight was thick,
It made him feel for everything,—
But that was with a stick.

So with a cudgel in his hand—
It was not light or slim—
He knocked at his wife's head until
It open'd unto him.

And when the corpse was stiff and cold,
He took his slaughter'd spouse,
And laid her in a heap with all
The ashes of her house.

But like a wicked murderer,
He liv'd in constant fear
From day to day, and so he cut
His throat from ear to ear.

The neighbours fetch'd a doctor in:
Said he, this wound I dread
Can hardly be sew'd up—his life
Is hanging on a thread.

But when another week was gone,
He gave him stronger hope—
Instead of hanging on a thread,
Of hanging on a rope.

Ah! when he hid his bloody work
In ashes round about,
How little he supposed the truth
Would soon be sifted out.

But when the parish dustman came,
His rubbish to withdraw,
He found more dust within the heap
Than he contracted for!

A dozen men to try the fact,
Were sworn that very day;
But though they all were jurors, yet
No conjurors were they.

Said Tim unto those jurymen,
You need not waste your breath,
For I confess myself at once
The author of her death.

And, oh! when I reflect upon
The blood that I have spilt,
Just like a button is my soul,
Inscrib'd with double *guilt!*

Then turning round his head again,
He saw before his eyes,
A great judge, and a little judge,
The judges of a-size!

The great judge took his judgment cap,
And put it on his head,
And sentenc'd Tim by law to hang
'Till he was three times dead.

So he was tried, and he was hung
(Fit punishment for such)
On Horsham-drop, and none can say
It was a drop too much.

THE MONKEY-MARTYR

A FABLE

'God help thee, said I, but I'll let thee out, cost what it will, so I turned about the cage to get to the door.'—STERNE.

I

'Tis strange, what awkward figures and odd capers
Folks cut, who seek their doctrine from the papers;
But there are many shallow politicians,
Who take their bias from bewilder'd journals—
Turn state-physicians,
And make themselves fools'-caps of the diurnals.

2

One of this kind, not human, but a monkey,
Had read himself at last to this sour creed—
That he was nothing but Oppression's flunkey,
And man a tyrant over all his breed.
He could not read
Of niggers whipt, or over-trampled weavers,
But he applied their wrongs to his own seed,
And nourish'd thoughts that threw him into fevers.
His very dreams were full of martial beavers,
And drilling Pugs, for liberty pugnacious,
To sever chains vexatious.
In fact, he thought that all his injured line
Should take up pikes in hand, and never drop 'em
Till they had clear'd a road to Freedom's shrine,
Unless perchance the turnpike men should stop 'em.

3

Full of this rancour,
Pacing one day beside St. Clement Danes,
It came into his brains
To give a look in at the Crown and Anchor;
Where certain solemn sages of the nation
Were at that moment in deliberation
How to relieve the wide world of its chains,
Pluck despots down,
And thereby crown
Whitee- as well as blackee-man-cipation.
Pug heard the speeches with great approbation,

And gazed with pride upon the Liberators;
To see mere coalheavers
Such perfect Bolivars—
Waiters of inns sublimed to innovators,
And slaters dignified as legislators—
Small publicans demanding (such their high sense
Of liberty) an universal licence—
And patten-makers easing Freedom's clogs—
The whole thing seem'd
So fine, he deem'd
The smallest demagogues as great as Gogs!

4

Pug, with some curious notions in his noddle,
Walk'd out at last, and turn'd into the Strand,
To the left hand,
Conning some portions of the previous twaddle,
And striding with a step that seem'd design'd
To represent the mighty March of Mind,
Instead of that slow waddle
Of thought, to which our ancestors inclined.
No wonder, then, that he should quickly find
He stood in front of that intrusive pile,
Where Cross keeps many a kind
Of bird confin'd,
And free-born animal, in durance vile—
A thought that stirred up all the monkey-bile.

5

The window stood ajar—
It was not far,
Nor, like Parnassus, very hard to climb—
The hour was verging on the supper-time,
And many a growl was sent through many a bar.
Meanwhile Pug scrambled upward like a tar,
And soon crept in,
Unnotic'd in the din
Of tuneless throats, that made the attics ring
With all the harshest notes that they could bring;
For like the Jews,
Wild beasts refuse
In midst of their captivity—to sing.

6

Lord! how it made him chafe,
Full of his new emancipating zeal,
To look around upon this brute-bastille,
And see the king of creatures in—a safe!

The desert's denizen in one small den,
Swallowing slavery's most bitter pills—
A bear in bars unbearable. And then
The fretful porcupine, with all its quills
Imprison'd in a pen!
A tiger limited to four feet ten;
And, still worse lot,
A leopard to one spot!
An elephant enlarged,
But not discharged,
(It was before the elephant was shot;)
A doleful wanderow, that wandered not;
An ounce much disproportion'd to his pound.
Pug's wrath wax'd hot
To gaze upon these captive creatures round;
Whose claws—all scratching—gave him full assurance
They found their durance vile of vile endurance.

7

He went above—a solitary mounter
Up gloomy stairs—and saw a pensive group
Of hapless fowls—
Cranes, vultures, owls,
In fact, it was a sort of Poultry-Compter,
Where feather'd prisoners were doom'd to droop:
Here sat an eagle, forced to make a stoop,
Not from the skies, but his impending roof;
And there aloof,
A pining ostrich, moping in a coop;
With other samples of the bird creation,
All caged against their powers and their wills,
And cramp'd in such a space, the longest bills
Were plainly bills of least accommodation.
In truth, it was a very ugly scene
To fall to any liberator's share,
To see those winged fowls, that once had been
Free as the wind, no freer than fix'd air.

8

His temper little mended,
Pug from this Bird-cage Walk at last descended
Unto the lion and the elephant,
His bosom in a pant
To see all nature's Free List thus suspended,
And beasts deprived of what she had intended.
They could not even prey
In their own way;

A hardship always reckon'd quite prodigious.
Thus he revolved—
And soon resolved
To give them freedom, civil and religious.

9

That night there were no country cousins, raw
From Wales, to view the lion and his kin:
The keeper's eyes were fix'd upon a saw;
The saw was fix'd upon a bullock's shin:
Meanwhile with stealthy paw,
Pug hasten'd to withdraw
The bolt that kept the king of brutes within.
Now, monarch of the forest! thou shalt win
Precious enfranchisement—thy bolts are undone;
Thou art no longer a degraded creature,
But loose to roam with liberty and nature;
And free of all the jungles about London—
All Hampstead's heathy desert lies before thee
Methinks I see thee bound from Cross's ark,
Full of the native instinct that comes o'er thee,
And turn a ranger
Of Hounslow Forest and the Regent's Park—
Thin Rhodes's cows—the mail-coach steeds endanger,
And gobble parish watchmen after dark:—
Methinks I see thee, with the early lark,
Stealing to Merlin's cave—(*thy* cave).—Alas,
That such bright visions should not come to pass!
Alas, for freedom, and for freedom's hero!
Alas, for liberty of life and limb!
For Pug had only half unbolted Nero,
When Nero *bolted him!*

DEATH'S RAMBLE

ONE day the dreary old King of Death
Inclined for some sport with the carnal,
So he tied a pack of darts on his back,
And quietly stole from his charnel.

His head was bald of flesh and of hair,
His body was lean and lank,
His joints at each stir made a crack, and the cur
Took a gnaw, by the way, at his shank.

And what did he do with his deadly darts,
This goblin of grisly bone?
He dabbled and spill'd man's blood, and he kill'd
Like a butcher that kills his own.

The first he slaughter'd it made him laugh,
(For the man was a coffin-maker),
To think how the mutes, and men in black suits,
Would mourn for an undertaker.

Death saw two Quakers sitting at church,
Quoth he, 'we shall not differ.'
And he let them alone, like figures of stone,
For he could not make them stiffer.

He saw two duellists going to fight,
In fear they could not smother;
And he shot one through at once—for he knew
They never would shoot each other.

He saw a watchman fast in his box,
And he gave a snore infernal;
Said Death, 'he may keep his breath, for his sleep
Can never be more eternal.'

He met a coachman driving his coach,
So slow, that his fare grew sick;
But he let him stray on his tedious way,
For Death only wars on the *quick*.

Death saw a toll-man taking a toll,
In the spirit of his fraternity;
But he knew that sort of man would extort,
Though summon'd to all eternity.

He found an author writing his life,
But he let him write no further;
For Death, who strikes whenever he likes,
Is jealous of all self-murther!

Death saw a patient that pull'd out his purse,
And a doctor that took the sum;
But he let them be—for he knew [that[1]] the 'fee'
Was a prelude to 'faw' and 'fum.'

He met a dustman ringing a bell,
And he gave him a mortal thrust;
For himself, by law, since Adam's flaw,
Is contractor for all our dust.

He saw a sailor mixing his grog,
And he marked him out for slaughter;
For on water he scarcely had cared for Death,
And never on rum-and-water.

Death saw two players playing at cards,
But the game wasn't worth a dump,
For he quickly laid them flat with a spade,
To wait for the final trump!

CRANIOLOGY

'Tis strange how like a very dunce,
Man—with his bumps upon his sconce
Has lived so long, and yet no knowledge he
Has had till lately, of Phrenology—
A science that by simple dint of
Head-combing, he should find a hint of
When scratching o'er those little poll-hills,
The faculties throw up like mole-hills;
A science that, in very spite
Of all his teeth, ne'er came to light,
For tho' he knew his skull had *grinders*,
Still there turn'd up no *organ* finders,
Still sages wrote, and ages fled,
And no man's head came in his head—
Not even the pate of Erra Pater,
Knew aught about its pia mater.
At last great Dr. Gall bestirs him—
I don't know but it might be Spurzheim—
Tho' native of a dull and slow land,
And makes partition of our Poll-land;
At our Acquisitiveness guesses,
And all those necessary *nesses*
Indicative of human habits,
All burrowing in the head like rabbits.
Thus Veneration, he made known,
Had got a lodging at the Crown:
And Music (see Deville's example)
A set of chambers in the Temple:
That Language taught the tongues close by,
And took in pupils thro' the eye,

[1] ['that' added in second edition.]

Close by his neighbour Computation,
Who taught the eyebrows numeration.

The science thus—to speak in fit
Terms—having struggled from its nit,
Was seiz'd on by a swarm of Scotchmen,
Those scientifical hotch-potch men
Who have at least a penny dip
And wallop in all doctorship,
Just as in making broth they smatter
By bobbing twenty things in water:
These men, I say, made quick appliance
And close, to phrenologic science;
For of all learned themes whatever,
That schools and colleges deliver,
There 's none they love so near the bodles,
As analysing their own noddles;
Thus in a trice each northern blockhead
Had got his fingers in his shock head,
And of his bumps was babbling yet worse
Than poor Miss Capulet's dry-wet-nurse;
Till having been sufficient rangers
Of their own heads, they took to strangers',
And found in Presbyterians' polls
The things they hated in their souls;
For Presbyterians hear with passion
Of organs join'd with veneration.
No kind there was of human pumpkin
But at its bumps it had a bumpkin;
Down to the very lowest gullion,
And oiliest skull of oily scullion.
No great man died but this they *did* do,
They begged his cranium of his widow:
No murderer died by law disaster,
But they took off his sconce in plaster;
For thereon they could show depending,
'The head and front of his offending,'
How that his philanthropic bump
Was master'd by a baser lump;
For every bump (these wags insist)
Has its direct antagonist,
Each striving stoutly to prevail,
Like horses knotted tail to tail;
And many a stiff and sturdy battle
Occurs between these adverse cattle:
The secret cause, beyond all question,
Of aches ascrib'd to indigestion,—
Whereas 'tis but two knobby rivals
Tugging together like sheer devils,
Till one gets mastery good or sinister,
And comes in like a new prime-minister.

Each bias in some master node is:—
What takes M'Adam where a road is,
To hammer little pebbles less?
His organ of Destructiveness.
What makes great Joseph so encumber
Debate? a lumping lump of Number:
Or Malthus rail at babies so?
The smallness of his Philopro—
What severs man and wife? a simple
Defect of the Adhesive pimple:
Or makes weak women go astray?
Their bumps are more in fault than they.

These facts being found and set in order
By grave M.D.'s beyond the Border,
To make them for some few months eternal,
Were entered monthly in a journal,
That many a northern sage still writes in,
And throws his little Northern Lights in,
And proves and proves about the phrenos,
A great deal more than I or he knows:
How Music suffers, *par exemple*,
By wearing tight hats round the temple;
What ills great boxers have to fear
From blisters put behind the ear:
And how a porter's Veneration
Is hurt by porter's occupation;
Whether shillelaghs in reality
May deaden Individuality:
Or tongs and poker be creative
Of alterations in th' Amative;
If falls from scaffolds make us less
Inclin'd to all Constructiveness:
With more such matters, all applying
To heads—and therefore *head*ifying.

A PARTHIAN GLANCE

'Sweet Memory, wafted by thy gentle gale,
Oft up the stream of time I turn my sail.'—*Rogers.*

COME, my Crony, let 's think upon far-away days,
And lift up a little Oblivion's veil ;
Let 's consider the past with a lingering gaze,
Like a peacock whose eyes are inclin'd to his tail.

Aye, come, let us turn our attention behind,
Like those critics whose heads are so heavy, I fear,
That they cannot keep up with the march of the mind,
And so turn face about for reviewing the rear.

Looking over Time's crupper and over his tail,
Oh ! what ages and pages there are to revise !
And as farther our back-searching glances prevail,
Like the emmets, ' how little we are in our eyes ! '

What a sweet pretty innocent, half-a-yard long.
On a dimity lap of true nursery make !
I can fancy I hear the old lullaby song
That was meant to compose me, but kept me awake.

Methinks I still suffer the infantine throes,
When my flesh was a cushion for any long pin—
Whilst they patted my body to comfort my woes,
Oh ! how little they dreamt they were driving them in !

Infant sorrows are strong—infant pleasures as weak—
But no grief was allow'd to indulge in its note ;
Did you ever attempt a small ' bubble and squeak,'
Thro' the Dalby's Carminative down in your throat ?

Did you ever go up to the roof with a bounce ?
Did you ever come down to the floor with the same ?
Oh ! I can't but agree with both ends, and pronounce
' Heads or tails ' with a child, an unpleasantish game !

Then an urchin—I see myself urchin, indeed,
With a smooth Sunday face for a mother's delight ;
Why should weeks have an end ?—I am sure there was need
Of a Sabbath, to follow each Saturday-night.

Was your face ever sent to the housemaid to scrub ?
Have you ever felt huckaback soften'd with sand ?
Had you ever your nose towell'd up to a snub,
And your eyes knuckled out with the back of the hand ?

Then a school-boy—my tailor was nothing in fault,
For an urchin will grow to a lad by degrees,—
But how well I remember that 'pepper-and-salt'
That was down to the elbows, and up to the knees!

What a figure it cut when as Norval I spoke!
With a lanky right leg duly planted before;
Whilst I told of the chief that was kill'd by my stroke,
And extended *my* arms as 'the arms that he wore!'

Next a Lover—Oh! say, were you ever in love?
With a lady too cold—and your bosom too hot!
Have you bow'd to a shoe-tie, and knelt to a glove?
Like a *beau* that desired to be tied in a knot?

With the Bride all in white, and your body in blue,
Did you walk up the aisle—the genteelest of men?
When I think of that beautiful vision anew,
Oh! I seem but the *biffin* of what I was then!

I am wither'd and worn by a premature care,
And my wrinkles confess the decline of my days;
Old Time's busy hand has made free with my hair,
And I'm seeking to hide it—by writing for bays!

A SAILOR'S APOLOGY FOR BOW-LEGS

THERE 'S some is born with their straight legs by natur—
And some is born with bow-legs from the first—
And some that should have grow'd a good deal straighter,
But they were badly nurs'd,
And set, you see, like Bacchus, with their pegs
Astride of casks and kegs:
I've got myself a sort of bow to larboard
And starboard,
And this is what it was that warp'd my legs:

'Twas all along of Poll, as I may say,
That foul'd my cable when I ought to slip;
But on the tenth of May,
When I gets under weigh,
Down there in Hartfordshire, to join my ship,
I sees the mail
Get under sail,
The only one there was to make the trip.
Well,—I gives chase,
But as she run
Two knots to one,
There warn't no use in keeping on the race!

Well—casting round about, what next to try on,
And how to spin,
I spies an ensign with a Bloody Lion,
And bears away to leeward for the inn,
Beats round the gable,
And fetches up before the coach-horse stable:
Well, there they stand, four kickers in a row,
And so
I just makes free to cut a brown 'un's cable.
But riding isn't in a seaman's natur—
So I whips out a toughish end of yarn,
And gets a kind of sort of a land-waiter
To splice me, heel to heel,
Under the she-mare's keel,
And off I goes, and leaves the inn a-starn!

My eyes! how she did pitch!
And wouldn't keep her own to go in no line,
Tho' I kept bowsing, bowsing at her bow-line,
But always making lee-way to the ditch,
And yaw'd her head about all sorts of ways.
The devil sink the craft!
And wasn't she trimendus slack in stays!
We couldn't, no how, keep the inn abaft!
Well—I suppose
We hadn't run a knot—or much beyond—
(What will you have on it?)—but off she goes,
Up to her bends in a fresh-water pond!
There I am! all a-back!
So I looks forward for her bridle-gears,
To heave her head round on the t'other tack;
But when I starts,
The leather parts,
And goes away right over by the ears!

What could a fellow do,
Whose legs, like mine, you know, were in the bilboes,
But trim myself[1] upright for bringing-to,
And square his yard-arms and brace up his elbows,
In rig all snug and clever,
Just while his craft was taking in her water?
I didn't like my berth though, howsomdever,
Because the yarn, you see, kept getting tauter,—
Says I—I wish this job was rayther shorter!

The chase had gain'd a mile
A-head, and still the she-mare stood a-drinking:
Now, all the while
Her body didn't take of course to shrinking.

[1] [himself' in first edition.]

Says I, she 's letting out her reefs, I'm thinking—
And so she swell'd and swell'd,
And yet the tackle held,
'Till both my legs began to bend like winkin.
My eyes! but she took in enough to founder!
And there 's my timbers straining every bit,
Ready to split,
And her tarnation hull a-growing rounder!

Well there—off Hartford Ness,
We lay both lash'd and water-logg'd together,
And can't contrive a signal of distress;
Thinks I, we must ride out this here foul weather,
Tho' sick of riding out—and nothing less;
When, looking round, I sees a man a-starn:—
Hollo! says I, come underneath her quarter!—
And hands him out my knife to cut the yarn.
So I gets off, and lands upon the road,
And leaves the she-mare to her own concarn,
A-standing by the water.
If I get on another, I'll be blow'd!
And that 's the way, you see, my legs got bow'd!

JACK HALL

'Tis very hard when men forsake
This melancholy world, and make
A bed of turf, they cannot take
A quiet doze,
But certain rogues will come and break
Their 'bone repose.'

'Tis hard we can't give up our breath,
And to the earth our earth bequeath,
Without Death Fetches after death,
Who thus exhume us;
And snatch us from our homes beneath
And hearths posthumous.

The tender lover comes to rear
The mournful urn, and shed his tear—
Her glorious dust, he cries, is here!
Alack! alack!
The while his Sacharissa dear
Is in a sack!

'Tis hard one cannot lie amid
The mould, beneath a coffin-lid,
But thus the Faculty will bid
Their rogues break thro' it!
If they don't want us there, why did
They send us to it?

One of these sacrilegious knaves,
Who crave as hungry vulture craves,
Behaving as the goul behaves,
'Neath church-yard wall—
Mayhap because he fed on graves,
Was nam'd Jack Hall.

By day it was his trade to go
Tending the black coach to and fro;
And sometimes at the door of woe,
With emblems suitable,
He stood with brother Mute, to show
That life is mutable.

But long before they pass'd the ferry,
The dead that he had help'd to bury
He sack'd—(he had a sack to carry
The bodies off in.)
In fact, he let them have a very
Short fit of coffin.

Night after night, with crow and spade,
He drove this dead but thriving trade,
Meanwhile his conscience never weigh'd
A single horsehair ;
On corses of all kinds he prey'd,
A perfect corsair !

At last—it may be, Death took spite
Or jesting only meant to fright—
He sought for Jack night after night
The churchyards round ;
And soon they met, the man and sprite,
In Pancras' ground.

Jack, by the glimpses of the moon,
Perceiv'd the bony knacker soon,
An awful shape to meet at noon
Of night and lonely ;
But Jack's tough courage did but swoon
A minute only.

Anon he gave his spade a swing
Aloft, and kept it brandishing,
Ready for what mishaps might spring
From this conjunction ;
Funking indeed was quite a thing
Beside his function.

'Hollo!' cried Death, 'd'ye wish your sands
Run out? the stoutest never stands
A chance with me,—to my commands
The strongest truckles;
But I'm your friend—so let's shake hands,
I should say—knuckles.'

Jack, glad to see th' old sprite so sprightly,
And meaning nothing but uprightly,
Shook hands at once, and, bowing slightly,
His mull did proffer :
But Death, who had no nose, politely
Declin'd the offer.

Then sitting down upon a bank,
Leg over leg, shank over shank,
Like friends for conversation frank,
That had no check on :
Quoth Jack unto the Lean and Lank,
'You're Death, I reckon.'

The Jaw-bone grinn'd :—'I am that same,
You've hit exactly on my name ;
In truth it has some little fame
Where burial sod is.'
Quoth Jack (and wink'd), 'of course ye came
Here after bodies.'

Death grinn'd again and shook his head :—
'I've little business with the dead ;
When they are fairly sent to bed
I've done my turn :
Whether or not the worms are fed
Is your concern.

'My errand here, in meeting you,
Is nothing but a how-d'ye-do ;
I've done what jobs I had—a few,
Along this way ;
If I can serve a crony too,
I beg you'll say.'

Quoth Jack, 'Your Honour's very kind :
And now I call the thing to mind,
This parish very strict I find ;
But in the next 'un
There lives a very well-inclin'd
Old sort of sexton.'

Death took the hint, and gave a wink
As well as eyelet holes can blink ;
Then stretching out his arm to link
The other's arm,—
'Suppose,' says he, 'we have a drink
Of something warm.'

Jack nothing loth, with friendly ease
Spoke up at once :—'Why, what ye please ;
Hard by there is the Cheshire Cheese,
A famous tap.'
But this suggestion seem'd to tease
The bony chap.

'No, no — your mortal drinks are heady,
And only make my hand unsteady ;
I do not even care for Deady,
And loathe your rum ;
But I've some glorious brewage ready,
My drink is—mum!'

And off they set, each right content—
Who knows the dreary way they went?
But Jack felt rather faint and spent,
And out of breath;
At last he saw, quite evident,
The Door of Death.

All other men had been unmann'd
To see a coffin on each hand,
That served a skeleton to stand
By way of sentry;
In fact, Death has a very grand
And awful entry.

Throughout his dismal sign prevails,
His name is writ in coffin nails,
The mortal darts make area rails;
A scull that mocketh,
Grins on the gloomy gate, and quails
Whoever knocketh.

And lo! on either side, arise
Two monstrous pillars—bones of thighs;
A monumental slab supplies
The step of stone,
Where waiting for his master lies,
A dog of bone.

The dog leapt up, but gave no yell,
The wire was pull'd, but woke no bell,
The ghastly knocker rose and fell,
But caused no riot;
The ways of Death, we all know well
Are very quiet.

Old Bones stepped in; Jack stepp'd behind:
Quoth Death, 'I really hope you'll find
The entertainment to your mind,
As I shall treat ye—
A friend or two of goblin kind
I've asked to meet ye.'

And lo! a crowd of spectres tall,
Like jack-a-lanterns on a wall,
Were standing—every ghastly ball
An eager watcher.
'My friends,' says Death—'friends, Mr. Hall,
The body-snatcher.'

Lord! what a tumult it produc'd,
When Mr. Hall was introduced!
Jack even, who had long been used
To frightful things,
Felt just as if his back was sluic'd
With freezing springs!

Each goblin face began to make
Some horrid mouth—ape—gorgon—snake;
And then a spectre-hag would shake
An airy thigh-bone;
And cried, (or seem'd to cry,) I'll break
Your bone, with *my* bone!

Some ground their teeth—some seem'd to spit—
(Nothing, but nothing came of it,)
A hundred awful brows were knit
In dreadful spite.
Thought Jack—I'm sure I'd better quit,
Without good-night.

One skip and hop and he was clear,
And running like a hunted deer,
As fleet as people run by fear
Well spurr'd and whipp'd,
Death, ghosts, and all in that career
Were quite outstripp'd.

But those who live by death must die;
Jack's soul at last prepar'd to fly;
And when his latter end drew nigh,
Oh! what a swarm
Of doctors came,—but not to try
To keep him warm.

No ravens ever scented prey
So early where a dead horse lay,
Nor vultures sniff'd so far away
A last convulse;
A dozen 'guests' day after day
Were 'at his pulse.'

'Twas strange, altho' they got no fees,
How still they watch'd by twos and threes:
But Jack a very little ease
Obtain'd from them;
In fact, he did not find M.D.'s
Worth one D—M.

The passing bell with hollow toll
Was in his thought—the dreary hole!
Jack gave his eyes a horrid roll,
And then a cough.
'There's something weighing on my soul
I wish was off;

'All night it roves about my brains,
All day it adds to all my pains,
It is concerning my remains
When I am dead;'
Twelve wigs and twelve gold-headed canes
Drew near his bed.

'Alas!' he sighed, 'I'm sore afraid,
A dozen pangs my heart invade;
But when I drove a certain trade
In flesh and bone,
There was a little bargain made
About my own.'

Twelve suits of black began to close,
Twelve pair of sleek and sable hose,
Twelve flowing cambric frills in rows,
At once drew round;
Twelve noses turn'd against his nose,
Twelve snubs profound.

'Ten guineas did not quite suffice,
And so I sold my body twice;
Twice did not do—I sold it thrice,
Forgive my crimes!
In short I have received its price
A dozen times!'

Twelve brows got very grim and black,
Twelve wishes stretch'd him on the rack,
Twelve pair of hands for fierce attack
Took up position,
Ready to share the dying Jack
By long division.

Twelve angry doctors wrangled so,
That twelve had struck an hour ago,
Before they had an eye to throw
On the departed;
Twelve heads turn'd round at once, and lo!
Twelve doctors started.

Whether some comrade of the dead,
Or Satan took it in his head,
To steal the corpse—the corpse had fled!
'Tis only written,
That '*there was nothing in the bed,*
But twelve were bitten!'

THE WEE MAN

A ROMANCE

It was a merry company,
And they were just afloat,
When lo! a man of dwarfish span
Came up and hail'd the boat.

'Good morrow to ye, gentle folks,
And will you let me in?—
A slender space will serve my case,
For I am small and thin.'

They saw he was a dwarfish man,
And very small and thin;
Not seven such would matter much,
And so they took him in.

They laugh'd to see his little hat,
With such a narrow brim;
They laugh'd to note his dapper coat,
With skirts so scant and trim.

But barely had they gone a mile,
When, gravely, one and all,
At once began to think the man
Was not so very small:

His coat had got a broader skirt,
His hat a broader brim,
His leg grew stout, and soon plump'd out
A very proper limb.

Still on they went, and as they went,
More rough the billows grew,—
And rose and fell, a greater swell,
And he was swelling too!

And lo! where room had been for seven,
For six there scarce was space!
For five!—for four!—for three!—not more
Than two could find a place!

There was not even room for one!
They crowded by degrees—
Aye—closer yet, till elbows met,
And knees were jogging knees.

'Good sir, you must not sit a-stern,
The wave will else come in!'
Without a word he gravely stirr'd,
Another seat to win.

'Good sir, the boat has lost her trim,
You must not sit a-lee!'

With smiling face, and courteous grace,
The middle seat took he.

But still, by constant quiet growth,
His back became so wide,
Each neighbour wight, to left and right,
Was thrust against the side.

Lord! how they chided with themselves,
That they had let him in;
To see him grow so monstrous now,
That came so small and thin.

On every brow a dew-drop stood,
They grew so scared and hot,—
'I' the name of all that's great and tall,
Who are ye, sir, and what?'

Loud laugh'd the Gogmagog, a laugh
As loud as giant's roar—
'When first I came, my proper name
Was Little—now I'm *Moore!*'

A BUTCHER

WHOE'ER has gone thro' London Street,
Has seen a Butcher gazing at his meat,
And how he keeps
Gloating upon a sheep's
Or bullock's personals, as if his own;
How he admires his halves
And quarters—and his calves,
As if in truth upon his own legs grown;—
His fat! *his* suet!
His kidneys peeping elegantly thro' it!
His thick flank!
And *his* thin!
His shank!
His shin!
Skin of his skin, and bone too of his bone!

With what an air
He stands aloof, across the thoroughfare
Gazing—and will not let a body by,
Tho' buy! buy! buy! be constantly his cry.

Meanwhile with arms a-kimbo, and a pair
Of Rhodian legs he revels in a stare
At his Joint Stock—for one may call it so,
Howbeit, without a *Co.*
The dotage of self-love was never fonder
Than he of his brute bodies all a-row;
Narcissus in the wave did never ponder
With love so strong,
On his 'portrait charmant,'
As our vain Butcher on his carcase yonder.

Look at his sleek round skull!
How bright his cheek, how rubicund his nose is!
His visage seems to be
Ripe for beef-tea;
Of brutal juices the whole man is full.—
In fact, fulfilling the metempsychosis,
The Butcher is already half a Bull.

'DON'T YOU SMELL FIRE?'

RUN!—run for St. Clement's engine!
For the Pawnbroker's all in a blaze,
And the pledges are frying and singeing—
Oh! how the poor pawners will craze!
Now where can the turncock be drinking?
Was there ever so thirsty an elf?—
But he still may tope on, for I'm thinking
That the plugs are as dry as himself.

The engines!—I hear them come rumbling;
There's the Phœnix! the Globe! and the Sun!
What a row there will be, and a grumbling,
When the water don't start for a run!
See! there they come racing and tearing,
All the street with loud voices is fill'd;
Oh! it's only the firemen a-swearing
At a man they've run over and kill'd!

How sweetly the sparks fly away now,
And twinkle like stars in the sky;
It's a wonder the engines don't play now,
But I never saw water so shy!
Why there isn't enough for a snipe,
And the fire it is fiercer, alas!
Oh! instead of the New River pipe,
They have gone—that they have—to the gas!

Only look at the poor little P——'s
On the roof—is there anything sadder?
My dears, keep fast hold, if you please,
And they won't be an hour with the ladder!

But if any one's hot in their feet,
And in very great haste to be sav'd,
Here's a nice easy bit in the street,
That M'Adam has lately unpav'd!

There is some one—I see a dark shape
At that window, the hottest of all,—
My good woman, why don't you escape?
Never think of your bonnet and shawl:
If your dress isn't perfect, what is it
For once in a way to your hurt?
When your husband is paying a visit
There, at Number Fourteen, in his shirt!

Only see how she throws out her *chaney!*
Her basons, and teapots, and all
The most brittle of *her* goods—or any,
But they all break in breaking their fall:
Such things are not surely the best
From a two-storey window to throw—
She might save a good iron-bound chest,
For there's plenty of people below!

O dear! what a beautiful flash!
How it shone thro' the window and door;
We shall soon hear a scream and a crash,
When the woman falls thro' with the floor!
There! there! what a volley of flame,
And then suddenly all is obscur'd!
Well—I'm glad in my heart that I came:—
But I hope the poor man is insur'd!

THE VOLUNTEER

'The clashing of my armour in my ears
Sounds like a passing bell; my buckler puts me
In mind of bier; this, my broadsword, a pickaxe
To dig my grave.'—*The Lover's Progress.*

'Twas in that memorable year
France threaten'd to put off in
Flat-bottom'd boats, intending each
To be a British coffin,
To make sad widows of our wives,
And every babe an orphan ;—

When coats were made of scarlet cloaks,
And heads were dredg'd with flour,
I 'listed in the Lawyers' Corps,
Against the battle hour ;
A perfect Volunteer—for why ?
I brought my ' will and pow'r.'

One dreary day—a day of dread,
Like Cato's, over-cast—
About the hour of six, (the morn
And I were breaking fast,)
There came a loud and sudden sound,
That struck me all aghast !

A dismal sort of morning roll,
That was not to be eaten ;
Although it was no skin of mine,
But parchment that was beaten,
I felt tattooed through all my flesh,
Like any Otaheitan.

My jaws with utter dread enclos'd
The morsel I was munching,
And terror lock'd them up so tight,
My very teeth went crunching
All through my bread and tongue at once,
Like sandwich made at lunching.

My hand that held the tea-pot fast,
Stiffen'd, but yet unsteady,
Kept pouring, pouring, pouring o'er
The cup in one long eddy,
Till both my hose were marked with *tea*,
As they were mark'd already.

I felt my visage turn from red
To white—from cold to hot ;
But it was nothing wonderful
My colour changed, I wot,
For, like some variable silks,
I felt that I was shot.

And looking forth with anxious eye,
From my snug upper storey,
I saw our melancholy corps,
Going to beds all gory ;
The pioneers seem'd very loth
To axe their way to glory.

The captain march'd as mourners march,
The ensign too seem'd lagging,
And many more, although they were
No ensigns, took to flagging—
Like corpses in the Serpentine,
Methought they wanted dragging.

But while I watch'd, the thought of death
Came like a chilly gust,
And lo ! I shut the window down,
With very little lust
To join so many marching men,
That soon might be March dust.

Quoth I, ' since Fate ordains it so,
Our foe the coast must land on ; '
I felt so warm beside the fire
I cared not to abandon ;
Our hearths and homes are always things
That patriots make a stand on.

'The fools that fight abroad for home,'
Thought I, ' may get a wrong one ;
Let those that have no homes at all
Go battle for a long one.'
The mirror here confirm'd me this
Reflection, by a strong one :

For there, where I was wont to shave,
And deck me like Adonis,
There stood the leader of our foes,
With vultures for his cronies—
No Corsican, but Death himself,
The Bony of all Bonies.

A horrid sight it was, and sad,
To see the grisly chap
Put on my crimson livery,
And then begin to clap
My helmet on—ah me! it felt
Like any felon's cap.

My plume seem'd borrow'd from a hearse,
An undertaker's crest;
My epaulettes like coffin-plates;
My belt so heavy press'd,
Four pipeclay cross-roads seem'd to lie
At once upon my breast.

My brazen breast-plate only lack'd
A little heap of salt,
To make me like a corpse full dress'd,
Preparing for the vault—
To set up what the Poet calls
My everlasting halt.

This funeral show inclin'd me quite
To peace:—and here I am!
Whilst better lions go to war,
Enjoying with the lamb
A lengthen'd life, that might have been
A martial epigram.

THE WIDOW

ONE widow at a grave will sob
A little while, and weep, and sigh;
If two should meet on such a job,
They'll have a gossip by and by.
If three should come together—why,
Three widows are good company!
If four should meet by any chance,
Four is a number very nice,
To have a rubber in a trice—
But five will up and have a dance!

Poor Mrs. C——(why should I not
Declare her name?—her name was Cross)
Was one of those the 'common lot'
Had left to weep 'no common loss'—
For she had lately buried then
A man, the 'very best of men,'
A lingering truth, discover'd first
Whenever men 'are at the worst.'
To take the measure of her woe,
It was some dozen inches deep—
I mean in crape, and hung so low,
It hid the drops she did *not* weep:
In fact, what human life appears,
It was, a perfect 'veil of tears.'
Though ever since she lost 'her prop
And stay,'—alas! he wouldn't stay—
She never had a tear to mop,
Except one little angry drop,
From Passion's eye, as Moore would say;
Because, when Mister Cross took flight,
It look'd so very like a spite—
He died upon a washing-day!

Still Widow Cross went twice a week,
As if to 'wet a widow's cheek,'
And soothe his grave with sorrow's gravy,—
'Twas nothing but a make-believe,
She might as well have hoped to grieve
Enough of brine to float a navy;
And yet she often seem'd to raise
A cambric kerchief to her eye—
A *duster* ought to be the phrase,
Its work was all so very dry.
The springs were lock'd that ought to flow—
In England or in widow-woman—
As those that watch the weather know,
Such 'backward Springs' are not uncommon.

But why did Widow Cross take pains
To call upon the 'dear remains,'—
Remains that could not tell a jot
Whether she ever wept or not,
Or how his relict took her losses?
Oh! my black ink turns red for shame—

But still the naughty world must learn
There was a little German came
To shed a tear in 'Anna's Urn,'
At the next grave to Mr. Cross's!
For there an angel's virtues slept,
'Too soon did Heav'n assert its claim!'
But still her painted face he kept,
'Encompass'd in an angel's frame.'

He look'd quite sad, and quite depriv'd,
His head was nothing but a hat-band;
He look'd so lone, and so *un*wiv'd,
That soon the Widow Cross contriv'd
To fall in love with even *that* band;
And all at once the brackish juices
Came gushing out thro' sorrow's sluices—
Tear after tear too fast to wipe,
Tho' sopp'd, and sopp'd, and sopp'd again—
No leak in sorrow's private pipe,
But like a bursting on the main!
Whoe'er has watch'd the window-pane—
I mean to say in showery weather—
Has seen two little drops of rain,
Like lovers very fond and fain,
At one another creeping, creeping,
Till both, at last, embrace together:
So far'd it with that couple's weeping!
The principle was quite as active—
Tear unto tear
Kept drawing near,
Their very blacks became attractive.
To cut a shortish story shorter,
Conceive them sitting *tête-à-tête*—
Two cups—hot muffins on a plate—
With 'Anna's Urn' to hold hot water!
The brazen vessel for a while
Had lectured in an easy song,
Like Abernethy—on the bile—
The scalded herb was getting strong;
All seem'd as smooth as smooth could be,
To have a cosey cup of tea;
Alas! how often human sippers
With unexpected bitters meet,
And buds, the sweetest of the sweet,
Like sugar, only meet the nippers!

The Widow Cross, I should have told,
Had seen three husbands to the mould;
She never sought an Indian pyre,
Like Hindoo wives that lose their loves,
But, with a proper sense of fire,
Put up, instead, with 'three removes:'
Thus, when with any tender words
Or tears she spoke about a loss,
The dear departed, Mr. Cross,
Came in for nothing but his thirds;
For, as all widows love too well,
She liked upon the list to dwell,
And oft ripp'd up the old disasters.
She might, indeed, have been supposed
A great *ship* owner; for she pros'd
Eternally of her Three Masters!

Thus, foolish woman! while she nurs'd
Her mild souchong, she talk'd and reckon'd
What had been left her by her first,
And by her last, and by her second.
Alas! not all her annual rents
Could then entice the little German—
Not Mr. Cross's Three Per Cents,
Or Consols, ever make him *her* man:
He liked her cash, he liked her houses,
But not that dismal bit of land
She always settled on her spouses.
So taking up his hat and band,
Said he, 'You'll think my conduct odd—
But here my hopes no more may linger;
I thought you had a wedding-finger,
But oh!—it is a curtain-rod!'

JOHN TROT

A BALLAD

JOHN TROT he was as tall a lad
As York did ever rear—
As his dear Granny used to say,
He'd make a grenadier.

A serjeant soon came down to York,
With ribbons and a frill;
My lads, said he, let broadcast be,
And come away to drill.

But when he wanted John to 'list,
In war he saw no fun,
Where what is called a raw recruit
Gets often over-done.

Let others carry guns, said he,
And go to war's alarms,
But I have got a shoulder-knot
Impos'd upon my arms.

For John he had a footman's place
To wait on Lady Wye—
She was a dumpy woman, tho'
Her family was high.

Now when two years had past away,
Her Lord took very ill,
And left her to her widowhood,
Of course more dumpy still.

Said John, I am a proper man,
And very tall to see;
Who knows, but now her Lord is low,
She may look up to me?

A cunning woman told me once,
Such fortune would turn up;
She was a kind of sorceress,
But studied in a cup!

So he walked up to Lady Wye,
And took her quite amaz'd,—
She thought, tho' John was tall enough,
He wanted to be rais'd.

But John—for why? she was a dame
Of such a dwarfish sort—
Had only come to bid her make
Her mourning very short.

Said he, your Lord is dead and cold,
You only cry in vain;
Not all the Cries of London now
Could call him back again!

You'll soon have many a noble beau,
To dry your noble tears—
But just consider this, that I
Have follow'd you for years.

And tho' you are above me far,
What matters high degree,
When you are only four foot nine,
And I am six foot three!

For tho' you are of lofty race,
And I'm a low-born elf;
Yet none among your friends could say,
You match'd beneath yourself.

Said she, such insolence as this
Can be no common case;
Tho' you are in my service, sir,
Your love is out of place.

O Lady Wye! O Lady Wye!
Consider what you do;
How can you be so short with me,
I am not so with you!

Then ringing for her serving men,
They show'd him to the door:
Said they, you turn out better now,
Why didn't you before?

They stripp'd his coat, and gave him kicks
For all his wages due;
And off, instead of green and gold,
He went in black and blue.

No family would take him in,
Because of his discharge;
So he made up his mind to serve
The country all at large.

Huzza! the Serjeant cried, and put
The money in his hand,
And with a shilling cut him off
From his paternal land.

For when his regiment went to fight
At Saragossa town,
A Frenchman thought he look'd too tall
And so he cut him down!

ODE TO THE CAMELEOPARD

WELCOME to Freedom's birth-place—and a den!
Great Anti-climax, hail!
So very lofty in thy front—but then,
So dwindling at the tail!—
In truth, thou hast the most unequal legs:
Has one pair gallop'd, whilst the other trotted,
Along with other brethren, leopard-spotted,
O'er Afric sand, where ostriches lay eggs?
Sure thou wert caught in some hard uphill chase,
Those hinder heels still keeping thee in check!
And yet thou seem'st prepar'd in any case,
Tho' they had lost the race,
To win it—by a neck!

That lengthy neck—how like a crane's it looks!
Art thou the overseer of all the brutes?
Or dost thou browze on tip-top leaves or fruits—
Or go a-bird-nesting amongst the roks?
How kindly nature caters for all wants;
Thus giving unto thee a neck that stretches,
And high food fetches—
To some a long nose, like the elephant's!

Oh! had'st thou any organ to thy bellows,
To turn thy breath to speech in human style,
What secrets thou might'st tell us,
Where now our scientific guesses fail;
For instance, of the Nile,
Whether those Seven Mouths have any tail—
Mayhap thy luck too,
From that high head, as from a lofty hill,
Has let thee see the marvellous Timbuctoo—
Or drink of Niger at its infant rill;
What were the travels of our Major Denham,
Or Clapperton, to thine
In that same line,
If thou could'st only squat thee down and pen 'em!

Strange sights, indeed, thou must have overlook'd,
With eyes held ever in such vantage-stations!
Hast seen, perchance, unhappy white folks cook'd,
And then made free of negro corporations?
Poor wretches saved from cast away three deckers—
By sooty wreckers—
From hungry waves to have a loss still drearier,
To far exceed the utmost aim of Park—
And find themselves, alas! beyond the mark,
In the *insides* of Africa's Interior!

Live on, Giraffe! genteelest of raff kind!—
Admir'd by noble and by royal tongues!—
May no pernicious wind,
Or English fog, blight thy exotic lungs!
Live on in happy peace, altho' a rarity,
Nor envy thy poor cousin's more outrageous
Parisian popularity;—
Whose very leopard-rash is grown contagious,
And worn on gloves and ribbons all about,
Alas! they'll wear him out!—
So thou shalt take thy sweet diurnal feeds—
When he is stuff'd with undigested straw,
Sad food that never visited his jaw!
And staring round him with a brace of beads!

THE PLEA OF THE MIDSUMMER FAIRIES,

HERO AND LEANDER, LYCUS THE CENTAUR,

AND OTHER POEMS

(1827)

THE PLEA OF THE MIDSUMMER FAIRIES

TO CHARLES LAMB, ESQ.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I thank my literary fortune that I am not reduced, like many better wits, to barter dedications, for the hope or promise of patronage, with some nominally great man; but that where true affection points, and honest respect, I am free to gratify my head and heart by a sincere inscription. An intimacy and dearness, worthy of a much earlier date than our acquaintance can refer to, direct me at once to your name: and with this acknowledgment of your ever kind feeling towards me, I desire to record a respect and admiration for you as a writer, which no one acquainted with our literature, save Elia himself, will think disproportionate or misplaced. If I had not these better reasons to govern me, I should be guided to the same selection by your intense yet critical relish for the works of our great Dramatist, and for that favourite play in particular which has furnished the subject of my verses.

It is my design, in the following Poem, to celebrate, by an allegory, that immortality which Shakspeare has conferred on the Fairy mythology by his Midsummer Night's Dream. But for him, those pretty children of our childhood would leave barely their names to our maturer years; they belong, as the mites upon the plumb, to the bloom of fancy, a thing generally too frail and beautiful to withstand the rude handling of time: but the Poet has made this most perishable part of the mind's creation equal to the most enduring; he has so intertwined the Elfins with human sympathies, and linked them by so many delightful associations with the productions of nature, that they are as real to the mind's eye, as their green magical circles to the outer sense.

It would have been a pity for such a race to go extinct, even though they were but as the butterflies that hover about the leaves and blossoms of the visible world.

I am, my dear Friend, Yours most truly,

T. HOOD.

I

'Twas in that mellow season of the year,
When the hot Sun singes the yellow leaves
Till they be gold,—and with a broader sphere
The Moon looks down on Ceres and her sheaves;
When more abundantly the spider weaves,
And the cold wind breathes from a chillier clime;
That forth I fared, on one of those still eves,
Touch'd with the dewy sadness of the time,
To think how the bright months had spent their prime.

II

So that, wherever I address'd my way,
I seem'd to track the melancholy feet
Of him that is the Father of Decay,
And spoils at once the sour weed and the sweet;—
Wherefore regretfully I made retreat
To some unwasted regions of my brain,
Charm'd with the light of summer and the heat,
And bade that bounteous season bloom again,
And sprout fresh flowers in mine own domain.

III

It was a shady and sequester'd scene,
Like those famed gardens of Boccaccio,
Planted with his own laurels evergreen,
And roses that for endless summer blow;
And there were founting springs to overflow
Their marble basins,—and cool green arcades
Of tall o'erarching sycamores, to throw
Athwart the dappled path their dancing shades,—
With timid coneys cropping the green blades.

IV

And there were crystal pools, peopled with fish,
Argent and gold; and some of Tyrian skin,
Some crimson-barr'd;—and ever at a wish
They rose obsequious till the wave grew thin
As glass upon their backs, and then dived in,
Quenching their ardent scales in watery gloom;
Whilst others with fresh hues row'd forth to win
My changeable regard,—for so we doom
Things born of thought to vanish or to bloom.

V

And there were many birds of many dyes,
From tree to tree still faring to and fro,
And stately peacocks with their splendid eyes,
And gorgeous pheasants with their golden glow,

Like Iris just bedabbled in her bow,
Besides some vocalists, without a name,
That oft on fairy errands come and go,
With accents magical;—and all were tame,
And peckled at my hand where'er I came.

VI

And for my sylvan company, in lieu
Of Pampinea with her lively peers,
Sat Queen Titania with her pretty crew,
All in their liveries quaint, with elfin gears,
For she was gracious to my childish years,
And made me free of her enchanted round;
Wherefore this dreamy scene she still endears,
And plants her court upon a verdant mound,
Fenced with umbrageous woods and groves profound.

VII

'Ah me,' she cries, 'was ever moonlight seen
So clear and tender for our midnight trips?
Go some one forth, and with a trump convene
My lieges all!'—Away the goblin skips
A pace or two apart, and deftly strips
The ruddy skin from a sweet rose's cheek,
Then blows the shuddering leaf between his lips,
Making it utter forth a shrill small shriek,
Like a fray'd bird in the grey owlet's beak.

VIII

And lo! upon my fix'd delighted ken
Appear'd the loyal Fays.—Some by degrees
Crept from the primrose buds that open'd then,
And some from bell-shap'd blossoms like the bees,
Some from the dewy meads, and rushy leas,
Flew up like chafers when the rustics pass;
Some from the rivers, others from tall trees
Dropp'd, like shed blossoms, silent to the grass,
Spirits and elfins small, of every class.

IX

Peri and Pixy, and quaint Puck the Antic,
Brought Robin Goodfellow, that merry swain;
And stealthy Mab, queen of old realms romantic,
Came too, from distance, in her tiny wain,
Fresh dripping from a cloud—some bloomy rain,
Then circling the bright Moon, had washed her car,
And still bedew'd it with a various stain:
Lastly came Ariel, shooting from a star,
Who bears all fairy embassies afar.

X

But Oberon, that night elsewhere exiled,
Was absent, whether some distemper'd spleen
Kept him and his fair mate unreconciled,
Or warfare with the Gnome (whose race had been
Sometime obnoxious), kept him from his queen,
And made her now peruse the starry skies
Prophetical with such an absent mien;
Howbeit, the tears stole often to her eyes,
And oft the Moon was incensed with her sighs—

XI

Which made the elves sport drearily, and soon
Their hushing dances languish'd to a stand,
Like midnight leaves when, as the Zephyrs swoon,
All on their drooping stems they sink unfann'd,—
So into silence droop'd the fairy band,
To see their empress dear so pale and still,
Crowding her softly round on either hand,
As pale as frosty snow-drops, and as chill,
To whom the sceptred dame reveals her ill.

XII

'Alas,' quoth she, 'ye know our fairy lives
Are leased upon the fickle faith of men;
Not measured out against fate's mortal knives,
Like human gossamers, we perish when
We fade, and are forgot in worldly ken,—
Though poesy has thus prolong'd our date,
Thanks be to the sweet Bard's auspicious pen
That rescued us so long!—howbeit of late
I feel some dark misgivings of our fate.

XIII

'And this dull day my melancholy sleep
Hath been so throng'd with images of woe,
That even now I cannot choose but weep
To think this was some sad prophetic show
Of future horror to befall us so,—
Of mortal wreck and uttermost distress,—
Yea, our poor empire's fall and overthrow,—
For this was my long vision's dreadful stress,
And when I waked my trouble was not less.

XIV

'Whenever to the clouds I tried to seek,
Such leaden weight dragg'd these Icarian wings.
My faithless wand was wavering and weak
And slimy toads had trespass'd in

The birds refused to sing for me—all things
Disown'd their old allegiance to our spells;
The rude bees prick'd me with their rebel stings;
And, when I pass'd, the valley-lily's bells
Rang out, methought, most melancholy knells.

XV

'And ever on the faint and flagging air
A doleful spirit with a dreary note
Cried in my fearful ear, "Prepare! prepare!"
Which soon I knew came from a raven's throat,
Perch'd on a cypress bough not far remote,—
A cursed bird, too crafty to be shot,
That alway cometh with his soot-black coat
To make hearts dreary:—for he is a blot
Upon the book of life, as well ye wot!—

XVI

'Wherefore some while I bribed him to be mute,
With bitter acorns stuffing his foul maw,
Which barely I appeased, when some fresh bruit
Startled me all aheap!—and soon I saw
The horridest shape that ever raised my awe,—
A monstrous giant, very huge and tall,
Such as in elder times, devoid of law,
With wicked might grieved the primeval ball,
And this was sure the deadliest of them all!

XVII

'Gaunt was he as a wolf of Languedoc,
With bloody jaws, and frost upon his crown;
So from his barren poll one hoary lock
Over his wrinkled front fell far adown,
Well nigh to where his frosty brows did frown
Like jagged icicles at cottage eaves;
And for his coronal he wore some brown
And bristled ears gather'd from Ceres' sheaves,
Entwined with certain sere and russet leaves.

XVIII

'And lo! upon a mast rear'd far aloft,
He bore a very bright and crescent blade,
The which he waved so dreadfully, and oft,
In meditative spite, that, sore dismay'd,
I crept into an acorn-cup for shade;
Meanwhile the horrid effigy went by:
I trow his look was dreadful, for it made
The trembling birds betake them to the sky,
For every leaf was lifted by his sigh.

XIX

'And ever as he sigh'd, his foggy breath
Blurr'd out the landscape like a flight of smoke;
Thence knew I this was either dreary Death
Or Time, who leads all creatures to his stroke.
Ah wretched me!'—Here, even as she spoke,
The melancholy Shape came gliding in,
And lean'd his back against an antique oak,
Folding his wings, that were so fine and thin,
They scarce were seen against the Dryad's skin.

XX

Then what a fear seized all the little rout!
Look how a flock of panick'd sheep will stare—
And huddle close—and start—and wheel about,
Watching the roaming mongrel here and there,—
So did that sudden Apparition scare
All close aheap those small affrighted things;
Nor sought they now the safety of the air,
As if some leaden spell withheld their wings;
But who can fly that ancientest of Kings?

XXI

Whom now the Queen, with a forestalling tear
And previous sigh, beginneth to entreat,
Bidding him spare, for love, her lieges dear:
'Alas!' quoth she, 'is there no nodding wheat
Ripe for thy crooked weapon, and more meet,—
Or wither'd leaves to ravish from the tree,—
Or crumbling battlements for thy defeat?
Think but what vaunting monuments there be
Builded in spite and mockery of thee.

XXII

'O fret away the fabric walls of Fame,
And grind down marble Cæsars with the dust:
Make tombs inscriptionless—raze each high name,
And waste old armours of renown with rust:
Do all of this, and thy revenge is just:
Make such decays the trophies of thy prime,
And check Ambition's overweening lust,
That dares exterminating war with Time,—
But we are guiltless of that lofty crime.

XXIII

'Frail feeble sprites!—the children of a dream!
Leased on the sufferance of fickle men,
Like motes dependent on the sunny beam,
Living but in the sun's indulgent ken,

And when that light withdraws, withdrawing then;—
So do we flutter in the glance of youth
And fervid fancy,—and so perish when
The eye of faith grows aged;—in sad truth,
Feeling thy sway, O Time! though not thy tooth!

XXIV

'Where be those old divinities forlorn,
That dwelt in trees, or haunted in a stream?
Alas! their memories are dimm'd and torn,
Like the remainder tatters of a dream:
So will it fare with our poor thrones, I deem;—
For us the same dark trench Oblivion delves,
That holds the wastes of every human scheme.
O spare us then,—and these our pretty elves,
We soon, alas! shall perish of ourselves!'

XXV

Now as she ended, with a sigh, to name
Those old Olympians, scatter'd by the whirl
Of fortune's giddy wheel and brought to shame,
Methought a scornful and malignant curl
Show'd on the lips of that malicious churl,
To think what noble havocks he had made;
So that I fear'd he all at once would hurl
The harmless fairies into endless shade,—
Howbeit he stopp'd awhile to whet his blade.

XXVI

Pity it was to hear the elfins' wail,
Rise up in concert from their mingled dread;
Pity it was to see them, all so pale,
Gaze on the grass as for a dying bed;—
But Puck was seated on a spider's thread,
That hung between two branches of a briar,
And 'gan to swing and gambol heels o'er head,
Like any Southwark tumbler on a wire,
For him no present grief could long inspire.

XXVII

Meanwhile the Queen with many piteous drops,
Falling like tiny sparks full fast and free,
Bedews a pathway from her throne;—and stops
Before the foot of her arch enemy,
And with her little arms enfolds his knee,
That shows more gristly from that fair embrace;
But she will ne'er depart. 'Alas!' quoth she,
'My painful fingers I will here enlace
Till I have gain'd your pity for our race.

XXVIII

'What have we ever done to earn this grudge,
And hate—(if not too humble for thy hating?)—
Look o'er our labours and our lives, and judge
If there be any ills of our creating;
For we are very kindly creatures, dating
With nature's charities still sweet and bland:—
O think this murder worthy of debating!'—
Herewith she makes a signal with her hand,
To beckon some one from the Fairy band.

XXIX

Anon I saw one of those elfin things,
Clad all in white like any chorister,
Come fluttering forth on his melodious wings,
That made soft music at each little stir,
But something louder than a bee's demur
Before he lights upon a bunch of broom,
And thus 'gan he with Saturn to confer,—
And O his voice was sweet, touch'd with the gloom
Of that sad theme that argued of his doom!

XXX

Quoth he, 'We make all melodies our care,
That no false discords may offend the Sun,
Music's great master—tuning every where
All pastoral sounds and melodies, each one
Duly to place and season, so that none
May harshly interfere. We rouse at morn
The shrill sweet lark; and when the day is done,
Hush silent pauses for the bird forlorn,
That singeth with her breast against a thorn.

XXXI

'We gather in loud choirs the twittering race,
That make a chorus with their single note;
And tend on new-fledged birds in every place,
That duly they may get their tunes by rote;
And oft, like echoes, answering remote,
We hide in thickets from the feather'd throng,
And strain in rivalship each throbbing throat,
Singing in shrill responses all day long,
Whilst the glad truant listens to our song.

XXXII

'Wherefore, great King of Years, as thou dost love
The raining music from a morning cloud,
When vanish'd larks are carolling above,
To wake Apollo with their pipings loud;—

If ever thou hast heard in leafy shroud
The sweet and plaintive Sappho of the dell,
Show thy sweet mercy on this little crowd,
And we will muffle up the sheepfold bell
Whene'er thou listenest to Philomel.'

XXXIII

Then Saturn thus:—'Sweet is the merry lark,
That carols in man's ear so clear and strong;
And youth must love to listen in the dark
That tuneful elegy of Tereus' wrong;
But I have heard that ancient strain too long,
For sweet is sweet but when a little strange,
And I grow weary for some newer song;
For wherefore had I wings, unless to range
Through all things mutable from change to change?

XXXIV

'But wouldst thou hear the melodies of Time,
Listen when sleep and drowsy darkness roll
Over hush'd cities, and the midnight chime
Sounds from their hundred clocks, and deep bells toll
Like a last knell over the dead world's soul,
Saying, Time shall be final of all things,
Whose late, last voice must elegise the whole,—
O then I clap aloft my brave broad wings,
And make the wide air tremble while it rings!'

XXXV

Then next a fair Eve-Fay made meek address,
Saying, 'We be the handmaids of the Spring,
In sign whereof, May, the quaint broideress,
Hath wrought her samplers on our gauzy wing.
We tend upon buds' birth and blossoming,
And count the leafy tributes that they owe—
As, so much to the earth—so much to fling
In showers to the brook—so much to go
In whirlwinds to the clouds that made them grow.

XXXVI

'The pastoral cowslips are our little pets,
And daisy stars, whose firmament is green;
Pansies, and those veil'd nuns, meek violets,
Sighing to that warm world from which they screen;
And golden daffodils, pluck'd for May's Queen;
And lonely harebells, quaking on the heath;
And Hyacinth, long since a fair youth seen,
Whose tuneful voice, turn'd fragrance in his breath,
Kiss'd by sad Zephyr, guilty of his death.

XXXVII

'The widow'd primrose weeping to the moon,
And saffron crocus in whose chalice bright
A cool libation hoarded for the noon
Is kept—and she that purifies the light,
The virgin lily, faithful to her white,
Whereon Eve wept in Eden for her shame;
And the most dainty rose, Aurora's spright,
Our every godchild, by whatever name—
Spare us our lives, for we did nurse the same!'

XXXVIII

Then that old Mower stamp'd his heel, and struck
His hurtful scythe against the harmless ground,
Saying, 'Ye foolish imps, when am I stuck
With gaudy buds, or like a wooer crown'd
With flow'ry chaplets, save when they are found
Wither'd?—Whenever have I pluck'd a rose,
Except to scatter its vain leaves around?
For so all gloss of beauty I oppose,
And bring decay on every flow'r that blows.

XXXIX

'Or when am I so wroth as when I view
The wanton pride of Summer;—how she decks
The birth-day world with blossoms ever new,
As if Time had not lived, and heap'd great wrecks
Of years on years?—O then I bravely vex
And catch the gay Months in their gaudy plight,
And slay them with the wreaths about their necks,
Like foolish heifers in the holy rite,
And raise great trophies to my ancient might.'

XL

Then saith another, 'We are kindly things,
And like her offspring nestle with the dove,—
Witness these hearts embroider'd on our wings,
To show our constant patronage of love:—
We sit at even, in sweet bow'rs above
Lovers, and shake rich odours on the air,
To mingle with their sighs; and still remove
The startling owl, and bid the bat forbear
Their privacy, and haunt some other where.

XLI

'And we are near the mother when she sits
Beside her infant in its wicker bed;
And we are in the fairy scene that flits
Across its tender brain: sweet dreams we shed,

And whilst the tender little soul is fled
Away, to sport with our young elves, the while
We touch the dimpled cheek with roses red,
And tickle the soft lips until they smile,
So that their careful parents they beguile.

XLII

'O then, if ever thou hast breathed a vow
At Love's dear portal, or at pale moon-rise
Crush'd the dear curl on a regardful brow
That did not frown thee from thy honey prize—
If ever thy sweet son sat on thy thighs,
And wooed thee from thy careful thoughts within
To watch the harmless beauty of his eyes,
Or glad thy fingers on his smooth soft skin,
For Love's dear sake, let us thy pity win!'

XLIII

Then Saturn fiercely thus:—'What joy have I
In tender babes, that have devour'd mine own,
Whenever to the light I heard them cry,
Till foolish Rhea cheated me with stone?
Whereon, till now, is my great hunger shown,
In monstrous dints of my enormous tooth;
And,—but the peopled world is too full grown
For hunger's edge,—I would consume all youth
At one great meal, without delay or ruth!

XLIV

'For I am well nigh craz'd and wild to hear
How boastful fathers taunt me with their breed,
Saying, We shall not die nor disappear,
But in these other selves, ourselves succeed,
Ev'n as ripe flowers pass into their seed
Only to be renew'd from prime to prime,
All of which boastings I am forced to read,
Besides a thousand challenges to Time
Which bragging lovers have compil'd in rhyme.

XLV

'Wherefore, when they are sweetly met o' nights,
There will I steal, and with my hurried hand
Startle them suddenly from their delights
Before the next encounter hath been plann'd,
Ravishing hours in little minutes spann'd;
But when they say farewell, and grieve apart,
Then like a leaden statue I will stand,
Meanwhile their many tears encrust my dart,
And with a ragged edge cut heart from heart.'

XLVI

Then next a merry Woodsman, clad in green,
Stept vanward from his mates, that idly stood
Each at his proper ease, as they had been
Nursed in the liberty of old Sherwood,
And wore the livery of Robin Hood,
Who wont in forest shades to dine and sup,—
So came this chief right frankly, and made good
His haunch against his axe, and thus spoke up,
Doffing his cap, which was an acorn's cup :—

XLVII

'We be small foresters and gay, who tend
On trees, and all their furniture of green,
Training the young boughs airily to bend,
And show blue snatches of the sky between ;—
Or knit more close intricacies, to screen
Birds' crafty dwellings as may hide them best,
But most the timid blackbird's—she, that seen,
Will bear black poisonous berries to her nest,
Lest man should cage the darlings of her breast.

XLVIII

'We bend each tree in proper attitude,
And founting willows train in silvery falls ;
We frame all shady roofs and arches rude,
And verdant aisles leading to Dryads' halls,
Or deep recesses where the Echo calls ;—
We shape all plumy trees against the sky,
And carve tall elms' Corinthian capitals,—
When sometimes, as our tiny hatchets ply,
Men say the tapping woodpecker is nigh.

XLIX

'Sometimes we scoop the squirrel's hollow cell,
And sometimes carve quaint letters on trees' rind,
That haply some lone musing wight may spell
Dainty Aminta,—Gentle Rosalind,—
Or chastest Laura,—sweetly call'd to mind
In sylvan solitudes, ere he lies down ;—
And sometimes we enrich gray stems, with twined
And vagrant ivy,—or rich moss, whose brown
Burns into gold as the warm sun goes down.

L

'And, lastly, for mirth's sake and Christmas cheer,
We bear the seedling berries, for increase,
To graft the Druid oaks, from year to year,
Careful that misletoe may never cease ;—

Wherefore, if thou dost prize the shady peace
Of sombre forests, or to see light break
Through sylvan cloisters, and in spring release
Thy spirit amongst leaves from careful ake,
Spare us our lives for the Green Dryad's sake.'

LI

Then Saturn, with a frown :—' Go forth, and fell
Oak for your coffins, and thenceforth lay by
Your axes for the rust, and bid farewell
To all sweet birds, and the blue peeps of sky
Through tangled branches, for ye shall not spy
The next green generation of the tree ;
But hence with the dead leaves, whene'er they fly,—
Which in the bleak air I would rather see,
Than flights of the most tuneful birds that be.

LII

' For I dislike all prime and verdant pets,'
Ivy except, that on the aged wall
Preys with its worm-like roots, and daily frets,
The crumbled tower it seems to league withal,
King-like, worn down by its own coronal :—
Neither in forest haunts love I to won,
Before the golden plumage 'gins to fall,
And leaves the brown bleak limbs with few leaves on,
Or bare—like Nature in her skeleton.

LIII

' For then sit I amongst the crooked boughs,
Wooing dull Memory with kindred sighs ;
And there in rustling nuptials we espouse,
Smit by the sadness in each other's eyes ;—
But Hope must have green bowers and blue skies,
And must be courted with the gauds of spring ;
Whilst Youth leans god-like on her lap, and cries,
What shall we always do, but love and sing ?—
And Time is reckon'd a discarded thing.'

LIV

Here in my dream it made me fret to see
How Puck, the antic, all this dreary while
Had blithely jested with calamity,
With mistim'd mirth mocking the doleful style
Of his sad comrades, till it raised my bile
To see him so reflect their grief aside,
Turning their solemn looks to half a smile—
Like a straight stick shown crooked in the tide ;—
But soon a novel advocate I spied.

LV

Quoth he—' We teach all natures to fulfil
Their fore-appointed crafts, and instincts meet,—
The bee's sweet alchemy,—the spider's skill,—
The pismire's care to garner up his wheat,—
And rustic masonry to swallows fleet,—
The lapwing's cunning to preserve her nest,—
But most, that lesser pelican, the sweet
And shrilly ruddock, with its bleeding breast,
Its tender pity of poor babes distrest.

LVI

' Sometimes we cast our shapes, and in sleek skins
Delve with the timid mole, that aptly delves
From our example ; so the spider spins,
And eke the silk-worm pattern'd by ourselves :
Sometimes we travail on the summer shelves
Of early bees, and busy toils commence,
Watch'd of wise men, that know not we are elves,
But gaze and marvel at our stretch of sense,
And praise our human-like intelligence.

LVII

' Wherefore, by thy delight in that old tale,
And plaintive dirges the late robins sing,
What time the leaves are scatter'd by the gale,
Mindful of that old forest burying ;—
As thou dost love to watch each tiny thing,
For whom our craft most curiously contrives,
If thou hast caught a bee upon the wing,
To take his honey-bag,—spare us our lives,
And we will pay the ransom in full hives.'

LVIII

' Now by my glass,' quoth Time, ' ye do offend
In teaching the brown bees that careful lore,
And frugal ants, whose millions would have end,
But they lay up for need a timely store,
And travail with the seasons evermore ;
Whereas Great Mammoth long hath pass'd away,
And none but I can tell what hide he wore ;
Whilst purblind men, the creatures of a day,
In riddling wonder his great bones survey.'

LIX

Then came an elf, right beauteous to behold,
Whose coat was like a brooklet that the sun
Hath all embroider'd with its crooked gold,
It was so quaintly wrought, and overrun

With spangled traceries,—most meet for one
That was a warden of the pearly streams;—
And as he stept out of the shadows dun,
His jewels sparkled in the pale moon's gleams,
And shot into the air their pointed beams.

LX

Quoth he,—'We bear the cold and silver keys
Of bubbling springs and fountains, that below
Course thro' the veiny earth,—which when they freeze
Into hard chrysolites, we bid to flow.
Creeping like subtle snakes, when, as they go,
We guide their windings to melodious falls,
At whose soft murmurings, so sweet and low,
Poets have tun'd their smoothest madrigals,
To sing to ladies in their banquet halls.

LXI

'And when the hot sun with his steadfast heat
Parches the river god,—whose dusty urn
Drips miserly, till soon his crystal feet
Against his pebbly floor wax faint and burn,
And languid fish, unpois'd, grow sick and yearn,—
Then scoop we hollows in some sandy nook,
And little channels dig, wherein we turn
The thread-worn rivulet, that all forsook
The Naiad-lily, pining for her brook.

LXII

Wherefore, by thy delight in cool green meads,
With living sapphires daintily inlaid,—
In all soft songs of waters and their reeds,—
And all reflections in a streamlet made,
Haply of thy own love, that, disarray'd,
Kills the fair lily with a livelier white,—
By silver trouts upspringing from green shade,
And winking stars reduplicate at night,
Spare us, poor ministers to such delight.'

LXIII

Howbeit his pleading and his gentle looks
Mov'd not the spiteful Shade:—Quoth he, 'Your taste
Shoots wide of mine, for I despise the brooks
And slavish rivulets that run to waste
In noontide sweats, or, like poor vassals, haste
To swell the vast dominion of the sea,
In whose great presence I am held disgrac'd.
And neighbour'd with a king that rivals me
In ancient might and hoary majesty.

LXIV

'Whereas I rul'd in Chaos, and still keep
The awful secrets of that ancient dearth,
Before the briny fountains of the deep
Brimm'd up the hollow cavities of earth;—
I saw each trickling Sea-God at his birth,
Each pearly Naiad with her oozy locks,
And infant Titans of enormous girth,
Whose huge young feet yet stumbled on the rocks,
Stunning the early world with frequent shocks.

LXV

'Where now is Titan, with his cumbrous brood,
That scar'd the world?—By this sharp scythe they fell,
And half the sky was curdled with their blood:
So have all primal giants sigh'd farewell.
No Wardens now by sedgy fountains dwell,
No pearly Naiads. All their days are done
That strove with Time, untimely, to excel;
Wherefore I raz'd their progenies, and none
But my great shadow intercepts the sun!'

LXVI

Then saith the timid Fay—'Oh, mighty Time!
Well hast thou wrought the cruel Titans' fall,
For they were stain'd with many a bloody crime:
Great giants work great wrongs,—but we are small,
For love goes lowly;—but Oppression 's tall,
And with surpassing strides goes foremost still
Where love indeed can hardly reach at all;
Like a poor dwarf o'erburthen'd with good will,
That labours to efface the tracks of ill.—

LXVII

'Man even strives with Man, but we eschew
The guilty feud, and all fierce strifes abhor;
Nay, we are gentle as sweet heaven's dew,
Beside the red and horrid drops of war,
Weeping the cruel hates men battle for,
Which worldly bosoms nourish in our spite:
For in the gentle breast we ne'er withdraw,
But only when all love hath taken flight,
And youth's warm gracious heart is harden'd quite.

LXVIII

'So are our gentle natures intertwin'd
With sweet humanities, and closely knit
In kindly sympathy with human kind.
Witness how we befriend, with elfin wit,

All hopeless maids and lovers,—nor omit
Magical succours unto hearts forlorn :—
We charm man's life, and do not perish it ;—
So judge us by the helps we show'd this morn,
To one who held his wretched days in scorn.

LXIX

'' 'Twas nigh sweet Amwell ;—for the Queen had task'd
Our skill to-day amidst the silver Lea,
Whereon the noontide sun had not yet bask'd ;
Wherefore some patient man we thought to see,
Planted in moss-grown rushes to the knee,
Beside the cloudy margin cold and dim ;
Howbeit no patient fisherman was he
That cast his sudden shadow from the brim,
Making us leave our toils to gaze on him.

LXX

' His face was ashy pale, and leaden care
Had sunk the levell'd arches of his brow,
Once bridges for his joyous thoughts to fare
Over those melancholy springs and slow,
That from his piteous eyes began to flow,
And fell anon into the chilly stream ;
Which, as his mimick'd image show'd below,
Wrinkled his face with many a needless seam,
Making grief sadder in its own esteem.

LXXI

' And lo ! upon the air we saw him stretch
His passionate arms ; and, in a wayward strain,
He 'gan to elegize that fellow wretch
That with mute gestures answer'd him again,
Saying, " Poor slave, how long wilt thou remain
Life's sad weak captive in a prison strong,
Hoping with tears to rust away thy chain,
In bitter servitude to worldly wrong ?—
Thou wear'st that mortal livery too long ! "

LXXII

' This, with more spleenful speeches and some tears,
When he had spent upon the imaged wave,
Speedily I conven'd my elfin peers
Under the lily-cups, that we might save
This woeful mortal from a wilful grave
By shrewd diversions of his mind's regret,
Seeing he was mere melancholy's slave,
That sank wherever a dark cloud he met,
And straight was tangled in her secret net.

LXXIII

'Therefore, as still he watch'd the water's flow,
Daintily we transform'd, and with bright fins
Came glancing through the gloom; some from below
Rose like dim fancies when a dream begins,
Snatching the light upon their purple skins;
Then under the broad leaves made slow retire:
One like a golden galley bravely wins
Its radiant course,—another glows like fire,—
Making that wayward man our pranks admire.

LXXIV

'And so he banish'd thought, and quite forgot
All contemplation of that wretched face;
And so we wil'd him from that lonely spot
Along the river's brink; till, by heaven's grace,
He met a gentle haunter of the place,
Full of sweet wisdom gather'd from the brooks,
Who there discuss'd his melancholy case
With wholesome texts learn'd from kind nature's books,
Meanwhile he newly trimm'd his lines and hooks.'

LXXV

Herewith the Fairy ceased. Quoth Ariel now—
'Let me remember how I sav'd a man,
Whose fatal noose was fasten'd on a bough,
Intended to abridge his sad life's span;
For haply I was by when he began
His stern soliloquy in life's dispraise,
And overheard his melancholy plan,
How he had made a vow to end his days,
And therefore follow'd him in all his ways.

LXXVI

'Through brake and tangled copse, for much he loath'd
All populous haunts, and roam'd in forests rude,
To hide himself from man. But I had cloth'd
My delicate limbs with plumes, and still pursued,
Where only foxes and wild cats intrude,
Till we were come beside an ancient tree
Late blasted by a storm. Here he renew'd
His loud complaints,—choosing that spot to be
The scene of his last horrid tragedy.

LXXVII

'It was a wild and melancholy glen,
Made gloomy by tall firs and cypress dark,
Whose roots, like any bones of buried men,
Push'd through the rotten sod for fear's remark:

A hundred horrid stems, jagged and stark,
Wrestled with crooked arms in hideous fray,
Besides sleek ashes with their dappled bark,
Like crafty serpents climbing for a prey,
With many blasted oaks moss-grown and grey.

LXXVIII

'But here upon his final desperate clause
Suddenly I pronounc'd so sweet a strain,
Like a pang'd nightingale, it made him pause,
Till half the frenzy of his grief was slain,
The sad remainder oozing from his brain
In timely ecstasies of healing tears,
Which through his ardent eyes began to drain;—
Meanwhile the deadly Fates unclos'd their shears:—
So pity me and all my fated peers!'

LXXIX

Thus Ariel ended, and was some time hush'd:
When with the hoary shape a fresh tongue pleads,
And red as rose the gentle Fairy blush'd
To read the record of her own good deeds:—
'It chanc'd,' quoth she, 'in seeking through the meads
For honied cowslips, sweetest in the morn,
Whilst yet the buds were hung with dewy beads,
And Echo answer'd to the huntsman's horn,
We found a babe left in the swarths forlorn.

LXXX

'A little, sorrowful, deserted thing,
Begot of love, and yet no love begetting;
Guiltless of shame, and yet for shame to wring;
And too soon banish'd from a mother's petting,
To churlish nurture and the wide world's fretting,
For alien pity and unnatural care;—
Alas! to see how the cold dew kept wetting
His childish coats, and dabbled all his hair,
Like gossamers across his forehead fair.

LXXXI

'His pretty pouting mouth, witless of speech,
Lay half-way open like a rose-lipp'd shell;
And his young cheek was softer than a peach,
Whereon his tears, for roundness, could not dwell,
But quickly roll'd themselves to pearls, and fell,
Some on the grass, and some against his hand,
Or haply wander'd to the dimpled well,
Which love beside his mouth had sweetly plann'd,
Yet not for tears, but mirth and smilings bland.

LXXXII

'Pity it was to see those frequent tears
Falling regardless from his friendless eyes;
There was such beauty in those twin blue spheres,
As any mother's heart might leap to prize;
Blue were they, like the zenith of the skies
Soften'd betwixt two clouds, both clear and mild;—
Just touch'd with thought, and yet not over wise,
They show'd the gentle spirit of a child,
Not yet by care or any craft defil'd.

LXXXIII

'Pity it was to see the ardent sun
Scorching his helpless limbs—it shone so warm;
For kindly shade or shelter he had none,
Nor mother's gentle breast, come fair or storm.
Meanwhile I bade my pitying mates transform
Like grasshoppers, and then, with shrilly cries,
All round the infant noisily we swarm,
Haply some passing rustic to advise—
Whilst providential Heav'n our care espies,

LXXXIV

'And sends full soon a tender-hearted hind,
Who, wond'ring at our loud unusual note,
Strays curiously aside, and so doth find
The orphan child laid in the grass remote,
And laps the foundling in his russet coat,
Who thence was nurtur'd in his kindly cot:
But how he prosper'd let proud London quote,
How wise, how rich, and how renown'd he got,
And chief of all her citizens, I wot.

LXXXV

'Witness his goodly vessels on the Thames,
Whose holds were fraught with costly merchandize,—
Jewels from Ind, and pearls for courtly dames,
And gorgeous silks that Samarcand supplies:
Witness that Royal Bourse he bade arise,
The mart of merchants from the East and West;
Whose slender summit, pointing to the skies,
Still bears, in token of his grateful breast,
The tender grasshopper, his chosen crest—

LXXXVI

'The tender grasshopper, his chosen crest,
That all the summer, with a tuneful wing,
Makes merry chirpings in its grassy nest,
Inspirited with dew to leap and sing:—

So let us also live, eternal King!
Partakers of the green and pleasant earth:—
Pity it is to slay the meanest thing,
That, like a mote, shines in the smile of mirth:—
Enough there is of joy's decrease and dearth!

LXXXVII

'Enough of pleasure, and delight, and beauty,
Perish'd and gone, and hasting to decay;—
Enough to sadden even thee, whose duty
Or spite it is to havoc and to slay:
Too many a lovely race raz'd quite away,
Hath left large gaps in life and human loving:—
Here then begin thy cruel war to stay,
And spare fresh sighs, and tears, and groans, reproving
Thy desolating hand for our removing.'

LXXXVIII

Now here I heard a shrill and sudden cry,
And, looking up, I saw the antic Puck
Grappling with Time, who clutch'd him like a fly
Victim of his own sport,—the jester's luck!
He, whilst his fellows griev'd, poor wight, had stuck
His freakish gauds upon the Ancient's brow,
And now his ear, and now his beard, would pluck;
Whereas the angry churl had snatch'd him now,
Crying, 'Thou impish mischief, who art thou?'

LXXXIX

'Alas!' quoth Puck, 'a little random elf,
Born in the sport of nature, like a weed,
For simple sweet enjoyment of myself,
But for no other purpose, worth, or need;
And yet withal of a most happy breed;—
And there is Robin Goodfellow besides,
My partner dear in many a prankish deed
To make dame Laughter hold her jolly sides,
Like merry mummers twain on holy tides.

XC

''Tis we that bob the angler's idle cork,
Till e'en the patient man breathes half a curse;
We steal the morsel from the gossip's fork,
And curdling looks with secret straws disperse,
Or stop the sneezing chanter at mid verse:
And when an infant's beauty prospers ill,
We change, some mothers say, the child at nurse;
But any graver purpose to fulfil,
We have not wit enough, and scarce the will.

XCI

'We never let the canker melancholy
To gather on our faces like a rust,
But gloss our features with some change of folly,
Taking life's fabled miseries on trust,
But only sorrowing when sorrow must:
We ruminate no sage's solemn cud,
But own ourselves a pinch of lively dust
To frisk upon a wind,—whereas the flood
Of tears would turn us into heavy mud.

XCII

'Beshrew those sad interpreters of nature,
Who gloze her lively universal law,
As if she had not form'd our cheerful feature
To be so tickled with the slightest straw!
So let them vex their mumping mouths, and draw
The corners downward, like a wat'ry moon,
And deal in gusty sighs and rainy flaw—
We will not woo foul weather all too soon,
Or nurse November on the lap of June.

XCIII

'For ours are winging sprites, like any bird,
That shun all stagnant settlements of grief;
And even in our rest our hearts are stirr'd,
Like insects settled on a dancing leaf:—
This is our small philosophy in brief,
Which thus to teach hath set me all agape:
But dost thou relish it? O hoary chief!
Unclasp thy crooked fingers from my nape,
And I will show thee many a pleasant scrape.'

XCIV

Then Saturn thus:—shaking his crooked blade
O'erhead, which made aloft a lightning flash
In all the fairies' eyes, dismally fray'd!
His ensuing voice came like the thunder crash—
Meanwhile the bolt shatters some pine or ash—
'Thou feeble, wanton, foolish, fickle thing!
Whom nought can frighten, sadden, or abash,—
To hope my solemn countenance to wring
To idiot smiles!—but I will prune thy wing!

XCV

'Lo! this most awful handle of my scythe
Stood once a May-pole, with a flowery crown,
Which rustics danced around, and maidens blithe,
To wanton pipings;—but I pluck'd it down,

And robed the May Queen in a churchyard gown,
Turning her buds to rosemary and rue;
And all their merry minstrelsy did drown,
And laid each lusty leaper in the dew;—
So thou shalt fare—and every jovial crew!'

XCVI

Here he lets go the struggling imp, to clutch
His mortal engine with each grisly hand,
Which frights the elfin progeny so much,
They huddle in a heap, and trembling stand
All round Titania, like the queen bee's band,
With sighs and tears and very shrieks of woe!—
Meanwhile, some moving argument I plann'd,
To make the stern Shade merciful,—when lo!
He drops his fatal scythe without a blow!

XCVII

For, just at need, a timely Apparition
Steps in between, to bear the awful brunt;
Making him change his horrible position,
To marvel at this comer, brave and blunt,
That dares Time's irresistible affront,
Whose strokes have scarr'd even the gods of old;—
Whereas this seem'd a mortal, at mere hunt
For coneys, lighted by the moonshine cold,
Or stalker of stray deer, stealthy and bold.

XCVIII

Who, turning to the small assembled fays,
Doffs to the lily queen his courteous cap,
And holds her beauty for a while in gaze,
With bright eyes kindling at this pleasant hap;
And thence upon the fair moon's silver map,
As if in question of this magic chance,
Laid like a dream upon the green earth's lap;
And then upon old Saturn turns askance,
Exclaiming, with a glad and kindly glance:—

XCIX

'Oh, these be Fancy's revellers by night!
Stealthy companions of the downy moth—
Diana's motes, that flit in her pale light,
Shunners of sunbeams in diurnal sloth;—
These be the feasters on night's silver cloth,—
The gnat with shrilly trump is their convener,
Forth from their flowery chambers, nothing loth,
With lulling tunes to charm the air serener,
Or dance upon the grass to make it greener.

C

'These be the pretty genii of the flow'rs,
Daintily fed with honey and pure dew—
Midsummer's phantoms in her dreaming hours,
King Oberon, and all his merry crew,
The darling puppets of romance's view;
Fairies, and sprites, and goblin elves we call them,
Famous for patronage of lovers true;—
Nor harm they act, neither shall harm befall them,
So do not thus with crabbed frowns appal them.'

CI

O what a cry was Saturn's then!—it made
The fairies quake. 'What care I for their pranks,
However they may lovers choose to aid,
Or dance their roundelays on flow'ry banks?—
Long must they dance before they earn my thanks,—
So step aside, to some far safer spot,
Whilst with my hungry scythe I mow their ranks,
And leave them in the sun, like weeds, to rot,
And with the next day's sun to be forgot.'

CII

Anon, he raised afresh his weapon keen;
But still the gracious Shade disarm'd his aim,
Stepping with brave alacrity between,
And made his sere arm powerless and tame.
His be perpetual glory, for the shame
Of hoary Saturn in that grand defeat!—
But I must tell, how here Titania came
With all her kneeling lieges, to entreat
His kindly succour, in sad tones, but sweet.

CIII

Saying, 'Thou seest a wretched queen before thee,
The fading power of a failing land,
Who for her kingdom kneeleth to implore thee,
Now menac'd by this tyrant's spoiling hand;
No one but thee can hopefully withstand
That crooked blade, he longeth so to lift.
I pray thee blind him with his own vile sand,
Which only times all ruins by its drift,
Or prune his eagle wings that are so swift.

CIV

'Or take him by that sole and grizzled tuft,
That hangs upon his bald and barren crown;
And we will sing to see him so rebuff'd,
And lend our little mights to pull him down,

And make brave sport of his malicious frown,
For all his boastful mockery o'er men;
For thou wast born I know for this renown,
By my most magical and inward ken,
That readeth ev'n at Fate's forestalling pen.

CV

'Nay, by the golden lustre of thine eye,
And by thy brow's most fair and ample span,
Thought's glorious palace, fram'd for fancies high,
And by thy cheek thus passionately wan,
I know the signs of an immortal man,—
Nature's chief darling, and illustrious mate,
Destin'd to foil old Death's oblivious plan,
And shine untarnish'd by the fogs of Fate,
Time's famous rival till the final date!

CVI

'O shield us then from this usurping Time,
And we will visit thee in moonlight dreams;
And teach thee tunes, to wed unto thy rhyme,
And dance about thee in all midnight gleams,
Giving thee glimpses of our magic schemes,
Such as no mortal's eye hath ever seen;
And, for thy love to us in our extremes,
Will ever keep thy chaplet fresh and green,
Such as no poet's wreath hath ever been!

CVII

'And we'll distil thee aromatic dews,
To charm thy sense, when there shall be no flow'rs;
And flavour'd syrops in thy drinks infuse,
And teach the nightingale to haunt thy bow'rs.
And with our games divert thy weariest hours,
With all that elfin wits can e'er devise.
And, this churl dead, there'll be no hasting hours
To rob thee of thy joys, as now joy flies:'—
Here she was stopp'd by Saturn's furious cries.

CVIII

Whom, therefore, the kind Shade rebukes anew,
Saying, 'Thou haggard Sin, go forth, and scoop
Thy hollow coffin in some churchyard yew,
Or make th' autumnal flow'rs turn pale, and droop;
Or fell the bearded corn, till gleaners stoop
Under fat sheaves,—or blast the piny grove;—
But here thou shalt not harm this pretty groupe,
Whose lives are not so frail and feebly wove,
But leas'd on Nature's loveliness and love.

CIX

'Tis these that free the small entangled fly,
Caught in the venom'd spider's crafty snare;—
These be the petty surgeons that apply
The healing balsams to the wounded hare,
Bedded in bloody fern, no creature's care!—
These be providers for the orphan brood,
Whose tender mother hath been slain in air,
Quitting with gaping bill her darling's food,
Hard by the verge of her domestic wood.

CX

'Tis these befriend the timid trembling stag,
When, with a bursting heart beset with fears,
He feels his saving speed begin to flag;
For then they quench the fatal taint with tears,
And prompt fresh shifts in his alarum'd ears,
So piteously they view all bloody morts;
Or if the gunner, with his arm, appears,
Like noisy pyes and jays, with harsh reports,
They warn the wild fowl of his deadly sports.

CXI

For these are kindly ministers of nature,
To soothe all covert hurts and dumb distress;
Pretty they be, and very small of stature,—
For mercy still consorts with littleness;—
Wherefore the sum of good is still the less,
And mischief grossest in this world of wrong;—
So do these charitable dwarfs redress
The tenfold ravages of giants strong,
To whom great malice and great might belong.

CXII

Likewise to them are Poets much beholden
For secret favours in the midnight glooms;
Brave Spenser quaff'd out of their goblets golden,
And saw their tables spread of prompt mushrooms,
And heard their horns of honeysuckle blooms
Sounding upon the air most soothing soft,
Like humming bees busy about the brooms,—
And glanc'd this fair queen's witchery full oft,
And in her magic wain soared far aloft.

CXIII

Nay I myself, though mortal, once was nurs'd
By fairy gossips, friendly at my birth,
And in my childish ear glib Mab rehears'd
Her breezy travels round our planet's girth,

Telling me wonders of the moon and earth;
My gramarye at her grave lap I conn'd,
Where Puck hath been conven'd to make me mirth;
I have had from Queen Titania tokens fond,
And toy'd with Oberon's permitted wand.

CXIV

'With figs and plums and Persian dates they fed me,
And delicate cates after my sunset meal,
And took me by my childish hand, and led me
By craggy rocks crested with keeps of steel,
Whose awful bases deep dark woods conceal,
Staining some dead lake with their verdant dyes:
And when the West sparkled at Phœbus' wheel,
With fairy euphrasy they purg'd mine eyes,
To let me see their cities in the skies.

CXV

'Twas they first school'd my young imagination
To take its flights like any new-fledg'd bird,
And show'd the span of winged meditation
Stretch'd wider than things grossly seen or heard.
With sweet swift Ariel how I soar'd and stirr'd
The fragrant blooms of spiritual bow'rs!
'Twas they endear'd what I have still preferr'd,
Nature's blest attributes and balmy pow'rs,
Her hills and vales and brooks, sweet birds and flow'rs!

CXVI

'Wherefore with all true loyalty and duty
Will I regard them in my honouring rhyme,
With love for love, and homages to beauty,
And magic thoughts gather'd in night's cool clime,
With studious verse trancing the dragon Time,
Strong as old Merlin's necromantic spells;
So these dear monarchs of the summer's prime
Shall live unstartled by his dreadful yells,
Till shrill larks warn them to their flowery cells.'

CXVII

Look how a poison'd man turns livid black,
Drugg'd with a cup of deadly hellebore,
That sets his horrid features all at rack,—
So seem'd these words into the ear to pour
Of ghastly Saturn, answering with a roar
Of mortal pain and spite and utmost rage,
Wherewith his grisly arm he rais'd once more,
And bade the cluster'd sinews all engage,
As if at one fell stroke to wreck an age.

CXVIII

Whereas the blade flash'd on the dinted ground,
Down through his steadfast foe, yet made no scar
On that immortal Shade, or death-like wound ;
But Time was long benumb'd, and stood ajar,
And then with baffled rage took flight afar,
To weep his hurt in some Cimmerian gloom,
Or meaner fames (like mine) to mock and mar,
Or sharp his scythe for royal strokes of doom,
Whetting its edge on some old Cæsar's tomb.

CXIX

Howbeit he vanish'd in the forest shade,
Distantly heard as if some grumbling pard,
And, like Narcissus, to a sound decay'd ;—
Meanwhile the fays cluster'd the gracious Bard,
The darling centre of their dear regard :
Besides of sundry dances on the green,
Never was mortal man so brightly starr'd,
Or won such pretty homages, I ween.
'Nod to him, Elves!' cries the melodious queen.

CXX

'Nod to him, Elves, and flutter round about him,
And quite enclose him with your pretty crowd,
And touch him lovingly, for that, without him,
The silk-worm now had spun our dreary shroud ;—
But he hath all dispers'd death's tearful cloud,
And Time's dread effigy scar'd quite away :
Bow to him then, as though to me ye bow'd,
And his dear wishes prosper and obey
Wherever love and wit can find a way!

CXXI

''Noint him with fairy dews of magic savours,
Shaken from orient buds still pearly wet,
Roses and spicy pinks,—and, of all favours,
Plant in his walks the purple violet,
And meadow-sweet under the hedges set,
To mingle breaths with dainty eglantine
And honeysuckles sweet,—nor yet forget
Some pastoral flowery chaplets to entwine,
To vie the thoughts about his brow benign!

CXXII

'Let no wild things astonish him or fear him,
But tell them all how mild he is of heart,
Till e'en the timid hares go frankly near him,
And eke the dappled does, yet never start ;

Nor shall their fawns into the thickets dart,
Nor wrens forsake their nests among the leaves,
Nor speckled thrushes flutter far apart;—
But bid the sacred swallow haunt his eaves,
To guard his roof from lightning and from thieves.

CXXIII

'Or when he goes the nimble squirrel's visitor,
Let the brown hermit bring his hoarded nuts,
For, tell him, this is Nature's kind Inquisitor,—
Though man keeps cautious doors that conscience shuts,
For conscious wrong all curious quest rebuts,—
Nor yet shall bees uncase their jealous stings,
However he may watch their straw-built huts;—
So let him learn the crafts of all small things,
Which he will hint most aptly when he sings.'

CXXIV

Here she leaves off, and with a graceful hand
Waves thrice three splendid circles round his head;
Which, though deserted by the radiant wand,
Wears still the glory which her waving shed,
Such as erst crown'd the old Apostle's head,
To show the thoughts there harbour'd were divine,
And on immortal contemplations fed:—
Goodly it was to see that glory shine
Around a brow so lofty and benign!

CXXV

Goodly it was to see the elfin brood
Contend for kisses of his gentle hand,
That had their mortal enemy withstood,
And stay'd their lives, fast ebbing with the sand.
Long while this strife engag'd the pretty band;
But now bold Chanticleer, from farm to farm,
Challeng'd the dawn creeping o'er eastern land,
And well the fairies knew that shrill alarm,
Which sounds the knell of every elfish charm.

CXXVI

And soon the rolling mist, that 'gan arise
From plashy mead and undiscover'd stream,
Earth's morning incense to the early skies,
Crept o'er the failing landscape of my dream.
Soon faded then the Phantom of my theme—
A shapeless shade, that fancy disavow'd,
And shrank to nothing in the mist extreme.
Then flew Titania,—and her little crowd,
Like flocking linnets, vanish'd in a cloud.

HERO AND LEANDER

TO S. T. COLERIDGE, ESQ.

It is not with a hope my feeble praise
Can add one moment's honour to thy own,
That with thy mighty name I grace these lays;
I seek to glorify myself alone:
For that same precious favour thou hast shown
To my endeavour in a by-gone time,
And by this token, I would have it known
Thou art my friend, and friendly to my rhyme!
It is my dear ambition now to climb
Still higher in thy thought,—if my bold pen
May thrust on contemplations more sublime.—
But I am thirsty for thy praise, for when
We gain applauses from the great in name,
We seem to be partakers of *their* fame.

I

Oh Bards of old! what sorrows have ye sung,
And tragic stories, chronicled in stone,—
Sad Philomel restor'd her ravish'd tongue,
And transformed Niobe in dumbness shown;
Sweet Sappho on her love for ever calls,
And Hero on the drown'd Leander falls!

II

Was it that spectacles of sadder plights,
Should make our blisses relish the more high?
Then all fair dames, and maidens, and true knights,
Whose flourish'd fortunes prosper in Love's eye,
Weep here, unto a tale of ancient grief,
Trac'd from the course of an old bas-relief.

III

There stands Abydos!—here is Sestos' steep,
Hard by the gusty margin of the sea,
Where sprinkling waves continually do leap;
And that is where those famous lovers be,
A builded gloom shot up into the grey,
As if the first tall watch-tow'r of the day.

IV

Lo! how the lark soars upward and is gone;
Turning a spirit as he nears the sky,
His voice is heard, though body there is none,
And rain-like music scatters from on high;
But Love would follow with a falcon spite,
To pluck the minstrel from his dewy height.

V

For Love hath fram'd a ditty of regrets,
Tun'd to the hollow sobbings on the shore,
A vexing sense, that with like music frets,
And chimes this dismal burthen o'er and o'er,
Saying, Leander's joys are past and spent,
Like stars extinguish'd in the firmament.

VI

For ere the golden crevices of morn
Let in those regal luxuries of light,
Which all the variable east adorn,
And hang rich fringes on the skirts of night,
Leander, weaning from sweet Hero's side,
Must leave a widow where he found a bride.

VII

Hark! how the billows beat upon the sand!
Like pawing steeds impatient of delay;
Meanwhile their rider, ling'ring on the land,
Dallies with love, and holds farewell at bay
A too short span.—How tedious slow is grief!
But parting renders time both sad and brief.

VIII

'Alas (he sigh'd), that this first glimpsing light,
Which makes the wide world tenderly appear,
Should be the burning signal for my flight,
From all the world's best image, which is here;
Whose very shadow, in my fond compare,
Shines far more bright than Beauty's self elsewhere.'

IX

Their cheeks are white as blossoms of the dark,
Whose leaves close up and show the outward pale,
And those fair mirrors where their joys did spark,
All dim and tarnish'd with a dreary veil,
No more to kindle till the night's return,
Like stars replenish'd at Joy's golden urn.

X

Ev'n thus they creep into the spectral grey,
That cramps the landscape in its narrow brim,
As when two shadows by old Lethe stray,
He clasping her, and she entwining him;
Like trees wind-parted that embrace anon,
True love so often goes before 'tis gone.

XI

For what rich merchant but will pause in fear,
To trust his wealth to the unsafe abyss?
So Hero dotes upon her treasure here,
And sums the loss with many an anxious kiss,
Whilst her fond eyes grow dizzy in her head,
Fear aggravating fear with shows of dread.

XII

She thinks how many have been sunk and drown'd,
And spies their snow-white bones below the deep,
Then calls huge congregated monsters round,
And plants a rock wherever he would leap;
Anon she dwells on a fantastic dream,
Which she interprets of that fatal stream.

XIII

Saying, 'That honey'd fly I saw was thee,
Which lighted on a water-lily's cup,
When, lo! the flow'r, enamour'd of my bee,
Closed on him suddenly and lock'd him up,
And he was smother'd in her drenching dew;
Therefore this day thy drowning I shall rue.'

XIV

But next, remembering her virgin fame,
She clips him in her arms and bids him go,
But seeing him break loose, repents her shame,
And plucks him back upon her bosom's snow;
And tears unfix her iced resolve again,
As steadfast frosts are thawed by show'rs of rain.

XV

O for a type of parting!—Love to love
Is like the fond attraction of two spheres,
Which needs a godlike effort to remove,
And then sink down their sunny atmospheres,
In rain and darkness on each ruin'd heart,
Nor yet their melodies will sound apart.

XVI

So brave Leander sunders from his bride;
The wrenching pang disparts his soul in twain;
Half stays with her, half goes towards the tide,—
And life must ache, until they join again.
Now would'st thou know the wideness of the wound,
Mete every step he takes upon the ground.

XVII

And for the agony and bosom-throe,
Let it be measur'd by the wide vast air,
For that is infinite, and so is woe,
Since parted lovers breathe it every where.
Look how it heaves Leander's labouring chest,
Panting, at poise, upon a rocky crest!

XVIII

From which he leaps into the scooping brine,
That shocks his bosom with a double chill;
Because, all hours, till the slow sun's decline,
That cold divorcer will betwixt them still;
Wherefore he likens it to Styx' foul tide,
Where life grows death upon the other side.

XIX

Then sadly he confronts his two-fold toil
Against rude waves and an unwilling mind,
Wishing, alas! with the stout rower's toil,
That like a rower he might gaze behind,
And watch that lonely statue he hath left
On her bleak summit, weeping and bereft!

XX

Yet turning oft, he sees her troubled locks
Pursue him still the furthest that they may;
Her marble arms that overstretch the rocks,
And her pale passion'd hands that seem to pray
In dumb petition to the gods above:
Love prays devoutly when it prays for love!

XXI

Then with deep sighs he blows away the wave,
That hangs superfluous tears upon his cheek,
And bans his labour like a hopeless slave,
That, chain'd in hostile galley, faint and weak,
Plies on despairing through the restless foam,
Thoughtful of his lost love, and far-off home.

XXII

The drowsy mist before him chill and dank,
Like a dull lethargy o'erleans the sea,
Where he rows on against the utter blank,
Steering as if to dim eternity,—
Like Love's frail ghost departing with the dawn;
A failing shadow in the twilight drawn.

XXIII

And soon is gone,—or nothing but a faint
And failing image in the eye of thought,
That mocks his model with an after-paint,
And stains an atom like the shape she sought;
Then with her earnest vows she hopes to fee,
The old and hoary majesty of sea.

XXIV

'O King of waves, and brother of high Jove,
Preserve my sumless venture there afloat;
A woman's heart, and its whole wealth of love,
Are all embark'd upon that little boat;
Nay, but two loves. two lives, a double fate,
A perilous voyage for so dear a freight.

XXV

'If impious mariners be stain'd with crime,
Shake not in awful rage thy hoary locks;
Lay by thy storms until another time,
Lest my frail bark be dash'd against the rocks:
Or rather smooth thy deeps, that he may fly
Like Love himself, upon a seeming sky!

XXVI

'Let all thy herded monsters sleep beneath,
Nor gore him with crook'd tusks, or wreathed horns;
Let no fierce sharks destroy him with their teeth,
Nor spine-fish wound him with their venom'd thorns;
But if he faint, and timely succour lack,
Let ruthful dolphins rest him on their back.

XXVII

'Let no false dimpling whirlpools suck him in,
Nor slimy quicksands smother his sweet breath;
Let no jagg'd corals tear his tender skin,
Nor mountain billows bury him in death;'—
And with that thought forestalling her own fears,
She drown'd his painted image in her tears.

XXVIII

By this, the climbing sun, with rest repair'd,
Look'd through the gold embrasures of the sky,
And ask'd the drowsy world how she had far'd;—
The drowsy world shone brighten'd in reply;
And smiling off her fogs, his slanting beam
Spied young Leander in the middle stream.

XXIX

His face was pallid, but the hectic morn
Had hung a lying crimson on his cheeks,
And slanderous sparkles in his eyes forlorn;
So death lies ambush'd in consumptive streaks;
But inward grief was writhing o'er its task,
As heart-sick jesters weep behind the mask.

XXX

He thought of Hero and the lost delight,
Her last embracings, and the space between;
He thought of Hero and the future night,
Her speechless rapture and enamour'd mien,
When, lo! before him, scarce two galleys' space,
His thought's confronted with another face!

XXXI

Her aspect 's like a moon divinely fair,
But makes the midnight darker that it lies on;
'Tis so beclouded with her coal-black hair
That densely skirts her luminous horizon,
Making her doubly fair, thus darkly set,
As marble lies advantag'd upon jet.

XXXII

She 's all too bright, too argent, and too pale,
To be a woman;—but a woman's double,
Reflected on the wave so faint and frail,
She tops the billows like an air-blown bubble;
Or dim creation of a morning dream,
Fair as the wave-bleach'd lily of the stream.

XXXIII

The very rumour strikes his seeing dead:
Great beauty like great fear first stuns the sense:
He knows not if her lips be blue or red,
Nor if her eyes can give true evidence:
Like murder's witness swooning in the court,
His sight falls senseless by its own report.

XXXIV

Anon resuming, it declares her eyes
Are tinct with azure, like two crystal wells
That drink the blue complexion of the skies,
Or pearls outpeeping from their silvery shells:
Her polish'd brow, it is an ample plain,
To lodge vast contemplations of the main.

XXXV

Her lips might corals seem, but corals near,
Stray through her hair like blossoms on a bower;
And o'er the weaker red still domineer,
And make it pale by tribute to more power;
Her rounded cheeks are of still paler hue,
Touch'd by the bloom of water, tender blue.

XXXVI

Thus he beholds her rocking on the water,
Under the glossy umbrage of her hair,
Like pearly Amphitrite's fairest daughter
Naiad, or Nereid,—or Syren fair,
Mislodging music in her pitiless breast,
A nightingale within a falcon's nest.

XXXVII

They say there be such maidens in the deep,
Charming poor mariners, that all too near
By mortal lullabies fall dead asleep,
As drowsy men are poison'd through the ear;
Therefore Leander's fears begin to urge,
This snowy swan is come to sing his dirge.

XXXVIII

At which he falls into a deadly chill,
And strains his eyes upon her lips apart;
Fearing each breath to feel that prelude shrill,
Pierce through his marrow, like a breath-blown dart
Shot sudden from an Indian's hollow cane,
With mortal venom fraught, and fiery pain.

XXXIX

Here then, poor wretch, how he begins to crowd
A thousand thoughts within a pulse's space;
There seem'd so brief a pause of life allow'd,
His mind stretch'd universal, to embrace
The whole wide world, in an extreme farewell,—
A moment's musing—but an age to tell.

XL

For there stood Hero, widow'd at a glance,
The foreseen sum of many a tedious fact,
Pale cheeks, dim eyes, and wither'd countenance,
A wasted ruin that no wasting lack'd;
Time's tragic consequents ere time began,
A world of sorrow in a tear-drop's span.

XLI

A moment's thinking, is an hour in words,—
An hour of words is little for some woes;
Too little breathing a long life affords,
For love to paint itself by perfect shows;
Then let his love and grief unwrong'd lie dumb,
Whilst Fear, and that it fears, together come.

XLII

As when the crew, hard by some jutty cape,
Struck pale and panick'd by the billows' roar,
Lay by all timely measures of escape,
And let their bark go driving on the shore;
So fray'd Leander, drifting to his wreck,
Gazing on Scylla, falls upon her neck.

XLIII

For he hath all forgot the swimmer's art,
The rower's cunning, and the pilot's skill,
Letting his arms fall down in languid part,
Sway'd by the waves, and nothing by his will.
Till soon he jars against that glossy skin,
Solid like glass, though seemingly as thin.

XLIV

Lo! how she startles at the warning shock,
And straightway girds him to her radiant breast,
More like his safe smooth harbour than his rock;
Poor wretch, he is so faint and toil-opprest,
He cannot loose him from his grappling foe,
Whether for love or hate, she lets not go.

XLV

His eyes are blinded with the sleety brine,
His ears are deafen'd with the wildering noise;
He asks the purpose of her fell design,
But foamy waves choke up his struggling voice;
Under the ponderous sea his body dips,
And Hero's name dies bubbling on his lips.

XLVI

Look how a man is lower'd to his grave;
A yearning hollow in the green earth's lap;
So he is sunk into the yawning wave,
The plunging sea fills up the watery gap;
Anon he is all gone, and nothing seen,
But likeness of green turf and hillocks green.

XLVII

And where he swam, the constant sun lies sleeping,
Over the verdant plain that makes his bed;
And all the noisy waves go freshly leaping,
Like gamesome boys over the churchyard dead;
The light in vain keeps looking for his face,
Now screaming sea-fowl settle in his place.

XLVIII

Yet weep and watch for him though all in vain!
Ye moaning billows, seek him as ye wander!
Ye gazing sunbeams, look for him again!
Ye winds, grow hoarse with asking for Leander!
Ye did but spare him for more cruel rape,
Sea-storm and ruin in a female shape!

XLIX

She says 'tis love hath bribed her to this deed,
The glancing of his eyes did so bewitch her,
O bootless theft! unprofitable meed!
Love's treasury is sack'd, but she no richer;
The sparkles of his eyes are cold and dead,
And all his golden looks are turn'd to lead!

L

She holds the casket, but her simple hand
Hath spill'd its dearest jewel by the way;
She hath life's empty garment at command,
But her own death lies covert in the prey;
As if a thief should steal a tainted vest,
Some dead man's spoil, and sicken of his pest.

LI

Now she compels him to her deeps below,
Hiding his face beneath her plenteous hair,
Which jealously she shakes all round her brow,
For dread of envy, though no eyes are there
But seals', and all brute tenants of the deep,
Which heedless through the wave their journeys keep.

LII

Down and still downward through the dusky green
She bore him, murmuring with joyous haste
In too rash ignorance, as he had been
Born to the texture of that watery waste;
That which she breath'd and sigh'd, the emerald wave,
How could her pleasant home become his grave!

LIII

Down and still downward through the dusky green
She bore her treasure, with a face too nigh
To mark how life was alter'd in its mien,
Or how the light grew torpid in his eye,
Or how his pearly breath unprison'd there,
Flew up to join the universal air.

LIV

She could not miss the throbbings of his heart,
Whilst her own pulse so wanton'd in its joy;
She could not guess he struggled to depart,
And when he strove no more, the hapless boy!
She read his mortal stillness for content,
Feeling no fear where only love was meant.

LV

Soon she alights upon her ocean-floor,
And straight unyokes her arms from her fair prize;
Then on his lovely face begins to pore,
As if to glut her soul;—her hungry eyes
Have grown so jealous of her arms' delight;
It seems, she hath no other sense but sight.

LVI

But O sad marvel! O most bitter strange!
What dismal magic makes his cheek so pale,
Why will he not embrace,—why not exchange
Her kindly kisses;—wherefore not exhale
Some odorous message from life's ruby gates,
Where she his first sweet embassy awaits?

LVII

Her eyes, poor watchers, fix'd upon his looks,
Are grappled with a wonder near to grief,
As one, who pores on undecypher'd books,
Strains vain surmise, and dodges with belief;
So she keeps gazing with a mazy thought,
Framing a thousand doubts that end in nought.

LVIII

Too stern inscription for a page so young,
The dark translation of his look was death!
But death was written in an alien tongue,
And learning was not by to give it breath;
So one deep woe sleeps buried in its seal,
Which Time, untimely, hasteth to reveal.

LIX

Meanwhile she sits unconscious of her hap,
Nursing Death's marble effigy, which there
With heavy head lies pillow'd in her lap,
And elbows all unhinged ;—his sleeking hair
Creeps o'er her knees, and settles where his hand
Leans with lax fingers crook'd against the sand ;

LX

And there lies spread in many an oozy trail,
Like glossy weeds hung from a chalky base,
That shows no whiter than his brow is pale ;
So soon the wintry death had bleach'd his face
Into cold marble,—with blue chilly shades,
Showing wherein the freezy blood pervades.

LXI

And o'er his steadfast cheek a furrow'd pain
Hath set, and stiffen'd like a storm in ice,
Showing by drooping lines the deadly strain
Of mortal anguish ;—yet you might gaze twice
Ere Death it seem'd, and not his cousin, Sleep,
That through those creviced lids did underpeep.

LXII

But all that tender bloom about his eyes,
Is death's own vi'lets, which his utmost rite
It is to scatter when the red rose dies ;
For blue is chilly, and akin to white :
Also he leaves some tinges on his lips,
Which he hath kiss'd with such cold frosty nips.

LXIII

' Surely,' quoth she, ' he sleeps, the senseless thing,
Oppress'd and faint with toiling in the stream ! '
Therefore she will not mar his rest, but sing
So low, her tune shall mingle with his dream ;
Meanwhile, her lily fingers tasks to twine
His uncrispt locks uncurling in the brine.

LXIV

' O lovely boy ! '—thus she attun'd her voice,—
' Welcome, thrice welcome, to a sea-maid's home,
My love-mate thou shalt be, and true heart's choice ;
How have I long'd such a twin-self should come,—
A lonely thing, till this sweet chance befel,
My heart kept sighing like a hollow shell.

LXV

'Here thou shalt live, beneath this secret dome,
An ocean bow'r, defended by the shade
Of quiet waters; a cool emerald gloom
To lap thee all about. Nay, be not fray'd,
Those are but shady fishes that sail by
Like antic clouds across my liquid sky!

LXVI

'Look how the sunbeam burns upon their scales,
And shows rich glimpses of their Tyrian skins,
They flash small lightnings from their vigorous tails,
And winking stars are kindled at their fins;
These shall divert thee in thy weariest mood,
And seek thy hand for gamesomeness and food.

LXVII

'Lo! those green pretty leaves with tassel bells,
My flowrets those, that never pine for drowth;
Myself did plant them in the dappled shells,
That drink the wave with such a rosy mouth,—
Pearls wouldst thou have beside? crystals to shine?
I had such treasures once,—now they are thine.

LXVIII

'Now, lay thine ear against this golden sand,
And thou shalt hear the music of the sea,
Those hollow tunes it plays against the land,—
Is't not a rich and wondrous melody?
I have lain hours, and fancied in its tone
I heard the languages of ages gone!

LXIX

'I too can sing when it shall please thy choice,
And breathe soft tunes through a melodious shell,
Though heretofore I have but set my voice
To some long sighs, grief harmonized, to tell
How desolate I fared;—but this sweet change
Will add new notes of gladness to my range!

LXX

'Or bid me speak and I will tell thee tales,
Which I have framed out of the noise of waves;
Ere now, I have commun'd with senseless gales,
And held vain colloquies with barren caves;
But I could talk to thee whole days and days.
Only to word my love a thousand ways.

LXXI

'But if thy lips will bless me with their speech,
Then ope, sweet oracles! and I'll be mute;
I was born ignorant for thee to teach,
Nay all love's lore to thy dear looks impute;
Then ope thine eyes, fair teachers, by whose light
I saw to give away my heart aright!'

LXXII

But cold and deaf the sullen creature lies,
Over her knees, and with concealing clay,
Like hoarding Avarice locks up his eyes,
And leaves the world impoverish'd of day;
Then at his cruel lips she bends to plead,
But there the door is closed against her need.

LXXIII

Surely he sleeps,—so her false wits infer!
Alas! poor sluggard, ne'er to wake again!
Surely he sleeps, yet without any stir
That might denote a vision in his brain;
Or if he does not sleep, he feigns too long,
Twice she hath reach'd the ending of her song.

LXXIV

Therefore 'tis time she tells him to uncover
Those radiant jesters, and disperse her fears,
Whereby her April face is shaded over,
Like rainy clouds just ripe for showering tears;
Nay, if he will not wake, so poor she gets,
Herself must rob those lock'd up cabinets.

LXXV

With that she stoops above his brow, and bids
Her busy hands forsake his tangled hair,
And tenderly lift up those coffer-lids,
That she may gaze upon the jewels there,
Like babes that pluck an early bud apart,
To know the dainty colour of its heart.

LXXVI

Now, picture one, soft creeping to a bed,
Who slowly parts the fringe-hung canopies,
And then starts back to find the sleeper dead;
So she looks in on his uncover'd eyes,
And seeing all within so drear and dark,
Her own bright soul dies in her like a spark.

LXXVII

Backward she falls, like a pale prophetess,
Under the swoon of holy divination:
And what had all surpass'd her simple guess,
She now resolves in this dark revelation;
Death's very mystery,—oblivious death;—
Long sleep,—deep night, and an entranced breath.

LXXVIII

Yet life, though wounded sore, not wholly slain,
Merely obscur'd, and not extinguish'd, lies;
Her breath that stood at ebb, soon flows again,
Heaving her hollow breast with heavy sighs,
And light comes in and kindles up the gloom,
To light her spirit from its transient tomb.

LXXIX

Then like the sun, awaken'd at new dawn,
With pale bewilder'd face she peers about,
And spies blurr'd images obscurely drawn,
Uncertain shadows in a haze of doubt;
But her true grief grows shapely by degrees,
A perish'd creature lying on her knees.

LXXX

And now she knows how that old Murther preys,
Whose quarry on her lap lies newly slain;
How he roams all abroad and grimly slays,
Like a lean tiger in Love's own domain;
Parting from mates,—and oft in flowery lawns
Bereaves mild mothers of their milky fawns.

LXXXI

O too dear knowledge! O pernicious earning!
Foul curse engraven upon beauty's page!
Ev'n now the sorrow of that deadly learning
Ploughs up her brow, like an untimely age,
And on her cheek stamps verdict of death's truth,
By canker blights upon the bud of youth!

LXXXII

For as unwholesome winds decay the leaf,
So her cheeks' rose is perish'd by her sighs,
And withers in the sickly breath of grief;
Whilst unacquainted rheum bedims her eyes,
Tears, virgin tears, the first that ever leapt
From those young lids, now plentifully wept.

LXXXIII

Whence being shed, the liquid crystalline
Drops straightway down, refusing to partake
In gross admixture with the baser brine,
But shrinks and hardens into pearls opaque,
Hereafter to be worn on arms and ears;
So one maid's trophy is another's tears!

LXXXIV

'O foul Arch-Shadow, thou old cloud of Night,
(Thus in her frenzy she began to wail,)
Thou blank oblivion—blotter out of light,
Life's ruthless murderer, and dear love's bale!
Why hast thou left thy havoc incomplete,
Leaving me here, and slaying the more sweet?

LXXXV

'Lo! what a lovely ruin thou hast made,
Alas! alas! thou hast no eyes to see,
And blindly slew'st him in misguided shade.
Would I had lent my doting sense to thee!
But now I turn to thee, a willing mark,
Thine arrows miss me in the aimless dark!

LXXXVI

'O doubly cruel!—twice misdoing spite,
But I will guide thee with my helping eyes,
Or walk the wide world through, devoid of sight,
Yet thou shalt know me by my many sighs.
Nay, then thou should'st have spared my rose, false Death,
And known Love's flow'r by smelling his sweet breath;

LXXXVII

'Or, when thy furious rage was round him dealing,
Love should have grown from touching of his skin,
But like cold marble thou art all unfeeling,
And hast no ruddy springs of warmth within,
And being but a shape of freezing bone,
Thy touching only turn'd my love to stone!

LXXXVIII

'And here, alas! he lies across my knees,
With cheeks still colder than the stilly wave,
The light beneath his eyelids seems to freeze,
Here then, since Love is dead and lacks a grave,
O come and dig it in my sad heart's core—
That wound will bring a balsam for its sore!

LXXXIX

'For art thou not a sleep where sense of ill,
Lies stingless, like a sense benumb'd with cold,
Healing all hurts only with sleep's good will,
So shall I slumber, and perchance behold
My living love in dreams,—O happy night,
That lets me company his banished spright!

XC

'O poppy Death!—sweet poisoner of sleep!
Where shall I seek for thee, oblivious drug,
That I may steep thee in my drink, and creep
Out of life's coil. Look, Idol! how I hug
Thy dainty image in this strict embrace,
And kiss this clay-cold model of thy face!

XCI

'Put out, put out these sun-consuming lamps,
I do but read my sorrows by their shine,
O come and quench them with thy oozy damps,
And let my darkness intermix with thine;
Since love is blinded, wherefore should I see,
Now love is death,—death will be love to me!

XCII

'Away, away, this vain complaining breath,
It does but stir the troubles that I weep,
Let it be hush'd and quieted, sweet Death,
The wind must settle ere the wave can sleep,—
Since love is silent, I would fain be mute,
O Death, be gracious to my dying suit!'

XCIII

Thus far she pleads, but pleading nought avails her,
For Death, her sullen burthen, deigns no heed,
Then with dumb craving arms, since darkness fails her,
She prays to heav'n's fair light, as if her need
Inspir'd her there were Gods to pity pain,
Or end it,—but she lifts her arms in vain!

XCIV

Poor gilded Grief! the subtle light by this
With mazy gold creeps through her watery mine,
And, diving downward through the green abyss,
Lights up her palace with an amber shine;
There, falling on her arms,—the crystal skin
Reveals the ruby tide that fares within.

XCV

Look how the fulsome beam would hang a glory
On her dark hair, but the dark hairs repel it;
Look how the perjur'd glow suborns a story
On her pale lips, but lips refuse to tell it;
Grief will not swerve from grief, however told
On coral lips, or character'd in gold;

XCVI

Or else, thou maid! safe anchor'd on Love's neck,
Listing the hapless doom of young Leander,
Thou would'st not shed a tear for that old wreck,
Sitting secure where no wild surges wander;
Whereas the woe moves on with tragic pace,
And shows its sad reflection in thy face.

XCVII

Thus having travell'd on, and track'd the tale
Like the true course of an old bas-relief,
Where Tragedy pursues her progress pale,
Brood here awhile upon that sea-maid's grief,
And take a deeper imprint from the frieze
Of that young Fate, with Death upon her knees.

XCVIII

Then whilst the melancholy muse withal
Resumes her music in a sadder tone,
Meanwhile the sunbeam strikes upon the wall,
Conceive that lovely siren to live on,
Ev'n as Hope whisper'd, the Promethean light
Would kindle up the dead Leander's spright.

XCIX

'Tis light,' she says, 'that feeds the glittering stars,
And those were stars set in his heavenly brow,
But this salt cloud, this cold sea-vapour, mars
Their radiant breathing, and obscures them now,
Therefore I'll lay him in the clear blue air,
And see how these dull orbs will kindle there.'

C

Swiftly as dolphins glide, or swifter yet,
With dead Leander in her fond arms' fold,
She cleaves the meshes of that radiant net,
The sun hath twin'd above of liquid gold,
Nor slacks, till on the margin of the land,
She lays his body on the glowing sand.

CI

There, like a pearly waif, just past the reach
Of foamy billows he lies cast. Just then,
Some listless fishers, straying down the beach,
Spy out this wonder. Thence the curious men,
Low crouching, creep into a thicket brake,
And watch her doings till their rude hearts ache.

CII

First she begins to chafe him till she faints,
Then falls upon his mouth with kisses many,
And sometimes pauses in her own complaints
To list his breathing, but there is not any,—
Then looks into his eyes where no light dwells,
Light makes no pictures in such muddy wells.

CIII

The hot sun parches his discover'd eyes,
The hot sun beats on his discolour'd limbs,
The sand is oozy whereupon he lies,
Soiling his fairness;—then away she swims,
Meaning to gather him a daintier bed,
Plucking the cool fresh weeds, brown, green, and red.

CIV

But, simple-witted thief, while she dives under,
Another robs her of her amorous theft;
The ambush'd fishermen creep forth to plunder,
And steal the unwatch'd treasure she has left;
Only his void impression dints the sands;
Leander is purloin'd by stealthy hands!

CV

Lo! how she shudders off the beaded wave!
Like Grief all over tears, and senseless falls,
His void imprint seems hollow'd for her grave,
Then, rising on her knees, looks round and calls
On Hero! Hero! having learn'd this name
Of his last breath, she calls him by the same.

CVI

Then with her frantic hands she rends her hairs,
And casts them forth, sad keepsakes to the wind,
As if in plucking those she pluck'd her cares;
But grief lies deeper, and remains behind
Like a barb'd arrow, rankling in her brain,
Turning her very thoughts to throbs of pain.

CVII

Anon her tangled locks are left alone,
And down upon the sand she meekly sits,
Hard by the foam as humble as a stone,
Like an enchanted maid beside her wits,
That ponders with a look serene and tragic,
Stunn'd by the mighty mystery of magic.

CVIII

Or think of Ariadne's utter trance,
Craz'd by the flight of that disloyal traitor,
Who left her gazing on the green expanse
That swallow'd up his track,—yet this would mate her,
Ev'n in the cloudy summit of her woe,
When o'er the far sea-brim she saw him go.

CIX

For even so she bows, and bends her gaze
O'er the eternal waste, as if to sum
Its waves by weary thousands all her days,
Dismally doom'd! meanwhile the billows come,
And coldly dabble with her quiet feet,
Like any bleaching stones they wont to greet.

CX

And thence into her lap have boldly sprung,
Washing her weedy tresses to and fro,
That round her crouching knees have darkly hung,
But she sits careless of waves' ebb and flow,
Like a lone beacon on a desert coast,
Showing where all her hope was wreck'd and lost.

CXI

Yet whether in the sea or vaulted sky,
She knoweth not her love's abrupt resort,
So like a shape of dreams he left her eye,
Winking with doubt. Meanwhile, the churl's report
Has throng'd the beach with many a curious face,
That peeps upon her from its hiding place.

CXII

And here a head, and there a brow half seen,
Dodges behind a rock. Here on his hands,
A mariner his crumpled cheeks doth lean
Over a rugged crest. Another stands,
Holding his harmful arrow at the head,
Still check'd by human caution and strange dread.

CXIII

One stops his ears,—another close beholder
Whispers unto the next his grave surmise;
This crouches down,—and just above his shoulder,
A woman's pity saddens in her eyes,
And prompts her to befriend that lonely grief,
With all sweet helps of sisterly relief.

CXIV

And down the sunny beach she paces slowly,
With many doubtful pauses by the way;
Grief hath an influence so hush'd and holy—
Making her twice attempt, ere she can lay
Her hand upon that sea-maid's shoulder white,
Which makes her startle up in wild affright.

CXV

And, like a seal, she leaps into the wave
That drowns the shrill remainder of her scream;
Anon the sea fills up the watery cave,
And seals her exit with a foamy seam,—
Leaving those baffled gazers on the beach,
Turning in uncouth wonder each to each.

CXVI

Some watch, some call, some see her head emerge,
Wherever a brown weed falls through the foam;
Some point to white eruptions of the surge:—
But she is vanish'd to her shady home,
Under the deep, inscrutable,—and there
Weeps in a midnight made of her own hair.

CXVII

Now here, the sighing winds, before unheard,
Forth from their cloudy caves begin to blow,
Till all the surface of the deep is stirr'd,
Like to the panting grief it hides below;
And heav'n is cover'd with a stormy rack,
Soiling the waters with its inky black.

CXVIII

The screaming fowl resigns her finny prey,
And labours shoreward with a bending wing,
Rowing against the wind her toilsome way;
Meanwhile, the curling billows chafe, and fling
Their dewy frost still further on the stones,
That answer to the wind with hollow groans.

CXIX

And here and there a fisher's far-off bark
Flies with the sun's last glimpse upon its sail,
Like a bright flame amid the waters dark,
Watch'd with the hope and fear of maidens pale;
And anxious mothers that upturn their brows,
Freighting the gusty wind with frequent vows,

CXX

For that the horrid deep has no sure track
To guide love safe into his homely haven.
And lo! the storm grows blacker in its wrath,
O'er the dark billow brooding like a raven,
That bodes of death and widow's sorrowing,
Under the dusky covering of his wing.

CXXI

And so day ended. But no vesper spark
Hung forth its heavenly sign; but sheets of flame
Play'd round the savage features of the dark,
Making night horrible. That night, there came
A weeping maiden to high Sestos' steep,
And tore her hair and gaz'd upon the deep.

CXXII

And wav'd aloft her bright and ruddy torch,
Whose flame the boastful wind so rudely fann'd,
That oft it would recoil, and basely scorch
The tender covert of her sheltering hand;
Which yet, for love's dear sake, disdain'd retire,
And, like a glorying martyr, brav'd the fire.

CXXIII

For that was love's own sign and beacon guide
Across the Hellespont's wide weary space,
Wherein he nightly struggled with the tide;
Look what a red it forges on her face,
As if she blush'd at holding such a light,
Ev'n in the unseen presence of the night!

CXXIV

Whereas her tragic cheek is truly pale,
And colder than the rude and ruffian air
That howls into her ear a horrid tale
Of storm, and wreck, and uttermost despair,
Saying, 'Leander floats amid the surge,
And those are dismal waves that sing his dirge.'

CXXV

And hark!—a grieving voice, trembling and faint,
Blends with the hollow sobbings of the sea;
Like the sad music of a siren's plaint,
But shriller than Leander's voice should be,
Unless the wintry death had changed its tone,—
Wherefore she thinks she hears his spirit moan.

CXXVI

For now, upon each brief and breathless pause,
Made by the raging winds, it plainly calls
On Hero! Hero!—whereupon she draws
Close to the dizzy brink, that ne'er appals
Her brave and constant spirit to recoil,
However the wild billows toss and toil.

CXXVII

'Oh! dost thou live under the deep deep sea?
I thought such love as thine could never die;
If thou hast gain'd an immortality,
From the kind pitying sea-god, so will I;
And this false cruel tide that used to sever
Our hearts, shall be our common home for ever!

CXXVIII

'There we will sit and sport upon one billow,
And sing our ocean ditties all the day,
And lie together on the same green pillow,
That curls above us with its dewy spray;
And ever in one presence live and dwell,
Like two twin pearls within the selfsame shell.'

CXXIX

One moment, then, upon the dizzy verge
She stands;—with face upturn'd against the sky;
A moment more, upon the foamy surge
She gazes, with a calm despairing eye;
Feeling that awful pause of blood and breath
Which life endures when it confronts with death;—

Then from the giddy steep she madly springs,
Grasping her maiden robes, that vainly kept
Panting abroad, like unavailing wings,
To save her from her death.—The sea-maid wept,
And in a crystal cave her corse enshrin'd,
No meaner sepulchre should Hero find!

LYCUS, THE CENTAUR

FROM AN UNROLLED MANUSCRIPT OF APOLLONIUS CURIUS

To J. H. Reynolds, Esq.

My dear Reynolds,—

You will remember 'Lycus.'—It was written in the pleasant spring-time of our friendship, and I am glad to maintain that association by connecting your name with the Poem. It will gratify me to find that you regard it with the old partiality for the writings of each other, which prevailed in those days. For my own sake, I must regret that your pen goes now into far other records than those which used to delight me.

Your true Friend and Brother,

T. Hood.

THE ARGUMENT

Lycus, detained by Circe in her magical dominion, is beloved by a Water Nymph, who desiring to render him immortal, has recourse to the Sorceress. Circe gives her an incantation to pronounce, which should turn Lycus into a horse; but the horrible effect of the charm causing her to break off in the midst, he becomes a Centaur.

Who hath ever been lured and bound by a spell
To wander, fore-doom'd, in that circle of hell
Where Witchery works with her will like a god,
Works more than the wonders of time at a nod,—
At a word,—at a touch,—at a flash of the eye,
But each form is a cheat, and each sound is a lie,
Things born of a wish—to endure for a thought,
Or last for long ages—to vanish to nought,
Or put on new semblance? O Jove, I had given
The throne of a kingdom to know if that heaven,
And the earth and its streams were of Circe, or whether
They kept the world's birth-day and brighten'd together!
For I lov'd them in terror, and constantly dreaded
That the earth where I trod, and the cave where I bedded,
The face I might dote on, should live out the lease
Of the charm that created, and suddenly cease:
And I gave me to slumber, as if from one dream
To another—each horrid—and drank of the stream
Like a first taste of blood, lest as water I quaff'd
Swift poison, and never should breathe from the draught,—
Such drink as her own monarch husband drain'd up
When he pledg'd her, and Fate clos'd his eyes in the cup.
And I pluck'd of the fruit with held breath, and a fear
That the branch would start back and scream out in my ear;
For once, at my suppering, I pluck'd in the dusk
An apple, juice-gushing and fragrant of musk;
But by daylight my fingers were crimson'd with gore,
And the half-eaten fragment was flesh at the core;
And once—only once—for the love of its blush,

I broke a bloom bough, but there came such a gush
On my hand, that it fainted away in weak fright,
While the leaf-hidden woodpecker shriek'd at the sight;
And oh! such an agony thrill'd in that note,
That my soul, startling up, beat its wings in my throat,
As it long'd to be free of a body whose hand
Was doom'd to work torments a Fury had plann'd!

There I stood without stir, yet how willing to flee,
As if rooted and horror-turn'd into a tree,—
Oh! for innocent death,—and to suddenly win it,
I drank of the stream, but no poison was in it;
I plung'd in its waters, but ere I could sink,
Some invisible fate pull'd me back to the brink;
I sprang from the rock, from its pinnacle height,
But fell on the grass with a grasshopper's flight;
I ran at my fears—they were fears and no more,
For the bear would not mangle my limbs, nor the boar,
But moan'd,—all their brutaliz'd flesh could not smother,
The horrible truth,—we were kin to each other!

They were mournfully gentle, and group'd for relief,
All foes in their skin, but all friends in their grief:
The leopard was there,—baby-mild in its feature;
And the tiger, black barr'd, with the gaze of a creature
That knew gentle pity; the bristle-back'd boar,
His innocent tusks stain'd with mulberry gore;
And the laughing hyena—but laughing no more;
And the snake, not with magical orbs to devise
Strange death, but with woman's attraction of eyes;
The tall ugly ape, that still bore a dim shine
Through his hairy eclipse of a manhood divine;
And the elephant stately, with more than its reason,
How thoughtful in sadness! but this is no season
To reckon them up from the lag-bellied toad
To the mammoth, whose sobs shook his ponderous load.
There were woes of all shapes, wretched forms, when I came,
That hung down their heads with a human-like shame;
The elephant hid in the boughs, and the bear
Shed over his eyes the dark veil of his hair;
And the womanly soul turning sick with disgust,
Tried to vomit herself from her serpentine crust;
While all groan'd their groans into one at their lot,
As I brought them the image of what they were not.

Then rose a wild sound of the human voice choking
Through vile brutal organs—low tremulous croaking;
Cries swallow'd abruptly—deep animal tones
Attun'd to strange passion, and full-utter'd groans;
All shuddering weaker, till hush'd in a pause
Of tongues in mute motion and wide-yearning jaws;

And I guess'd that those horrors were meant to tell o'er
The tale of their woes; but the silence told more
That writhed on their tongues; and I knelt on the sod,
And pray'd with my voice to the cloud-stirring God,
For the sad congregation of supplicants there,
That upturn'd to his heaven brute faces of prayer;
And I ceased, and they utter'd a moaning so deep,
That I wept for my heart-ease,—but they could not weep,
And gazed with red eye-balls, all wistfully dry,
At the comfort of tears in a stag's human eye.
Then I motion'd them round, and, to soothe their distress,
I caress'd, and they bent them to meet my caress,
Their necks to my arm, and their heads to my palm,
And with poor grateful eyes suffer'd meekly and calm
Those tokens of kindness, withheld by hard fate
From returns that might chill the warm pity to hate;
So they passively bow'd—save the serpent, that leapt
To my breast like a sister, and pressingly crept
In embrace of my neck, and with close kisses blister'd
My lips in rash love,—then drew backward, and glister'd
Her eyes in my face, and loud hissing affright,
Dropt down, and swift started away from my sight!

This sorrow was theirs, but thrice wretched my lot,
Turn'd brute in my soul, though my body was not
When I fled from the sorrow of womanly faces,
That shrouded their woe in the shade of lone places,
And dash'd off bright tears, till their fingers were wet,
And then wiped their lids with long tresses of jet:
But I fled—though they stretch'd out their hands, all entangled
With hair, and blood-stain'd of the breasts they had mangled,—
Though they call'd—and perchance but to ask, had I seen
Their loves, or to tell the vile wrongs that had been:
But I stay'd not to hear, lest the story should hold
Some hell-form of words, some enchantment once told,
Might translate me in flesh to a brute; and I dreaded
To gaze on their charms, lest my faith should be wedded
With some pity,—and love in that pity perchance—
To a thing not all lovely; for once at a glance
Methought, where one sat, I descried a bright wonder
That flow'd like a long silver rivulet under
The long fenny grass, with so lovely a breast,
Could it be a snake-tail made the charm of the rest?

So I roam'd in that circle of horrors, and Fear
Walk'd with me, by hills, and in valleys, and near
Cluster'd trees for their gloom—not to shelter from heat—
But lest a brute-shadow should grow at my feet;
And besides that full oft in the sunshiny place,
Dark shadows would gather like clouds on its face,

In the horrible likeness of demons, (that none
Could see, like invisible flames in the sun ;)
But grew to one monster that seized on the light,
Like the dragon that strangles the moon in the night ;
Fierce sphinxes, long serpents, and asps of the South ;
Wild birds of huge beak, and all horrors that drouth
Engenders of slime in the land of the pest,
Vile shapes without shape, and foul bats of the West,
Bringing Night on their wings ; and the bodies wherein
Great Brahma imprisons the spirits of sin,
Many-handed, that blent in one phantom of fight
Like a Titan, and threatfully warr'd with the light ;
I have heard the wild shriek that gave signal to close,
When they rush'd on that shadowy Python of foes ;
That met with sharp beaks and wide gaping of jaws,
With flapping of wings, and fierce grasping of claws,
And whirls of long tails :—I have seen the quick flutter
Of fragments dissever'd,—and necks stretch'd to utter
Long screamings of pain,—the swift motion of blows,
And wrestling of arms—to the flight at the close,
When the dust of the earth startled upward in rings,
And flew on the whirlwind that follow'd their wings.

Thus they fled—not forgotten—but often to grow
Like fears in my eyes, when I walk'd to and fro
In the shadows, and felt from some beings unseen
The warm touch of kisses, but clean or unclean
I knew not, nor whether the love I had won
Was of heaven or hell—till one day in the sun,
In its very noon-blaze, I could fancy a thing
Of beauty, but faint as the cloud-mirrors fling
On the gaze of the shepherd that watches the sky,
Half-seen and half-dream'd in the soul of his eye.
And when in my musings I gaz'd on the stream,
In motionless trances of thought, there would seem
A face like that face, looking upward through mine ;
With its eyes full of love, and the dim-drowned shine
Of limbs and fair garments, like clouds in that blue
Serene :—there I stood for long hours but to view
Those fond earnest eyes that were ever uplifted
Towards me, and wink'd as the water-weed drifted
Between ; but the fish knew that presence, and plied
Their long curvy tails, and swift darted aside.

There I gazed for lost time, and forgot all the things
That once had been wonders—the fishes with wings,
And the glimmer of magnified eyes that look'd up
From the glooms of the bottom like pearls in a cup,
And the huge endless serpent of silvery gleam,
Slow winding along like a tide in the stream.

Some maid of the waters, some Naiad, methought
Held me dear in the pearl of her eye—and I brought
My wish to that fancy; and often I dash'd
My limbs in the water, and suddenly splash'd
The cool drops around me, yet clung to the brink,
Chill'd by watery fears, how that Beauty might sink
With my life in her arms to her garden, and bind me
With its long tangled grasses, or cruelly wind me
In some eddy to hum out my life in her ear,
Like a spider-caught bee,—and in aid of that fear
Came the tardy remembrance—Oh falsest of men!
Why was not that beauty remember'd till then?
My love, my safe love, whose glad life would have run
Into mine—like a drop—that our fate might be one,
That now, even now,—may-be,—clasp'd in a dream,
That form which I gave to some jilt of the stream,
And gaz'd with fond eyes that her tears tried to smother
On a mock of those eyes that I gave to another!

Then I rose from the stream, but the eyes of my mind,
Still full of the tempter, kept gazing behind
On her crystalline face, while I painfully leapt
To the bank, and shook off the curst waters, and wept
With my brow in the reeds; and the reeds to my ear
Bow'd, bent by no wind, and in whispers of fear,
Growing small with large secrets, foretold me of one
That loved me,—but oh to fly from her, and shun
Her love like a pest—though her love was as true
To mine as her stream to the heavenly blue;
For why should I love her with love that would bring
All misfortune, like Hate, on so joyous a thing?
Because of her rival,—even Her whose witch-face
I had slighted, and therefore was doom'd in that place
To roam, and had roam'd, where all horrors grew rank,
Nine days ere I wept with my brow on that bank;
Her name be not named, but her spite would not fail
To our love like a blight; and they told me the tale
Of Scylla, and Picus, imprison'd to speak
His shrill-screaming woe through a woodpecker's beak.

Then they ceased—I had heard as the voice of my star
That told me the truth of my fortunes—thus far
I had read of my sorrow, and lay in the hush
Of deep meditation,—when lo! a light crush
Of the reeds, and I turn'd and look'd round in the night
Of new sunshine, and saw, as I sipp'd of the light
Narrow-winking, the realized nymph of the stream,
Rising up from the wave with the bend and the gleam
Of a fountain, and o'er her white arms she kept throwing
Bright torrents of hair, that went flowing and flowing

In falls to her feet, and the blue waters roll'd
Down her limbs like a garment, in many a fold,
Sun-spangled, gold-broider'd, and fled far behind,
Like an infinite train. So she came and reclin'd
In the reeds, and I hunger'd to see her unseal
The buds of her eyes that would ope and reveal
The blue that was in them; and they ope'd, and she rais'd
Two orbs of pure crystal, and timidly gazed
With her eyes on my eyes; but their colour and shine
Was of that which they look'd on, and mostly of mine—
For she loved me,—except when she blush'd, and they sank,
Shame-humbled, to number the stones on the bank,
Or her play-idle fingers, while lisping she told me
How she put on her veil, and in love to behold me,
Would wing through the sun till she fainted away
Like a mist, and then flew to her waters and lay
In love-patience long hours, and sore dazzled her eyes
In watching for mine 'gainst the midsummer skies.
But now they were heal'd,—O my heart, it still dances
When I think of the charm of her changeable glances,
And my image how small when it sank in the deep
Of her eyes where her soul was,—Alas! now they weep,
And none knoweth where. In what stream do her eyes
Shed invisible tears? Who beholds where her sighs
Flow in eddies, or sees the ascent of the leaf
She has pluck'd with her tresses? Who listens her grief
Like a far fall of waters, or hears where her feet
Grow emphatic among the loose pebbles, and beat
Them together? Ah! surely her flowers float adown
To the sea unaccepted, and little ones drown
For need of her mercy,—even he whose twin-brother
Will miss him for ever; and the sorrowful mother
Imploreth in vain for his body to kiss
And cling to, all dripping and cold as it is,
Because that soft pity is lost in hard pain!
We loved,—how we loved!—for I thought not again
Of the woes that were whisper'd like fears in that place
If I gave me to beauty. Her face was the face
Far away, and her eyes were the eyes that were drown'd
For my absence,—her arms were the arms that sought round,
And clasp'd me to nought; for I gazed and became
Only true to my falsehood, and had but one name
For two loves, and called ever on Ægle, sweet maid
Of the sky-loving waters,—and was not afraid
Of the sight of her skin;—for it never could be,
Her beauty and love were misfortunes to me!

Thus our bliss had endured for a time-shorten'd space,
Like a day made of three, and the smile of her face
Had been with me for joy,—when she told me indeed
Her love was self-task'd with a work that would need

Some short hours, for in truth 'twas the veriest pity
Our love should not last, and then sang me a ditty,
Of one with warm lips that should love her, and love her
When suns were burnt dim and long ages past over.
So she fled with her voice, and I patiently nested
My limbs in the reeds, in still quiet, and rested.
Till my thoughts grew extinct, and I sank in a sleep
Of dreams,—but their meaning was hidden too deep
To be read what their woe was;—but still it was woe
That was writ on all faces that swam to and fro
In that river of night;—and the gaze of their eyes
Was sad,—and the bend of their brows,—and their cries
Were seen, but I heard not. The warm touch of tears
Travell'd down my cold cheeks, and I shook till my fears
Awaked me, and lo! I was couch'd in a bower,
The growth of long summers rear'd up in an hour!
Then I said, in the fear of my dream, I will fly
From this magic, but could not, because that my eye
Grew love-idle among the rich blooms; and the earth
Held me down with its coolness of touch, and the mirth
Of some bird was above me,—who, even in fear,
Would startle the thrush? and methought there drew near
A form as of Ægle,—but it was not the face
Hope made, and I knew the witch-Queen of that place,
Even Circe the Cruel, that came like a Death
Which I fear'd, and yet fled not, for want of my breath.
There was thought in her face, and her eyes were not raised
From the grass at her foot, but I saw, as I gazed,
Her spite—and her countenance changed with her mind
As she plann'd how to thrall me with beauty, and bind
My soul to her charms,—and her long tresses play'd
From shade into shine and from shine into shade,
Like a day in mid-autumn,—first fair, O how fair!
With long snaky locks of the adderblack hair
That clung round her neck,—those dark locks that I prize,
For the sake of a maid that once loved me with eyes
Of that fathomless hue,—but they changed as they roll'd,
And brighten'd, and suddenly blazed into gold
That she comb'd into flames, and the locks that fell down
Turn'd dark as they fell, but I slighted their brown,
Nor loved, till I saw the light ringlets shed wild,
That innocence wears when she is but a child;
And her eyes,—O I ne'er had been witch'd with their shine,
Had they been any other, my Ægle, than thine!

Then I gave me to magic, and gazed till I madden'd
In the full of their light,—but I sadden'd and sadden'd
The deeper I look'd,—till I sank on the snow
Of her bosom, a thing made of terror and woe,
And answer'd its throb with the shudder of fears,
And hid my cold eyes from her eyes with my tears,

And strain'd her white arms with the still languid weight
Of a fainting distress. There she sat like the Fate
That is nurse unto Death, and bent over in shame
To hide me from her—the true Ægle—that came
With the words on her lips the false witch had foregiv'n
To make me immortal—for now I was even
At the portals of Death, who but waited the hush
Of world-sounds in my ear to cry welcome, and rush
With my soul to the banks of his black-flowing river.
O would it had flown from my body for ever,
Ere I listen'd those words, when I felt with a start,
The life blood rush back in one throb to my heart,
And saw the pale lips where the rest of that spell
Had perish'd in horror—and heard the farewell
Of that voice that was drown'd in the dash of the stream!
How fain had I follow'd, and plunged with that scream
Into death, but my being indignantly lagg'd
Through the brutalized flesh that I painfully dragg'd
Behind me:—'O Circe! O mother of Spite!
Speak the last of that curse! and imprison me quite
In the husk of a brute,—that no pity may name
The man that I was,—that no kindred may claim
The monster I am! Let me utterly be
Brute-buried, and Nature's dishonour with me
Uninscribed!'—But she listen'd my prayer, that was praise
To her malice, with smiles, and advised me to gaze
On the river for love,—and perchance she would make
In pity a maid without eyes for my sake,
And she left me like Scorn. Then I ask'd of the wave,
What monster I was, and it trembled and gave
The true shape of my grief, and I turn'd with my face
From all waters for ever, and fled through that place,
Till with horror more strong than all magic I pass'd
Its bounds, and the world was before me at last.

There I wander'd in sorrow, and shunn'd the abodes
Of men, that stood up in the likeness of Gods,
But I saw from afar the warm shine of the sun
On their cities, where man was a million, not one;
And I saw the white smoke of their altars ascending,
That show'd where the hearts of the many were blending,
And the wind in my face brought shrill voices that came
From the trumpets that gather'd whole bands in one fame
As a chorus of man,—and they stream'd from the gates
Like a dusky libation pour'd out to the Fates.
But at times there were gentler processions of peace
That I watch'd with my soul in my eyes till their cease,
There were women! there men! but to me a third sex
I saw them all dots—yet I loved them as specks:
And oft to assuage a sad yearning of eyes
I stole near the city, but stole covert-wise

Like a wild beast of love, and perchance to be smitten
By some hand that I rather had wept on than bitten!
Oh, I once had a haunt near a cot where a mother
Daily sat in the shade with her child, and would smother
Its eyelids in kisses, and then in its sleep
Sang dreams in its ear of its manhood, while deep
In a thicket of willows I gazed o'er the brooks
That murmur'd between us and kiss'd them with looks;
But the willows unbosom'd their secret, and never
I return'd to a spot I had startled for ever,
Though I oft long'd to know, but could ask it of none,
Was the mother still fair, and how big was her son?

For the haunters of fields they all shunn'd me by flight,
The men in their horror, the women in fright;
None ever remain'd save a child once that sported
Among the wild bluebells, and playfully courted
The breeze; and beside him a speckled snake lay
Tight strangled, because it had hiss'd him away
From the flow'r at his finger; he rose and drew near
Like a Son of Immortals, one born to no fear,
But with strength of black locks and with eyes azure bright
To grow to large manhood of merciful might.
He came, with his face of bold wonder, to feel
The hair of my side, and to lift up my heel,
And question'd my face with wide eyes; but when under
My lids he saw tears,—for I wept at his wonder,
He stroked me, and utter'd such kindliness then,
That the once love of women, the friendship of men
In past sorrow, no kindness e'er came like a kiss
On my heart in its desolate day such as this!
And I yearn'd at his cheeks in my love, and down bent,
And lifted him up in my arms with intent
To kiss him,—but he cruel-kindly, alas!
Held out to my lips a pluck'd handful of grass!
Then I dropt him in horror, but felt as I fled
The stone he indignantly hurl'd at my head,
That dissever'd my ear,—but I felt not, whose fate
Was to meet more distress in his love than his hate!

Thus I wander'd, companion'd of grief and forlorn,
Till I wish'd for that land where my being was born.
But what was that land with its love, where my home
Was self-shut against me; for why should I come
Like an after-distress to my grey-bearded father,
With a blight to the last of his sight?—let him rather
Lament for me dead, and shed tears in the urn
Where I was not, and still in fond memory turn
To his son even such as he left him. Oh, how
Could I walk with the youth once my fellows, but now

Like Gods to my humbled estate ?—or how bear
The steeds once the pride of my eyes and the care
Of my hands ? Then I turn'd me self-banish'd, and came
Into Thessaly here, where I met with the same
As myself. I have heard how they met by a stream
In games, and were suddenly changed by a scream
That made wretches of many, as she roll'd her wild eyes
Against heav'n, and so vanish'd.—The gentle and wise
Lose their thoughts in deep studies, and others their ill
In the mirth of mankind where they mingle them still.

THE TWO PEACOCKS OF BEDFONT

I

Alas ! that breathing Vanity should go
Where Pride is buried,—like its very ghost,
Uprisen from the naked bones below,
In novel flesh, clad in the silent boast
Of gaudy silk that flutters to and fro,
Shedding its chilling superstition most
On young and ignorant natures—as it wont
To haunt the peaceful churchyard of Bedfont !

II

Each Sabbath morning, at the hour of prayer,
Behold two maidens, up the quiet green
Shining, far distant, in the summer air
That flaunts their dewy robes and breathes between
Their downy plumes,—sailing as if they were
Two far-off ships,—until they brush between
The churchyard's humble walls, and watch and wait
On either side of the wide open'd gate.

III

And there they stand—with haughty necks before
God's holy house, that points towards the skies—
Frowning reluctant duty from the poor,
And tempting homage from unthoughtful eyes :
And Youth looks lingering from the temple door,
Breathing its wishes in unfruitful sighs,
With pouting lips,—forgetful of the grace,
Of health, and smiles, on the heart-conscious face ;—

IV

Because that Wealth, which has no bliss beside,
May wear the happiness of rich attire ;

And those two sisters, in their silly pride,
May change the soul's warm glances for the fire
Of lifeless diamonds;—and for health deny'd,—
With art, that blushes at itself, inspire
Their languid cheeks—and flourish in a glory
That has no life in life, nor after-story.

V

The aged priest goes shaking his grey hair
In meekest censuring, and turns his eye
Earthward in grief, and heavenward in pray'r,
And sighs, and clasps his hands, and passes by.
Good-hearted man! what sullen soul would wear
Thy sorrow for a garb, and constantly
Put on thy censure, that might win the praise
Of one so grey in goodness and in days?

VI

Also the solemn clerk partakes the shame
Of this ungodly shine of human pride,
And sadly blends his reverence and blame
In one grave bow, and passes with a stride
Impatient:—many a red-hooded dame
Turns her pain'd head, but not her glance, aside
From wanton dress, and marvels o'er again,
That heaven hath no wet judgments for the vain.

VII

'I have a lily in the bloom at home,'
Quoth one, 'and by the blessed Sabbath day
I'll pluck my lily in its pride, and come
And read a lesson upon vain array;—
And when stiff silks are rustling up, and some
Give place, I'll shake it in proud eyes and say—
Making my reverence,—"Ladies, an' you please,
King Solomon's not half so fine as these."'

VIII

Then her meek partner, who has nearly run
His earthly course,—'Nay, Goody, let your text
Grow in the garden.—We have only one—
Who knows that these dim eyes may see the next?
Summer will come again, and summer sun,
And lilies too,—but I were sorely vext
To mar my garden, and cut short the blow
Of the last lily I may live to grow.'

IX

'The last!' quoth she, 'and though the last it were—
Lo! those two wantons, where they stand so proud
With waving plumes, and jewels in their hair,
And painted cheeks, like Dagons to be bow'd
And curtsey'd to!—last Sabbath after pray'r,
I heard the little Tomkins ask aloud
If they were angels—but I made him know
God's bright ones better, with a bitter blow!'

X

So speaking, they pursue the pebbly walk
That leads to the white porch the Sunday throng,
Hand-coupled urchins in restrained talk,
And anxious pedagogue that chastens wrong,
And posied churchwarden with solemn stalk,
And gold-bedizen'd beadle flames along,
And gentle peasant clad in buff and green,
Like a meek cowslip in the spring serene;

XI

And blushing maiden—modestly array'd
In spotless white,—still conscious of the glass;
And she, the lonely widow, that hath made
A sable covenant with grief,—alas!
She veils her tears under the deep, deep shade,
While the poor kindly-hearted, as they pass,
Bend to unclouded childhood, and caress
Her boy,—so rosy!—and so fatherless!

XII

Thus, as good Christians ought, they all draw near
The fair white temple to the timely call
Of pleasant bells that tremble in the ear.—
Now the last frock, and scarlet hood, and shawl
Fade into dusk, in the dim atmosphere
Of the low porch, and heav'n has won them all,
—Saving those two, that turn aside and pass
In velvet blossom, where all flesh is grass.

XIII

Ah me! to see their silken manors trail'd
In purple luxuries—with restless gold,—
Flaunting the grass where widowhood has wail'd
In blotted black,—over the heapy mould
Panting wave-wantonly! They never quail'd
How the warm vanity abused the cold;
Nor saw the solemn faces of the gone
Sadly uplooking through transparent stone:

XIV

But swept their dwellings with unquiet light,
Shocking the awful presence of the dead;
Where gracious natures would their eyes benight,
Nor wear their being with a lip too red,
Nor move too rudely in the summer bright
Of sun, but put staid sorrow in their tread,
Meting it into steps, with inward breath,
In very pity to bereaved death.

XV

Now in the church, time-sober'd minds resign
To solemn pray'r, and the loud chaunted hymn,—
With glowing picturings of joys divine
Painting the mistlight where the roof is dim;
But youth looks upward to the window shine,
Warming with rose and purple and the swim
Of gold, as if thought-tinted by the stains
Of gorgeous light through many-colour'd panes;

XVI

Soiling the virgin snow wherein God hath
Enrobed his angels,—and with absent eyes
Hearing of Heav'n, and its directed path,
Thoughtful of slippers,—and the glorious skies
Clouding with satin,—till the preacher's wrath
Consumes his pity, and he glows and cries,
With a deep voice that trembles in its might,
And earnest eyes grown eloquent in light:

XVII

'O that the vacant eye would learn to look
On very beauty, and the heart embrace
True loveliness, and from this holy book
Drink the warm-breathing tenderness and grace
Of love indeed! O that the young soul took
Its virgin passion from the glorious face
Of fair religion, and address'd its strife,
To win the riches of eternal life!

XVIII

'Doth the vain heart love glory that is none,
And the poor excellence of vain attire?
O go, and drown your eyes against the sun,
The visible ruler of the starry quire,
Till boiling gold in giddy eddies run,
Dazzling the brain with orbs of living fire;
And the faint soul down darkens into night,
And dies a burning martyrdom to light.

XIX

'O go, and gaze,—when the low winds of ev'n
Breathe hymns, and Nature's many forests nod
Their gold-crown'd heads; and the rich blooms of heav'n
Sun-ripen'd give their blushes up to God;
And mountain-rocks and cloudy steeps are riv'n
By founts of fire, as smitten by the rod
Of heavenly Moses,—that your thirsty sense
May quench its longings of magnificence!

XX

'Yet suns shall perish—stars shall fade away—
Day into darkness—darkness into death—
Death into silence; the warm light of day,
The blooms of summer, the rich glowing breath
Of even—all shall wither and decay,
Like the frail furniture of dreams beneath
The touch of morn—or bubbles of rich dyes
That break and vanish in the aching eyes.'

XXI

They hear, soul-blushing, and repentant shed
Unwholesome thoughts in wholesome tears, and pour
Their sin to earth,—and with low drooping head
Receive the solemn blessing, and implore
Its grace—then soberly with chasten'd tread,
They meekly press towards the gusty door,
With humbled eyes that go to graze upon
The lowly grass—like him of Babylon.

XXII

The lowly grass!—O water-constant mind!
Fast-ebbing holiness!—soon-fading grace
Of serious thought, as if the gushing wind
Through the low porch had wash'd it from the face
For ever!—How they lift their eyes to find
Old vanities.—Pride wins the very place
Of meekness, like a bird, and flutters now
With idle wings on the curl-conscious brow!

XXIII

And lo! with eager looks they seek the way
Of old temptation at the lowly gate;
To feast on feathers, and on vain array,
And painted cheeks, and the rich glistering state
Of jewel-sprinkled locks.—But where are they,
The graceless haughty ones that used to wait
With lofty neck, and nods, and stiffen'd eye?—
None challenge the old homage bending by.

XXIV

In vain they look for the ungracious bloom
Of rich apparel where it glow'd before,—
For Vanity has faded all to gloom,
And lofty Pride has stiffen'd to the core,
For impious Life to tremble at its doom,—
Set for a warning token evermore,
Whereon, as now, the giddy and the wise
Shall gaze with lifted hands and wond'ring eyes.

XXV

The aged priest goes on each sabbath morn,
But shakes not sorrow under his grey hair;
The solemn clerk goes lavender'd and shorn,
Nor stoops his back to the ungodly pair;—
And ancient lips that pucker'd up in scorn,
Go smoothly breathing to the house of pray'r;
And in the garden-plot, from day to day,
The lily blooms its long white life away.

XXVI

And where two haughty maidens use to be,
In pride of plume, where plumy Death had trod,
Trailing their gorgeous velvets wantonly,
Most unmeet pall, over the holy sod;—
There, gentle stranger, thou may'st only see
Two sombre Peacocks.——Age, with sapient nod
Marking the spot, still tarries to declare
How they once lived, and wherefore they are there[1].

[1] [On its original appearance in the *London Magazine*, October, 1822, this poem had the following note appended:—
If any man, in his unbelief, should doubt the truth and manner of this occurrence, he may in an easy way be assured thereof to his satisfaction, by going to Bedfont, a journey of some thirteen miles, where, in the churchyard, he may with his own eyes behold the two peacocks. They seem at first sight to be of yew-tree, which they greatly resemble, but on drawing nearer, he will perceive cut therein the date 1704—being, without doubt, the year of their transformation.]

MINOR POEMS

A RETROSPECTIVE REVIEW

Oh, when I was a tiny boy
My days and nights were full of joy,
  My mates were blithe and kind!—
No wonder that I sometimes sigh,
And dash the tear-drop from my eye,
  To cast a look behind!

A hoop was an eternal round
Of pleasure. In those days I found
  A top a joyous thing;—
But now those past delights I drop,
My head, alas! is all my top,
  And careful thoughts the string!

My marbles — once my bag was stor'd,—
Now I must play with Elgin's lord,
  With Theseus for a taw!
My playful horse has slipt his string,
Forgotten all his capering,
  And harness'd to the law!

My kite—how fast and far it flew!
Whilst I, a sort of Franklin, drew
  My pleasure from the sky!
'Twas paper'd o'er with studious themes,
The tasks I wrote—my present dreams
  Will never soar so high!

My joys are wingless all and dead;
My dumps are made of more than lead;
  My flights soon find a fall;
My fears prevail, my fancies droop,
Joy never cometh with a hoop,
  And seldom with a call!

My football 's laid upon the shelf;
I am a shuttlecock myself
  The world knocks to and fro;—
My archery is all unlearn'd,
And grief against myself has turn'd
  My arrows and my bow!

No more in noontide sun I bask;
My authorship 's an endless task,
  My head 's ne'er out of school:
My heart is pain'd with scorn and slight,
I have too many foes to fight,
  And friends grown strangely cool!

The very chum that shared my cake
Holds out so cold a hand to shake,
  It makes me shrink and sigh:—
On this I will not dwell and hang,
The changeling would not feel a pang
  Though these should meet his eye!

No skies so blue or so serene
As then;—no leaves look half so green
  As cloth'd the play-ground tree!
All things I lov'd are alter'd so,
Nor does it ease my heart to know
  That change resides in me!

O, for the garb that mark'd the boy,
The trowsers made of corduroy,
  Well ink'd with black and red;
The crownless hat, ne'er deem'd an ill—
It only let the sunshine still
  Repose upon my head!

O, for the riband round the neck!
The careless dog's-ears apt to deck
  My book and collar both!
How can this formal man be styled
Merely an Alexandrine child,
  A boy of larger growth?

O, for that small, small beer anew!
And (heaven's own type) that mild sky-blue
  That wash'd my sweet meals down;
The master even!—and that small Turk
That fagg'd me!—worse is now my work—
  A fag for all the town!

O, for the lessons learn'd by heart !
Ay, though the very birch's smart
  Should mark those hours again ;
I'd ' kiss the rod,' and be resign'd
Beneath the stroke, and even find
  Some sugar in the cane !

The Arabian Nights rehears'd in bed !
The Fairy Tales in school-time read,
  By stealth, 'twixt verb and noun !
The angel form that always walk'd
In all my dreams, and look'd and talk'd
  Exactly like Miss Brown !

The *omne bene*—Christmas come !
The prize of merit, won for home—
  Merit had prizes then !
But now I write for days and days,
For fame—a deal of empty praise,
  Without the silver pen !

Then home, sweet home ! the crowded coach—
The joyous shout — the loud approach—
  The winding horns like rams' !
The meeting sweet that made me thrill,
The sweetmeats almost sweeter still,
  No ' satis ' to the ' jams ! '—

When that I was a tiny boy
My days and nights were full of joy,
  My mates were blithe and kind !
No wonder that I sometimes sigh,
And dash the tear-drop from my eye,
  To cast a look behind !

FAIR INES

I

O saw ye not fair Ines ?
She 's gone into the West,
To dazzle when the sun is down,
And rob the world of rest :
She took our daylight with her,
The smiles that we love best,
With morning blushes on her cheek,
And pearls upon her breast.

II

O turn again, fair Ines,
Before the fall of night,
For fear the Moon should shine alone,
And stars unrivall'd bright ;
And blessed will the lover be
That walks beneath their light,
And breathes the love against thy cheek
I dare not even write !

III

Would I had been, fair Ines,
That gallant cavalier,
Who rode so gaily by thy side,
And whisper'd thee so near !—
Were there no bonny dames at home
Or no true lovers here,
That he should cross the seas to win
The dearest of the dear ?

IV

I saw thee, lovely Ines,
Descend along the shore,
With bands of noble gentlemen,
And banners wav'd before ;
And gentle youth and maidens gay,
And snowy plumes they wore ;—
It would have been a beauteous dream,
—If it had been no more !

V

Alas, alas, fair Ines,
She went away with song,
With Music waiting on her steps,
And shoutings of the throng ;
But some were sad, and felt no mirth,
But only Music's wrong,
In sounds that sang Farewell, Farewell,
To her you've loved so long.

VI

Farewell, farewell, fair Ines,
That vessel never bore
So fair a lady on its deck,
Nor danc'd so light before,—
Alas for pleasure on the sea,
And sorrow on the shore!
The smile that blest one lover's heart
Has broken many more!

THE DEPARTURE OF SUMMER

SUMMER is gone on swallows' wings,
And Earth has buried all her flowers:
No more the lark, the linnet sings,
But Silence sits in faded bowers.
There is a shadow on the plain
Of Winter ere he comes again,—
There is in woods a solemn sound
Of hollow warnings whisper'd round,
As Echo in her deep recess
For once had turn'd a prophetess.
Shuddering Autumn stops to list,
And breathes his fear in sudden sighs,
With clouded face, and hazel eyes
That quench themselves, and hide in mist.

Yes, Summer 's gone like pageant bright;
Its glorious days of golden light
Are gone—the mimic suns that quiver,
Then melt in Time's dark-flowing river.
Gone the sweetly-scented breeze
That spoke in music to the trees;
Gone for damp and chilly breath,
As if fresh blown o'er marble seas,
Or newly from the lungs of Death.—
Gone its virgin roses' blushes,
Warm as when Aurora rushes
Freshly from the god's embrace,
With all her shame upon her face.
Old Time hath laid them in the mould;
Sure he is blind as well as old,
Whose hand relentless never spares
Young cheeks so beauty-bright as theirs!
Gone are the flame-ey'd lovers now
From where so blushing-blest they tarried
Under the hawthorn's blossom-bough,
Gone; for Day and Night are married.
All the light of love is fled:—
Alas! that negro breasts should hide
The lips that were so rosy red,
At morning and at even-tide!

Delightful Summer! then adieu
Till thou shalt visit us anew:
But who without regretful sigh
Can say, adieu, and see thee fly?
Not he that e'er hath felt thy pow'r,
His joy expanding like a flow'r
That cometh after rain and snow,
Looks up at heaven, and learns to glow:—
Not he that fled from Babel-strife
To the green sabbath-land of life,
To dodge dull Care 'mid cluster'd trees,
And cool his forehead in the breeze,—
Whose spirit, weary-worn perchance,
Shook from its wings a weight of grief,
And perch'd upon an aspen leaf,
For every breath to make it dance.

Farewell!—on wings of sombre stain,
That blacken in the last blue skies,
Thou fly'st; but thou wilt come again
On the gay wings of butterflies.
Spring at thy approach will sprout
Her new Corinthian beauties out,
Leaf-woven homes, where twitter-words
Will grow to songs, and eggs to birds;
Ambitious buds shall swell to flowers,
And April smiles to sunny hours.
Bright days shall be, and gentle nights
Full of soft breath and echo-lights,
As if the god of sun-time kept
His eyes half open while he slept.

Roses shall be where roses were,
Not shadows, but reality ;
As if they never perish'd there,
But slept in immortality :
Nature shall thrill with new delight,
And Time's relumin'd river run
Warm as young blood, and dazzling bright,
As if its source were in the sun !

But say, hath Winter then no charms ?
Is there no joy, no gladness warms
His aged heart ? no happy wiles
To cheat the hoary one to smiles ?
Onward he comes—the cruel North
Pours his furious whirlwind forth
Before him—and we breathe the breath
Of famish'd bears that howl to death.
Onward he comes from rocks that blanch
O'er solid streams that never flow,
His tears all ice, his locks all snow,
Just crept from some huge avalanche—
A thing half-breathing and half-warm,
As if one spark began to glow
Within some statue's marble form,
Or pilgrim stiffen'd in the storm.
O ! will not Mirth's light arrows fail
To pierce that frozen coat of mail ?
O ! will not Joy but strive in vain
To light up those glaz'd eyes again ?

No ! take him in, and blaze the oak,
And pour the wine, and warm the ale ;
His sides shall shake to many a joke,
His tongue shall thaw in many a tale,
His eyes grow bright, his heart be gay,
And even his palsy charm'd away.
What heeds he then the boisterous shout
Of angry winds that scold without,
Like shrewish wives at tavern door ?
What heeds he then the wild uproar
Of billows bursting on the shore ?
In dashing waves, in howling breeze,
There is a music that can charm him ;
When safe, and shelter'd, and at ease,
He hears the storm that cannot harm him.

But hark! those shouts! that sudden din
Of little hearts that laugh within.
O ! take him where the youngsters play,
And he will grow as young as they !
They come ! they come ! each blue-eye'd Sport,
The Twelfth-Night King and all his court—
'Tis Mirth fresh crown'd with mistletoe !
Music with her merry fiddles,
Joy ' on light fantastic toe,'
Wit with all his jests and riddles,
Singing and dancing as they go.
And Love, young Love, among the rest,
A welcome—nor unbidden guest.

But still for Summer dost thou grieve ?
Then read our Poets—they shall weave
A garden of green fancies still,
Where thy wish may rove at will.
They have kept for after treats
The essences of summer sweets,
And echoes of its songs that wind
In endless music through the mind :
They have stamp'd in visible traces
The ' thoughts that breathe,' in words that shine—
The flights of soul in sunny places—
To greet and company with thine.
These shall wing thee on to flow'rs—
The past or future, that shall seem
All the brighter in thy dream
For blowing in such desert hours.
The summer never shines so bright
As thought of in a winter's night ;
And the sweetest loveliest rose
Is in the bud before it blows.
The dear one of the lover's heart
Is painted to his longing eyes,
In charms she ne'er can realize—
But when she turns again to part.
Dream thou then, and bind thy brow
With wreath of fancy roses now,

And drink of Summer in the cup
Where the Muse hath mix'd it up;
The 'dance, and song, and sun-burnt mirth,'
With the warm nectar of the earth:
Drink! 'twill glow in every vein,
And thou shalt dream the winter through:
Then waken to the sun again,
And find thy Summer Vision true!

SONG

FOR MUSIC

A LAKE and a fairy boat
To sail in the moonlight clear,—
And merrily we would float
From the dragons that watch us here!

Thy gown should be snow-white silk,
And strings of orient pearls,
Like gossamers dipp'd in milk,
Should twine with thy raven curls!

Red rubies should deck thy hands,
And diamonds should be thy dow'r—
But Fairies have broke their wands,
And wishing has lost its pow'r!

ODE

AUTUMN

I

I SAW old Autumn in the misty morn
Stand shadowless like Silence, listening
To silence, for no lonely bird would sing
Into his hollow ear from woods forlorn,
Nor lowly hedge nor solitary thorn;—
Shaking his languid locks all dewy bright
With tangled gossamer that fell by night,
Pearling his coronet of golden corn.

II

Where are the songs of Summer?—With the sun,
Oping the dusky eyelids of the south,
Till shade and silence waken up as one,
And Morning sings with a warm odorous mouth.
Where are the merry birds?—Away, away,
On panting wings through the inclement skies,
Lest owls should prey
Undazzled at noon-day,
And tear with horny beak their lustrous eyes.

III

Where are the blooms of Summer?—In the west,
Blushing their last to the last sunny hours,
When the mild Eve by sudden Night is prest
Like tearful Proserpine, snatch'd from her flow'rs
To a most gloomy breast.
Where is the pride of Summer,—the green prime,—
The many, many leaves all twinkling?—Three
On the moss'd elm; three on the naked lime
Trembling,—and one upon the old oak tree!
Where is the Dryads' immortality?—
Gone into mournful cypress and dark yew,
Or wearing the long gloomy Winter through
In the smooth holly's green eternity.

IV

The squirrel gloats on his accomplish'd hoard,
The ants have brimm'd their garners with ripe grain,
And honey bees have stor'd
The sweets of Summer in their luscious cells;
The swallows all have wing'd across the main;
But here the Autumn melancholy dwells,
And sighs her tearful spells
Amongst the sunless shadows of the plain.
Alone, alone,
Upon a mossy stone,
She sits and reckons up the dead and gone
With the last leaves for a love-rosary,
Whilst all the wither'd world looks drearily,
Like a dim picture of the drowned past
In the hush'd mind's mysterious far away,
Doubtful what ghostly thing will steal the last
Into that distance, grey upon the grey.

V

O go and sit with her, and be o'ershaded
Under the languid downfall of her hair:
She wears a coronal of flowers faded
Upon her forehead, and a face of care;—
There is enough of wither'd every where
To make her bower,—and enough of gloom;
There is enough of sadness to invite,
If only for the rose that died,—whose doom
Is Beauty's,—she that with the living bloom
Of conscious cheeks most beautifies the light;—
There is enough of sorrowing, and quite
Enough of bitter fruits the earth doth bear,—
Enough of chilly droppings for her bowl;
Enough of fear and shadowy despair,
To frame her cloudy prison for the soul!

BALLAD

SPRING it is cheery,
Winter is dreary,
Green leaves hang, but the brown must fly;
When he 's forsaken,
Wither'd and shaken
What can an old man do but die?

Love will not clip him,
Maids will not lip him,
Maud and Marian pass him by;
Youth it is sunny,
Age has no honey,—
What can an old man do but die?

June it was jolly,
O for its folly!
A dancing leg and a laughing eye;
Youth may be silly,
Wisdom is chilly,—
What can an old man do but die?

Friends, they are scanty,
Beggars are plenty,
If he has followers, I know why;
Gold 's in his clutches,
(Buying him crutches!)—
What can an old man do but die?

HYMN TO THE SUN

GIVER of glowing light!
Though but a god of other days,
The kings and sages
Of wiser ages
Still live and gladden in thy genial rays!

King of the tuneful lyre,
Still poets' hymns to thee belong;
Though lips are cold
Whereon of old
Thy beams all turn'd to worshipping and song!

Lord of the dreadful bow,
None triumph now for Python's death;
But thou dost save
From hungry grave
The life that hangs upon a summer breath.

Father of rosy day,
No more thy clouds of incense rise;
But waking flow'rs
At morning hours,
Give out their sweets to meet thee in the skies.

God of the Delphic fane,
No more thou listenest to hymns sublime;
But they will leave
On winds at eve,
A solemn echo to the end of time.

TO A COLD BEAUTY

I

LADY, wouldst thou heiress be
To Winter's cold and cruel part?
When he sets the rivers free
Thou dost still lock up thy heart;—
Thou that shouldst outlast the snow,
But in the whiteness of thy brow.

II

Scorn and cold neglect are made
For winter gloom and winter wind,
But thou wilt wrong the summer air,
Breathing it to words unkind,—
Breath which only should belong
To love, to sunlight, and to song!

III

When the little buds unclose,
  Red, and white, and pied, and blue,
And that virgin flow'r, the rose,
  Opes her heart to hold the dew,
Wilt thou lock thy bosom up
With no jewel in its cup ?

IV

Let not cold December sit
  Thus in Love's peculiar throne;—
Brooklets are not prison'd now,
  But crystal frosts are all agone,
And that which hangs upon the spray,
It is no snow, but flow'r of May !

AUTUMN

I

THE Autumn skies are flush'd with gold,
And fair and bright the rivers run ;
These are but streams of winter cold,
And painted mists that quench the sun.

II

In secret boughs no sweet birds sing,
In secret boughs no bird can shroud ;
These are but leaves that take to wing,
And wintry winds that pipe so loud.

III

'Tis not trees' shade, but cloudy glooms
That on the cheerless vallies fall,
The flowers are in their grassy tombs,
And tears of dew are on them all.

RUTH

SHE stood breast high amid the corn,
Clasp'd by the golden light of morn,
Like the sweetheart of the sun,
Who many a glowing kiss had won.

On her cheek an autumn flush,
Deeply ripened ;—such a blush
In the midst of brown was born,
Like red poppies grown with corn.

Round her eyes her tresses fell,
Which were blackest none could tell,
But long lashes veil'd a light,
That had else been all too bright.

And her hat, with shady brim,
Made her tressy forehead dim ;—
Thus she stood amid the stooks,
Praising God with sweetest looks :—

Sure, I said, heav'n did not mean,
Where I reap thou shouldst but glean,
Lay thy sheaf adown and come,
Share my harvest and my home.

THE SEA OF DEATH

A FRAGMENT

—— METHOUGHT I saw
Life swiftly treading over endless space ;
And, at her foot-print, but a bygone pace,
The ocean-past, which, with increasing wave,
Swallow'd her steps like a pursuing grave.

Sad were my thoughts that anchor'd silently
On the dead waters of that passionless sea,
Unstirr'd by any touch of living breath:
Silence hung over it, and drowsy Death,
Like a gorged sea-bird, slept with folded wings
On crowded carcases—sad passive things
That wore the thin grey surface, like a veil
Over the calmness of their features pale.

And there were spring-faced cherubs that did sleep
Like water-lilies on that motionless deep,
How beautiful! with bright unruffled hair
On sleek unfretted brows, and eyes that were
Buried in marble tombs, a pale eclipse!
And smile-bedimpled cheeks, and pleasant lips,
Meekly apart, as if the soul intense
Spake out in dreams of its own innocence:
And so they lay in loveliness, and kept
The birth-night of their peace, that Life e'en wept
With very envy of their happy fronts;
For there were neighbour brows scarr'd by the brunts
Of strife and sorrowing—where Care had set
His crooked autograph, and marr'd the jet
Of glossy, locks with hollow eyes forlorn,
And lips that curl'd in bitterness and scorn—
Wretched,—as they had breathed of this world's pain,
And so bequeath'd it to the world again
Through the beholder's heart in heavy sighs.

So lay they garmented in torpid light,
Under the pall of a transparent night,
Like solemn apparitions lull'd sublime
To everlasting rest,—and with them Time
Slept, as he sleeps upon the silent face
Of a dark dial in a sunless place.

BALLAD

SHE's up and gone, the graceless Girl!
And robb'd my failing years;
My blood before was thin and cold
But now 'tis turn'd to tears;—
My shadow falls upon my grave,
So near the brink I stand,
She might have staid a little yet,
And led me by the hand!

Aye, call her on the barren moor,
And call her on the hill,
'Tis nothing but the heron's cry,
And plovers answer shrill;

My child is flown on wilder wings,
Than they have ever spread,
And I may even walk a waste
That widen'd when she fled.

Full many a thankless child has been,
But never one like mine;
Her meat was served on plates of gold,
Her drink was rosy wine;
But now she'll share the robin's food,
And sup the common rill,
Before her feet will turn again
To meet her father's will!

I REMEMBER, I REMEMBER

I

I REMEMBER, I remember,
The house where I was born,
The little window where the sun
Came peeping in at morn ;
He never came a wink too soon,
Nor brought too long a day,
But now, I often wish the night
Had borne my breath away !

II

I remember, I remember,
The roses, red and white,
The vi'lets, and the lily-cups,
Those flowers made of light !
The lilacs where the robin built,
And where my brother set
The laburnum on his birthday,—
The tree is living yet !

III

I remember, I remember,
Where I was used to swing,
And thought the air must rush as fresh
To swallows on the wing ;
My spirit flew in feathers then,
That is so heavy now,
And summer pools could hardly cool
The fever on my brow !

IV

I remember, I remember,
The fir trees dark and high ;
I used to think their slender tops
Were close against the sky :
It was a childish ignorance,
But now 'tis little joy
To know I'm farther off from heav'n
Than when I was a boy.

BALLAD

SIGH on sad heart, for Love's eclipse,
And Beauty's fairest queen,
Tho' 'tis not for my peasant lips
To soil her name between :
A king might lay his sceptre down,
But I am poor and nought,
The brow should wear a golden crown
That wears her in its thought.

The diamonds glancing in her hair,
Whose sudden beams surprise,
Might bid such humble hopes beware
The glancing of her eyes ;
Yet looking once, I look'd too long,
And if my love is sin,
Death follows on the heels of wrong,
And kills the crime within.

Her dress seem'd wove of lily leaves,
It was so pure and fine,
O lofty wears, and lowly weaves,
But hoddan grey is mine ;
And homely hose must step apart,
Where garter'd princes stand,
But may he wear my love at heart
That wins her lily hand !

Alas ! there 's far from russet frize
To silks and satin gowns,
But I doubt if God made like degrees,
In courtly hearts and clowns.
My father wrong'd a maiden's mirth,
And brought her cheeks to blame,
And all that 's lordly of my birth,
Is my reproach and shame !

'Tis vain to weep,—'tis vain to sigh,
'Tis vain this idle speech,
For where her happy pearls do lie,
My tears may never reach ;
Yet when I'm gone, e'en lofty pride
May say of what has been,
His love was nobly born and died,
Tho' all the rest was mean !

My speech is rude,—but speech is weak
  Such love as mine to tell,
Yet had I words, I dare not speak,
  So, Lady, fare thee well;

I will not wish thy better state
  Was one of low degree,
But I must weep that partial fate
  Made such a churl of me.

THE WATER LADY

Alas, the moon should ever beam
To show what man should never see!—
I saw a maiden on a stream,
And fair was she!

I staid awhile, to see her throw
Her tresses back, that all beset
The fair horizon of her brow
With clouds of jet.

I staid a little while to view
Her cheek, that wore in place of red
The bloom of water, tender blue,
Daintily spread.

I staid to watch, a little space,
Her parted lips if she would sing;
The waters closed above her face
With many a ring.

And still I staid a little more,
Alas! she never comes again;
I throw my flow'rs from the shore,
And watch in vain.

I know my life will fade away,
I know that I must vainly pine,
For I am made of mortal clay,
But she 's divine!

THE EXILE

The swallow with summer
  Will wing o'er the seas,
The wind that I sigh to
  Will visit thy trees,
The ship that it hastens
  Thy ports will contain,
But me—I must never
  See England again!

There 's many that weep there
  But one weeps alone,
For the tears that are falling
  So far from her own;

So far from thy own, love,
  We know not our pain;
If death is between us,
  Or only the main.

When the white cloud reclines
  On the verge of the sea,
I fancy the white cliffs,
  And dream upon thee;
But the cloud spreads its wings
  To the blue heav'n and flies.
We never shall meet, love,
  Except in the skies!

TO AN ABSENTEE

O'er hill, and dale, and distant sea,
Through all the miles that stretch between,
My thought must fly to rest on thee,
And would, though worlds should intervene.

Nay, thou art now so dear, methinks
The farther we are forc'd apart,
Affection's firm elastic links
But bind the closer round the heart.

For now we sever each from each,
I learn what I have lost in thee ;
Alas ! that nothing less could teach,
How great indeed my love should be !

Farewell ! I did not know thy worth,
But thou art gone, and now 'tis priz'd:
So angels walk'd unknown on earth,
But when they flew were recogniz'd !

SONG

I

THE stars are with the voyager
Wherever he may sail ;
The moon is constant to her time ;
The sun will never fail ;
But follow, follow round the world,
The green earth and the sea ;
So love is with the lover's heart,
Wherever he may be.

II

Wherever he may be, the stars
Must daily lose their light ;
The moon will veil her in the shade;
The sun will set at night.
The sun may set, but constant love
Will shine when he 's away ;
So that dull night is never night,
And day is brighter day.

ODE TO THE MOON

I

MOTHER of light ! how fairly dost thou go
Over those hoary crests, divinely led !—
Art thou that huntress of the silver bow
Fabled of old ? Or rather dost thou tread
Those cloudy summits thence to gaze below,
Like the wild Chamois from her Alpine snow,
Where hunter never climb'd,—secure from dread ?
How many antique fancies have I read
Of that mild presence ! and how many wrought !
Wondrous and bright,
Upon the silver light,
Chasing fair figures with the artist, Thought !

II

What art thou like ? Sometimes I see thee ride
A far-bound galley on its perilous way,
Whilst breezy waves toss up their silvery spray ;—
Sometimes behold thee glide,
Cluster'd by all thy family of stars,
Like a lone widow, through the welkin wide,
Whose pallid cheek the midnight sorrow mars ;—
Sometimes I watch thee on from steep to steep,
Timidly lighted by thy vestal torch,
Till in some Latmian cave I see thee creep,
To catch the young Endymion asleep,—
Leaving thy splendour at the jagged porch !—

III

Oh, thou art beautiful, howe'er it be!
Huntress, or Dian, or whatever nam'd;
And he, the veriest Pagan, that first fram'd
A silver idol, and ne'er worshipp'd thee!—
It is too late, or thou should'st have my knee;
Too late now for the old Ephesian vows,
And not divine the crescent on thy brows!—
Yet, call thee nothing but the mere mild Moon,
Behind those chestnut boughs,
Casting their dappled shadows at my feet;
I will be grateful for that simple boon,
In many a thoughtful verse and anthem sweet,
And bless thy dainty face whene'er we meet.

IV

In nights far gone,—ay, far away and dead,—
Before Care-fretted with a lidless eye,—
I was thy wooer on my little bed,
Letting the early hours of rest go by,
To see thee flood the heaven with milky light,
And feed thy snow-white swans, before I slept;
For thou wert then purveyor of my dreams,—
Thou wert the fairies' armourer, that kept
Their burnish'd helms, and crowns, and corslets bright,
Their spears, and glittering mails;
And ever thou didst spill in winding streams
Sparkles and midnight gleams,
For fishes to new gloss their argent scales!—

V

Why sighs?—why creeping tears?—why clasped hands?—
Is it to count the boy's expended dow'r?
That fairies since have broke their gifted wands?
That young Delight, like any o'erblown flow'r,
Gave, one by one, its sweet leaves to the ground?—
Why then, fair Moon, for all thou mark'st no hour,
Thou art a sadder dial to old Time
Than ever I have found
On sunny garden-plot, or moss-grown tow'r,
Motto'd with stern and melancholy rhyme.

VI

Why should I grieve for this?—O I must yearn,
Whilst Time, conspirator with Memory,
Keeps his cold ashes in an ancient urn,
Richly emboss'd with childhood's revelry,

With leaves and cluster'd fruits, and flowers eterne,—
(Eternal to the world, though not to me,)
Aye there will those brave sports and blossoms be,
The deathless wreath, and undecay'd festoon,
When I am hears'd within,—
Less than the pallid primrose to the Moon,
That now she watches through a vapour thin.

VII

So let it be:—Before I liv'd to sigh,
Thou wert in Avon, and a thousand rills,
Beautiful Orb! and so, whene'er I lie
Trodden, thou wilt be gazing from thy hills.
Blest be thy loving light, where'er it spills,
And blessed thy fair face, O Mother mild!
Still shine, the soul of rivers as they run,
Still lend thy lonely lamp to lovers fond,
And blend their plighted shadows into one:—
Still smile at even on the bedded child,
And close his eyelids with thy silver wand!

TO ———

Welcome, dear Heart, and a most kind good-morrow;
The day is gloomy, but our looks shall shine:—
Flow'rs I have none to give thee, but I borrow
Their sweetness in a verse to speak for thine.

Here are red roses, gather'd at thy cheeks,—
The white were all too happy to look white:
For love the rose, for faith the lily speaks;
It withers in false hands, but here 'tis bright!

Dost love sweet Hyacinth? Its scented leaf
Curls manifold,—all love's delights blow double:
'Tis said this flow'ret is inscribed with grief,—
But let that hint of a forgotten trouble.

I pluck'd the Primrose at night's dewy noon;
Like Hope, it show'd its blossoms in the night;—
'Twas, like Endymion, watching for the Moon!
And here are Sun-flowers, amorous of light!

These golden Buttercups are April's seal,—
The Daisy stars her constellations be:
These grew so lowly, I was forced to kneel,
Therefore I pluck no Daisies but for thee!

Here 's Daisies for the morn, Primrose for gloom,
Pansies and Roses for the noontide hours:—
A wight once made a dial of their bloom,—
So may thy life be measur'd out by flow'rs!

THE FORSAKEN

THE dead are in their silent graves,
And the dew is cold above,
And the living weep and sigh,
Over dust that once was love.

Once I only wept the dead,
But now the living cause my pain:
How couldst thou steal me from my tears,
To leave me to my tears again?

My Mother rests beneath the sod,—
Her rest is calm and very deep:
I wish'd that she could see our loves,—
But now I gladden in her sleep.

Last night unbound my raven locks,
The morning saw them turn'd to gray,
Once they were black and well-belov'd,
But thou art chang'd,—and so are they!

The useless lock I gave thee once,
To gaze upon and think of me,
Was ta'en with smiles,—but this was torn
In sorrow that I send to thee!

AUTUMN

THE Autumn is old,
The sere leaves are flying;—
He hath gather'd up gold,
And now he is dying;—
Old age, begin sighing!

The vintage is ripe,
The harvest is heaping;—
But some that have sow'd
Have no riches for reaping;—
Poor wretch, fall a-weeping!

The year 's in the wane,
There is nothing adorning,
The night has no eve,
And the day has no morning;—
Cold winter gives warning.

The rivers run chill,
The red sun is sinking,
And I am grown old,
And life is fast shrinking;—
Here 's enow for sad thinking!

ODE TO MELANCHOLY

COME, let us set our careful breasts,
Like Philomel, against the thorn,
To aggravate the inward grief,
That makes her accents so forlorn;
The world has many cruel points,
Whereby our bosoms have been torn,
And there are dainty themes of grief,
In sadness to outlast the morn,—
True honour's dearth, affection's death,
Neglectful pride, and cankering scorn,
With all the piteous tales that tears
Have water'd since the world was born.

The world!—it is a wilderness,
Where tears are hung on every tree;
For thus my gloomy phantasy
Makes all things weep with me!
Come let us sit and watch the sky,
And fancy clouds, where no clouds be;
Grief is enough to blot the eye,
And make heav'n black with misery.
Why should birds sing such merry notes,
Unless they were more blest than we?
No sorrow ever chokes their throats,
Except sweet nightingale; for she

Was born to pain our hearts the more
With her sad melody.
Why shines the sun, except that he
Makes gloomy nooks for Grief to hide,
And pensive shades for Melancholy,
When all the earth is bright beside ?
Let clay wear smiles, and green grass wave,
Mirth shall not win us back again,
Whilst man is made of his own grave,
And fairest clouds but gilded rain !

I saw my mother in her shroud,
Her cheek was cold and very pale ;
And ever since I've look'd on all
As creatures doom'd to fail !
Why do buds ope, except to die ?
Ay, let us watch the roses wither,
And think of our loves' cheeks ;
And oh, how quickly time doth fly
To bring death's winter hither !
Minutes, hours, days, and weeks,
Months, years, and ages shrink to nought ;
An age past is but a thought !

Ay, let us think of Him a while,
That, with a coffin for a boat,
Rows daily o'er the Stygian moat,
And for our table choose a tomb :
There 's dark enough in any skull
To charge with black a raven plume ;
And for the saddest funeral thoughts
A winding sheet hath ample room,
Where Death, with his keen-pointed style,
Hath writ the common doom.
How wide the yew tree spreads its gloom,
And o'er the dead lets fall its dew,
As if in tears it wept for them,
The many human families
That sleep around its stem !

How cold the dead have made these stones,
With natural drops kept ever wet !
Lo ! here the best, the worst, the world
Doth now remember or forget,
Are in one common ruin hurl'd,
And love and hate are calmly met ;
The loveliest eyes that ever shone,
The fairest hands, and locks of jet.
Is't not enough to vex our souls,
And fill our eyes, that we have set
Our love upon a rose's leaf,
Our hearts upon a violet ?
Blue eyes, red cheeks, are frailer yet ;
And, sometimes, at their swift decay
Beforehand we must fret :
The roses bud and bloom again ;
But love may haunt the grave of love,
And watch the mould in vain.

O clasp me, sweet, whilst thou art mine,
And do not take my tears amiss ;
For tears must flow to wash away
A thought that shows so stern as this :
Forgive, if somewhile I forget,
In woe to come, the present bliss.
As frighted Proserpine let fall
Her flowers at the sight of Dis,
Ev'n so the dark and bright will kiss,
The sunniest things throw sternest shade,
And there is ev'n a happiness
That makes the heart afraid !

Now let us with a spell invoke
The full-orb'd moon to grieve our eyes ;
Not bright, not bright, but, with a cloud
Lapp'd all about her, let her rise
All pale and dim, as if from rest
The ghost of the late buried sun
Had crept into the skies.
The Moon ! she is the source of sighs,
The very face to make us sad ;
If but to think in other times
The same calm quiet look she had,
As if the world held nothing base,
Of vile and mean, of fierce and bad ;
The same fair light that shone in streams,
The fairy lamp that charm'd the lad ;
For so it is, with spent delights
She taunts men's brains, and makes them mad.

All things are touch'd with Melancholy,
Born of the secret soul's mistrust,
To feel her fair ethereal wings
Weigh'd down with vile degraded dust;
Even the bright extremes of joy
Bring on conclusions of disgust,
Like the sweet blossoms of the May,
Whose fragrance ends in must.
O give her, then, her tribute just,
Her sighs and tears, and musings holy!
There is no music in the life
That sounds with idiot laughter solely;
There's not a string attun'd to mirth,
But has its chord in Melancholy.

SONNET

ON MISTRESS NICELY, A PATTERN FOR HOUSEKEEPERS

Written after seeing Mrs. Davenport in the character, at Covent Garden.

She was a woman peerless in her station,
With household virtues wedded to her name;
Spotless in linen, grass-bleach'd in her fame,
And pure and clear-starch'd in her conversation;
Thence in my Castle of Imagination
She dwells for evermore, the dainty dame,
To keep all airy draperies from shame,
And all dream furnitures in preservation:
There walketh she with keys quite silver bright,
In perfect hose, and shoes of seemly black,
Apron and stomacher of lily-white,
And decent order follows in her track:
The burnish'd plate grows lustrous in her sight,
And polish'd floors and tables shine her back.

SONNET

WRITTEN IN A VOLUME OF SHAKSPEARE

How bravely Autumn paints upon the sky
The gorgeous fame of Summer which is fled!
Hues of all flow'rs that in their ashes lie,
Trophied in that fair light whereon they fed,
Tulip, and hyacinth, and sweet rose red,—
Like exhalations from the leafy mould,
Look here how honour glorifies the dead,
And warms their scutcheons with a glance of gold!—
Such is the memory of poets old,
Who on Parnassus' hill have bloom'd elate;

Now they are laid under their marbles cold,
And turn'd to clay, whereof they were create;
But God Apollo hath them all enroll'd,
And blazon'd on the very clouds of fate!

SONNET

TO FANCY

Most delicate Ariel! submissive thing,
Won by the mind's high magic to its hest,—
Invisible embassy, or secret guest,—
Weighing the light air on a lighter wing;—
Whether into the midnight moon, to bring
Illuminate visions to the eye of rest,—
Or rich romances from the florid West,—
Or to the sea, for mystic whispering,—
Still by thy charm'd allegiance to the will,
The fruitful wishes prosper in the brain,
As by the fingering of fairy skill,—
Moonlight, and waters, and soft music's strain,
Odours, and blooms, and *my* Miranda's smile,
Making this dull world an enchanted isle.

SONNET

TO AN ENTHUSIAST

Young ardent soul, graced with fair Nature's truth,
Spring warmth of heart, and fervency of mind,
And still a large late love of all thy kind,
Spite of the world's cold practice and Time's tooth,—
For all these gifts, I know not, in fair sooth,
Whether to give thee joy, or bid thee blind
Thine eyes with tears,—that thou hast not resign'd
The passionate fire and freshness of thy youth:
For as the current of thy life shall flow,
Gilded by shine of sun or shadow-stain'd,
Through flow'ry valley or unwholesome fen,
Thrice blessed in thy joy, or in thy woe
Thrice cursed of thy race,—thou art ordain'd
To share beyond the lot of common men.

SONNET

It is not death, that sometime in a sigh
This eloquent breath shall take its speechless flight;
That sometime these bright stars, that now reply
In sunlight to the sun, shall set in night;
That this warm conscious flesh shall perish quite,
And all life's ruddy springs forget to flow;
That thoughts shall cease, and the immortal spright
Be lapp'd in alien clay and laid below;
It is not death to know this,—but to know
That pious thoughts, which visit at new graves
In tender pilgrimage, will cease to go
So duly and so oft,—and when grass waves
Over the past-away, there may be then
No resurrection in the minds of men.

SONNET

By ev'ry sweet tradition of true hearts,
Graven by Time, in love with his own lore;
By all old martyrdoms and antique smarts,
Wherein Love died to be alive the more;
Yea, by the sad impression on the shore,
Left by the drown'd Leander, to endear
That coast for ever, where the billow's roar
Moaneth for pity in the Poet's ear;
By Hero's faith, and the foreboding tear
That quench'd her brand's last twinkle in its fall;
By Sappho's leap, and the low rustling fear
That sigh'd around her flight; I swear by all,
The world shall find such pattern in my act,
As if Love's great examples still were lack'd.

SONNET

ON RECEIVING A GIFT

Look how the golden ocean shines above
Its pebbly stones, and magnifies their girth;
So does the bright and blessed light of love
Its own things glorify, and raise their worth.
As weeds seem flowers beneath the flattering brine,
And stones like gems, and gems as gems indeed,
Even so our tokens shine; nay, they outshine
Pebbles and pearls, and gems and coral weed;

For where be ocean waves but half so clear,
So calmly constant, and so kindly warm,
As Love's most mild and glowing atmosphere,
That hath no dregs to be upturn'd by storm ?
Thus, sweet, thy gracious gifts are gifts of price,
And more than gold to doting Avarice.

SONNET

The curse of Adam, the old curse of all,
Though I inherit in this feverish life
Of worldly toil, vain wishes, and hard strife,
And fruitless thought, in Care's eternal thrall,
Yet more sweet honey than of bitter gall
I taste, through thee, my Eva, my sweet wife.
Then what was Man's lost Paradise !—how rife
Of bliss, since love is with him in his fall !
Such as our own pure passion still might frame,
Of this fair earth, and its delightful bow'rs,
If no fell sorrow, like the serpent, came
To trail its venom o'er the sweetest flow'rs ;—
But oh ! as many and such tears are ours,
As only should be shed for guilt and shame !

SONNET

Love, dearest Lady, such as I would speak,
Lives not within the humour of the eye ;—
Not being but an outward phantasy,
That skims the surface of a tinted cheek,—
Else it would wane with beauty, and grow weak,
As if the rose made summer,—and so lie
Amongst the perishable things that die,
Unlike the love which I would give and seek :
Whose health is of no hue—to feel decay
With cheeks' decay, that have a rosy prime.
Love is its own great loveliness alway,
And takes new lustre from the touch of time ;
Its bough owns no December and no May,
But bears its blossom into Winter's clime.

SONNET

SILENCE

THERE is a silence where hath been no sound,
  There is a silence where no sound may be,
  In the cold grave—under the deep deep sea,
Or in wide desert where no life is found,
Which hath been mute, and still must sleep profound ;
  No voice is hush'd—no life treads silently,
  But clouds and cloudy shadows wander free,
That never spoke, over the idle ground :
But in green ruins, in the desolate walls
  Of antique palaces, where Man hath been,
Though the dun fox, or wild hyena, calls,
  And owls, that flit continually between,
Shriek to the echo, and the low winds moan,
There the true Silence is, self-conscious and alone.

THE EPPING HUNT

(1829. Second Edition 1830)

'HUNTS ROASTED——'

ADVERTISEMENT

STRIDING in the Steps of Strutt—the historian of the old English Sports—the author of the following pages has endeavoured to record a yearly revel, already fast hastening to decay. The Easter Chase will soon be numbered with the pastimes of past times: its dogs will have had their day, and its Deer will be Fallow. A few more seasons, and this City Common Hunt will become uncommon.

In proof of this melancholy decadence, the ensuing epistle is inserted. It was penned by an underling at the Wells, a person more accustomed to riding than writing.

'Sir,—About the Hunt. In anser to your Innqueries, their as been a great falling off laterally, so much so this year that there was nobody allmost. We did a mear nothing provisionally, hardly a Bottle extra, wich is a proof in Pint. In short our Hunt may be sad to be in the last Stag of a decline.

'I am, Sir,

'With respects from Your humble Servant,

'BARTHOLOMEW RUTT.'

ADVERTISEMENT TO THE SECOND EDITION

The Publisher begs leave to say, that he has had the following letter from the Author of this little book:—

Dear Sir,—I am much gratified to learn from you, that the Epping Hunt has had *such a run*, that it is *quite exhausted*, and that you intend therefore to give the work what may be called '*second wind*,' by a new impression.

I attended the last Anniversary of the Festival, and am concerned to say that the sport does not improve, but appears an ebbing as well as Epping custom. The run was miserable indeed; but what was to be expected? The chase was a Doe, and, consequently, the Hunt set off with the *Hind* part before. It was, therefore, quite in character, for so many Nimrods to start, as they did, before the hounds, but which, as you know, is quite contrary to the *Lex Tallyho-nis*, or Laws of Hunting.

I dined with the Master of the Revel, who is as hale as ever, and promises to reside some time in the *Wells* ere he *kicks the bucket*. He is an honest, hearty, worthy man, and when he dies there will be 'a cry of dogs' in his kennel.

I am, Dear Sir, yours, &c.

T. HOOD.

Winchmore Hill, June, 1830.

'On Monday they began to hunt.'—*Chevy Chase.*

JOHN HUGGINS was as bold a man
As trade did ever know,
A warehouse good he had, that stood
Hard by the church of Bow.

There people bought Dutch cheeses round,
And single Glos'ter flat,—
And English butter in a lump,
And Irish—in a *pat.*

Six days a week beheld him stand,
His business next his heart,
At *counter* with his apron tied
About his *counter-part.*

The seventh in a sluice-house box,
He took his pipe and pot;
On Sundays for *eel-piety*,
A very noted spot.

Ah, blest if he had never gone
Beyond its rural shed!
One Easter-tide, some evil guide
Put Epping in his head!

Epping for butter justly fam'd,
And pork in sausage pop't;
Where winter time, or summer time,
Pig's flesh is always *chop't.*

But famous more, as annals tell,
Because of Easter chase;
There ev'ry year, 'twixt dog and deer,
There is a gallant race.

With Monday's sun John Huggins rose,
And slapt his leather thigh,
And sang the burthen of the song,
'This day a stag must die.'

For all the live-long day before,
And all the night in bed,
Like Beckford, he had nourish'd
'Thoughts
On Hunting' in his head.

Of horn and morn, and hark and bark,
And echo's answering sounds,
All poet's wit hath ever writ
In *dog*-rel verse of *hounds.*

Alas! there was no warning voice
To whisper in his ear,
Thou art a fool in leaving *Cheap*
To go and hunt the *deer!*

No thought he had of twisted spine,
Or broken arms or legs;
Not *chicken-hearted* he, altho'
'Twas whisper'd of his *eggs!*

Ride out he would, and hunt he would,
Nor dreamt of ending ill;
Mayhap with Dr. *Ridout's* fee,
And Surgeon *Hunter's* bill.

So he drew on his Sunday boots,
Of lustre superfine;
The liquid black they wore that day,
Was *Warren*-ted to shine.

His yellow buckskins fitted close,
As once, upon a stag;
Thus well equipt he gaily skipt,
At once upon his nag.

But first to him that held the rein,
A crown he nimbly flung;
For holding of the horse?—why, no—
For holding of his tongue.

To say the horse was Huggins' own,
Would only be a brag;
His neighbour Fig and he went halves
Like Centaurs, in a nag.

And he that day had got the gray,
Unknown to brother cit;
The horse he knew would never tell,
Altho' it was a *tit.*

A well-bred horse he was I wis,
As he began to show,
By quickly 'rearing up within
The way he ought to go.'

But Huggins, like a wary man,
Was ne'er from saddle cast;
Resolved, by going very slow,
On sitting very fast.

And so he jogged to Tot'n'am Cross
An ancient town well known,
Where Edward wept for Eleanor
In mortar and in stone.

A royal game of fox and goose,
To play on such a loss;
Wherever she sets down her *orts*,
Thereby he put a *cross*.

Now Huggins had a crony here,
That lived beside the way;
One that had promised sure to be
His comrade for the day.

Whereas the man had chang'd his mind,
Meanwhile upon the case!
And meaning not to hunt at all,
Had gone to Enfield Chase.

For why, his spouse had made him vow
To let a game alone,
Where folks that ride a bit of blood,
May break a bit of bone.

'Now, be his wife a plague for life!
A coward sure is he:'
Then Huggins turned his horse's head
And crossed the bridge of Lea.

Thence slowly on thro' Laytonstone,
Past many a Quaker's box,—
No friends to hunters after deer,
Tho' followers of a *Fox*.

And many a score behind—before—
The self-same route inclin'd,
And minded all to march one way,
Made one great march of mind.

Gentle and simple, he and she,
And swell, and blood, and prig;
And some had carts, and some a chaise,
According to their gig.

Some long-ear'd jacks, some knacker's hacks,
(However odd it sounds,)
Let out that day *to hunt*, instead
Of going to the hounds!

And some had horses of their own,
And some were forced to job it;
And some, while they inclin'd to *Hunt*
Betook themselves to *Cob-it*.

All sorts of vehicles and vans,
Bad, middling, and the smart;
Here roll'd along the gay barouche,
And there a dirty cart!

And lo! a cart that held a squad
Of costermonger line;
With one poor hack, like Pegasus,
That slav'd for all the Nine!

Yet marvel not at any load,
That any horse might drag;
When all, that morn, at once were drawn
Together by a stag!

Now when they saw John Huggins go
At such a sober pace;
'Hallo!' cried they; 'come, trot away,
You'll never see the chase!'

But John, as grave as any judge,
Made answers quite as blunt;
'It will be time enough to trot,
When I begin to hunt!'

And so he paced to Woodford Wells,
Where many a horseman met,
And letting go the *reins*, of course,
Prepared for *heavy wet*.

And lo! within the crowded door,
Stood Rounding, jovial elf;
Here shall the Muse frame no excuse,
But frame the man himself.

A snow white head, a merry eye,
A cheek of jolly blush;
A claret tint laid on by health,
With master reynard's brush;

A hearty frame, a courteous bow,
The prince he learn'd it from;
His age about three-score and ten,
And there you have Old Tom.

In merriest key I trow was he,
So many guests to boast;
So certain congregations meet,
And elevate the host.

'Now welcome, lads,' quoth he, 'and prads,
You're all in glorious luck:
Old Robin has a run to-day,
A noted forest buck.

'Fair Mead 's the place, where Bob and Tom,
In red already ride ;
'Tis but a *step*, and on a horse
You soon may go *a stride*.'

So off they scamper'd, man and horse,
As time and temper press'd ;—
But Huggins, hitching on a tree,
Branch'd off from all the rest.

Howbeit he tumbled down in time
To join with Tom and Bob,
All in Fair Mead, which held that day
Its own fair meed of mob.

Idlers to wit—no Guardians some,
Of Tattlers in a squeeze ;
Ramblers, in heavy carts and vans,
Spectators, up in trees.

Butchers on backs of butchers' hacks,
That shambled to and fro' !
Bakers intent upon a buck,
Neglectful of the *dough !*

Change Alley Bears to speculate,
As usual, for a fall ;
And green and scarlet runners, such
As never climb'd a wall !

'Twas strange to think what difference
A single creature made ;
A single stag had caused a whole
*Stag*nation in their trade.

Now Huggins from his saddle rose,
And in the stirrups stood ;
And lo ! a little cart that came
Hard by a little wood.

In shape like half a hearse,—tho' not
For corpses in the least ;
For this contained the *deer alive*,
And not the *dear deceased !*

And now began a sudden stir,
And then a sudden shout,
The prison-doors were opened wide,
And Robin bounded out !

His antler'd head shone blue and red,
Bedeck'd with ribbons fine ;
Like other bucks that come to 'list
The hawbucks in the line.

One curious gaze of mild amaze,
He turn'd and shortly took :
Then gently ran adown the mead,
And bounded o'er the brook.

Now Huggins, standing far aloof,
Had never seen the deer,
Till all at once he saw the beast
Come charging in his rear.

Away he went, and many a score
Of riders did the same,
On horse and ass—like high and low
And Jack pursuing game !

Good Lord ! to see the riders now,
Thrown off with sudden whirl,
A score within the purling brook,
Enjoy'd their 'early purl.'

A score were sprawling on the grass,
And beavers fell in show'rs ;
There was another *Floorer* there,
Beside the Queen of Flowers !

Some lost their stirrups, some their whips,
Some had no caps to show ;
But few, like Charles at Charing Cross,
Rode on in *Statue* quo.

'O dear ! O dear !' now might you hear,
'I've surely broke a bone ;'
'My head is sore,'—with many more
Such speeches from the *thrown*.

Howbeit their wailings never mov'd
The wide Satanic clan,
Who grinned, as once the devil grinn'd,
To see the fall of Man.

And hunters good, that understood,
Their laughter knew no bounds,
To see the horses 'throwing off,'
So long before the hounds.

For deer must have due course of law,
Like men the Courts among ;
Before those Barristers the dogs
Proceed to 'giving tongue.'

But now Old Robin's foes were set,
That fatal taint to find,
That always is scent after him,
Yet always left behind.

And here observe how dog and man
A different temper shows,
What hound resents that he is sent
To follow his own nose ?

Towler and Jowler—howlers all,
No single tongue was mute ;
The stag had led a hart, and lo !
The whole pack follow'd suit.

No spur he lack'd, fear stuck a knife
And fork in either haunch ;
And every dog he knew had got
An eye-tooth to his paunch !

Away, away ! he scudded like
A ship before the gale ;
Now flew to ' hills we know not of,'
Now, nun-like, took the vale.

Another squadron charging now,
Went off at furious pitch ;—
A perfect Tam o' Shanter mob,
Without a single witch.

But who was he with flying skirts,
A hunter did endorse,
And like a poet seem'd to ride
Upon a winged horse,—

A whipper in ? no whipper in :
A huntsman ? no such soul :
A connoisseur, or amateur ?
Why yes,—a Horse Patrol.

A member of police, for whom
The county found a nag,
And, like Acteon in the tale,
He found himself in stag !

Away they went then dog and deer,
And hunters all away,—
The maddest horses never knew
Mad staggers such as they !

Some gave a shout, some roll'd about,
And antick'd as they rode,
And butchers whistled on their curs,
And milkmen *tally-ho'd !*

About two score there were, not more,
That gallopped in the race ;
The rest, alas ! lay on the grass,
As once in Chevy Chase !

But even those that gallopped on,
Were fewer every minute,—
The field kept getting more select,
Each thicket served to thin it.

For some pulled up, and left the hunt,
Some fell in miry bogs,
And vainly rose and ' ran a muck,'
To overtake the dogs.

And some, in charging hurdle stakes,
Were left bereft of sense,
What else could be premised of blades
That never learn'd to fence ?

But Rounding, Tom, and Bob, no gate,
Nor hedge nor ditch could stay ;
O'er all they went, and did the work
Of leap years in a day !

And by their side see Huggins ride,
As fast as he could speed ;
For, like Mazeppa, he was quite
At mercy of his steed.

No means he had, by timely check,
The gallop to remit,
For firm and fast, between his teeth,
The biter held the bit.

Trees raced along, all Essex fled
Beneath him as he sate,—
He never saw a county go
At such a county rate !

' Hold hard ! hold hard ! you'll lame
the dogs : '
Quoth Huggins, ' So I do,—
I've got the saddle well in hand,
And hold as hard as you ! '

Good lord ! to see him ride along,
And throw his arms about,
As if with stitches in the side,
That he was drawing out !

And now he bounded up and down,
Now like a jelly shook :
Till bump'd and gall'd—yet not where
Gall,
For bumps did ever look !

And rowing with his legs the while,
As tars are apt to ride ;
With every kick he gave a prick,
Deep in the horse's side !

But soon the horse was well avenged,
For cruel smart of spurs,
For, riding through a moor, he pitched
His master in a furze!

Where sharper set than hunger is
He squatted all forlorn;
And like a bird was singing out
While sitting on a thorn!

Right glad was he, as well might be,
Such cushion to resign:
'Possession is nine points,' but his
Seemed more than ninety-nine.

Yet worse than all the prickly points
That enter'd in his skin,
His nag was running off the while
The thorns were running in!

Now had a Papist seen his sport,
Thus laid upon the shelf,
Altho' no horse he had to cross,
He might have cross'd himself.

Yet surely still the wind is ill
That none can say is fair;
A jolly wight there was, that rode
Upon a sorry mare!

A sorry mare that surely came
Of pagan blood and bone;
For down upon her knees she went,
To many a stock and stone!

Now seeing Huggins' nag adrift,
This farmer, shrewd and sage,
Resolv'd, by changing horses here,
To hunt another stage!

Tho' felony, yet who would let
Another's horse alone,
Whose neck is placed in jeopardy
By riding on his own?

And yet the conduct of the man
Seemed honest-like and fair;
For he seem'd willing, horse and all,
To go before the *mare!*

So up on Huggins' horse he got,
And swiftly rode away,
While Huggins mounted on the mare
Done brown upon a bay!

And off they set, in double chase,
For such was fortune's whim,
The farmer rode to hunt the stag,
And Huggins hunted him!

Alas! with one that rode so well
In vain it was to strive;
A dab was he, as dabs should be—
All leaping and alive!

And here of Nature's kindly care
Behold a curious proof,
As nags are meant to leap, she puts
A frog in every hoof!

Whereas the mare, altho' her share
She had of hoof and frog,
On coming to a gate stopp'd short
As stiff as any log;

Whilst Huggins in the stirrup stood
With neck like neck of crane,
As sings the Scottish song—'to see
The *gate* his *hart* had gane.'

And, lo! the dim and distant hunt
Diminish'd in a trice:
The steeds, like Cinderella's team,
Seem'd dwindling into mice;

And, far remote, each scarlet coat
Soon flitted like a spark,—
Tho' still the forest murmur'd back
An echo of the bark!

But sad at soul John Huggins turn'd:
No comfort he could find;
Whilst thus the 'Hunting Chorus' sped,
To stay five bars behind.

For tho' by dint of spur he got
A leap in spite of fate—
Howbeit there was no toll at all,
They could not clear the gate.

And, like Fitzjames, he cursed the hunt,
And sorely cursed the day,
And mused a new Gray's elegy
On his departed gray!

Now many a sign at Woodford town
Its Inn-vitation tells:
But Huggins, full of ills, of course
Betook him to the Wells,

Where Rounding tried to cheer him up
With many a merry laugh:
But Huggins thought of neighbour Fig,
And call'd for half-and-half.

Yet, spite of drink, he could not blink
Remembrance of his loss;
To drown a care like his, required
Enough to drown a horse.

When thus forlorn, a merry horn
Struck up without the door,—
The mounted mob were all return'd;
The Epping Hunt was o'er!

And many a horse was taken out
Of saddle, and of shaft;
And men, by dint of drink, became
The only '*beasts of draught.*'

For now begun a harder run
On wine, and gin, and beer;
And overtaken men discuss'd
The overtaken deer.

How far he ran, and eke how fast,
And how at bay he stood,
Deerlike, resolved to sell his life
As dearly as he could;—

And how the hunters stood aloof,
Regardful of their lives,
And shunn'd a beast, whose very horns
They knew could *handle* knives!

How Huggins stood when he was rubb'd
By help and ostler kind,
And when they cleaned the clay before,
How 'worse remain'd behind.'

And one, how he had found a horse
Adrift—a goodly gray!
And kindly rode the nag, for fear
The nag should go astray.

Now Huggins, when he heard the tale,
Jump'd up with sudden glee;
'A goodly gray! why, then, I say
That gray belongs to me!

'Let me endorse again my horse,
Deliver'd safe and sound;
And, gladly, I will give the man
A bottle and a pound!'

The wine was drunk,—the money paid,
Tho' not without remorse,
To pay another man so much,
For riding on his horse;—

And let the chase again take place
For many a long, long year—
John Huggins will not ride again
To hunt the Epping Deer!

MORAL.

Thus pleasure oft eludes our grasp,
Just when we think to grip her;
And hunting after Happiness,
We only hunt a slipper.

COMIC MELODIES

A SERIES OF HUMOROUS BALLADS, DUETTS, AND TRIOS

(1830)

'A doleful Song a doleful look retraces
But merry Music maketh merry faces.'

LIEUTENANT LUFF

ALL you that are too fond of Wine,
Or any other stuff,
Take warning by the dismal fate
Of one Lieutenant Luff.
A sober man he might have been,
Except in one regard,
He did not like *soft* water,
So he took to *drinking hard!*

Said he, 'Let others fancy slops,
And talk in praise of Tea,
But I am no *Bohe*mian,
So do not like *Bohea.*
If Wine 's a poison, so is Tea,
Tho' in another shape:
What matter whether one is kill'd
By *canister* or *grape!*'

According to this kind of taste
Did he indulge his drouth,
And being fond of *Port*, he made
A *port*-hole of his mouth!
A single pint he might have sipp'd
And not been out of sorts,
In geologic phrase—the rock
He split upon was *quarts*!

To 'hold the mirror up to vice'
With him was hard, alas!
The worse for wine he often was,
But not 'before a glass'!
No kind and prudent friend he had
To bid him drink no more,—
The only *chequers* in his course
Were at a tavern door!

Full soon the sad effects of this
His frame began to show,—
For that old enemy the gout
Had taken him in *toe!*
And joined with this an evil came
Of quite another sort,—
For while he drank, himself, his purse
Was getting '*something short.*'

For want of cash he soon had pawn'd
One half that he possess'd,
And drinking show'd him *duplicates*
Beforehand of the rest!
So now his Creditors resolved
To seize on his assets,—
For why—they found that his *half-pay*
Did not *half pay* his debts.

But Luff contriv'd a novel mode
His Creditors to chouse;
For his own *execution* he
Put into his own house!
A pistol to the muzzle charg'd
He took devoid of fear;
Said he, 'This *barrel* is my last,
So now for my last *bier!*'

Against his lungs he aim'd the slugs,
And not against his brain,
So he blew out his *lights*—and none
Could blow them in again!
A Jury for a Verdict met,
And gave it in these terms:—
'We find as how as certain *slugs*
Has sent him to the *worms!*'

THE SHIP LAUNCH

SUNG BY MR. MATHEWS IN THE ENTERTAINMENT CALLED 'THE SPRING MEETING'

THE day is bright, the wind is light,
And gay with flags and streamers;
From side to side old Thames's tide
Is mobb'd with boats and steamers,
Put up, my Dear, the bottled beer,
And pack the mutton haunch now,
Then off we go, row, Brothers, row,
And let us see the launch now.

So off we go, row, Brothers, row,
And let us see the launch now,
So off we go, row, Brothers, row,
And let us see the launch now!

The gallant Ship is on the slip,
Her banners waving o'er her;
And now she slides, away she glides,
And drives the foam before her.
Long may she brave the wind and wave,
And foil the foe's endeavour;
Now let us say 'Huzza, huzza,
Our wooden walls for ever!'

Now off we go, row, Brothers, row,
For we have seen the launch now,
Now off we go, row, Brothers, row,
For we have seen the launch now.

GOG AND MAGOG

A GUILDHALL DUET

MAGOG

WHY, Gog, I say, it 's after One,
And yet no dinner carv'd;
Shall we endure this sort of fun,
And stand here to be starv'd?

GOG

I really think our City Lords
Must be a shabby set
I've stood here since King Charles's time,
And had no dinner yet!

MAGOG

I vow I can no longer stay;
I say, are we to dine to-day?

GOG

My hunger would provoke a saint,
I've waited till I'm sick and faint;
I'll tell you what, they'll starve us both,
I'll tell you what, they'll stop our growth.

MAGOG

I wish I had a round of Beef
My hungry tooth to charm;
I've wind enough in my inside
To play the Hundredth Psalm.

GOG

And yet they feast beneath our eyes
Without the least remorse;
This very week I saw the Mayor
A feeding like a Horse!

MAGOG

Such loads of fish, and flesh, and fowl,
To think upon it makes me growl!

GOG

I wonder where the fools were taught,
That they should keep a Giant short!
They'll stop our growth, they'll stop our growth;
They'll starve us both, they'll starve us both!

MAGOG

They said, a Hundred Years ago,
That we should dine at One;
Why, Gog, I say, our meat by this
Is rather over-done.

GOG

I do not want it done at all,
So hungry is my maw,
Give me an Alderman in chains,
And I will eat him raw!

MAGOG

Of starving Weavers they discuss,
And yet they never think of us.
I say, are we to dine to-day;
Are we to dine to-day?

GOG

Oh dear, the pang it is to feel
So mealy-mouth'd without a meal!

MAGOG

I'll tell you what, they'll stop our growth!

GOG

I'll tell you what, they'll starve us both!

BOTH

They'll stop our growth, they'll starve us both!

VALENTINE'S DAY

SURELY the mornin' Cupid was born in
Ought to be kept, 'tis Valentine's day,
Father and Mother, Sister and Brother;
This, that and t'other may preach as they may,
But nothing shall hinder a peep at the *winder*
To see if the Postman is over the way....

Their hearts they go pit-a-pat, pit-a-pat, pit-a-pat,
Flutter'd and flurried on Valentine's Day.

Sure, of all days that ever were dated,
Valentine's Day is the fullest of news;
Then ev'ry lass expects to be mated
And Cupid goes round collecting his dues!
And levies a door-rate, like parish or poor-rate,
By getting the Postman to stand in his shoes....

Their hearts they go pit-a-pat, pit-a-pat, pit-a-pat,
Flutter'd and flurried on Valentine's Day.

LOVE HAS NOT EYES

OF all the poor old Tobits a-groping in the street,
A Lover is the blindest that ever I did meet,
For he 's blind, he 's blind, he 's very blind,—
He 's as blind as any mole!

He thinks his love the fairest that ever yet was clasp'd,
Tho' her clay is overbaked, and it never has been rasp'd.
For he 's blind, &c.

He thinks her face an angel's, altho' it 's quite a frump's,
Like a toad a-taking physic, or a monkey in the mumps.
For he 's blind, &c.

Upon her graceful figure then how he will insist,
Tho' she 's all so much awry, she can only eat a twist!
For he 's blind, &c.

He'll swear that in her dancing she cuts all others out,
Tho' like a *Gal* that 's *gal*vanised, she throws her legs about.
For he 's blind, &c.

If he should have a letter in answer to his sighs,
He'll put it to his lips up, instead of to his eyes.
For he 's blind, &c.

Then if he has a meeting the question for to put,
In suing for her hand he'll be kneeling at her foot.
For he 's blind, &c.

Oh Love is like a furnace wherein a Lover lies,
And like a pig before the fire, he scorches out his eyes.
Till he 's blind, &c.

THE LORD MAYOR'S SHOW

SUNG BY MR. MATHEWS IN 'THE SPRING MEETING'

How well I remember the ninth of November,
The Sky very foggy, the Sun looking groggy,
In fact, altogether pea-soup colour'd weather.
Shop-windows all shutter'd, the pavement all buttered,
Policemen paraded, the street barricaded,
And a peal from the steeple of Bow!
Low women in pattens, high ladies in satins,
And Cousin Suburbans, in flame-colour'd turbans,
Quite up to the attics, inviting rheumatics,
A great mob collecting, without much selecting,
And some, it 's a pity, are free of the city,
As your pockets may happen to know! . . .

Such hustle and bustle, and mobbing and robbing,
All, all to see the Lord May'r's Show!

How well I remember the ninth of November,
Six trumpets on duty, as shrill as Veluti,
A great City Marshall, to riding not partial,
The footmen, the state ones, with calves very great ones,
The Cook and the Scullion, well basted with bullion,
And the squad of each Corporate Co.

Four draymen from Perkins, in steel and brass jerkins,
A Coach like a lantern, I wonder it *can* turn,
All carved like old buildings, and drawn by six *gildings*,
With two chubby faces, where sword and where mace is,
The late May'r, the Ex one, a thought that must vex one,
And the new May'r just come into blow! . . .

Such hustle and bustle, and mobbing and robbing,
All, all to see the Lord May'r's Show.

How well I remember, the ninth of November,
The fine Lady May'ress, an Ostrich's heiress,
In best bib and tucker, and dignified pucker,
The learned Recorder, in Old Bailey order,
The Sheriffs together,—with their hanging weather,
And their heads like John Anderson's pow!
The Aldermen courtly, and looking 'red port'ly,
And buckler and bargemen, with other great large men,
With streamers and banners, held up in odd manners,
A mob running 'arter,' to see it by 'vater,'
And the Wharfs popping off as they go! . . .

Such hustle and bustle, such mobbing and robbing,
All, all to see the Lord May'r's Show!

THE DREAM OF EUGENE ARAM, THE MURDERER

(1829. Separate publication 1831)

'Twas in the prime of summer time,
An evening calm and cool,
And four-and-twenty happy boys
Came bounding out of school:
There were some that ran and some that leapt,
Like troutlets in a pool.

Away they sped with gamesome minds,
And souls untouched by sin;
To a level mead they came, and there
They drave the wickets in:
Pleasantly shone the setting sun
Over the town of Lynn.

Like sportive deer they cours'd about,
And shouted as they ran,—
Turning to mirth all things of earth,
As only boyhood can;
But the Usher sat remote from all,
A melancholy man!

His hat was off, his vest apart,
To catch heaven's blessed breeze;
For a burning thought was in his brow,
And his bosom ill at ease:
So he lean'd his head on his hands, and read
The book between his knees!

Leaf after leaf, he turn'd it o'er,
Nor ever glanc'd aside,
For the peace of his soul he read that book
In the golden eventide:
Much study had made him very lean,
And pale, and leaden-ey'd.

At last he shut the ponderous tome,
With a fast and fervent grasp
He strain'd the dusky covers close,
And fixed the brazen hasp:
'Oh, God! could I so close my mind,
And clasp it with a clasp!'

Then leaping on his feet upright,
Some moody turns he took,—
Now up the mead, then down the mead,
And past a shady nook,—
And, lo! he saw a little boy
That pored upon a book!

'My gentle lad, what is't you read—
Romance or fairy fable?
Or is it some historic page,
Of kings and crowns unstable?'
The young boy gave an upward glance,—
'It is "The Death of Abel."'

The Usher took six hasty strides,
As smit with sudden pain,—
Six hasty strides beyond the place,
Then slowly back again;
And down he sat beside the lad,
And talk'd with him of Cain;

And, long since then, of bloody men,
Whose deeds tradition saves;
Of lonely folk cut off unseen,
And hid in sudden graves;
Of horrid stabs, in groves forlorn,
And murders done in caves;

And how the sprites of injur'd men
Shriek upward from the sod,—
Aye, how the ghostly hand will point
To show the burial clod ;
And unknown facts of guilty acts
Are seen in dreams from God !

He told how murderers walk the earth
Beneath the curse of Cain,—
With crimson clouds before their eyes,
And flames about their brain :
For blood has left upon their souls
Its everlasting stain !

'And well,' quoth he, 'I know, for truth,
Their pangs must be extreme,—
Woe, woe, unutterable woe,—
Who spill life's sacred stream !
For why ? Methought, last night, I wrought
A murder, in a dream !

'One that had never done me wrong—
A feeble man, and old ;
I led him to a lonely field,—
The moon shone clear and cold :
Now here, said I, this man shall die,
And I will have his gold !

'Two sudden blows with a ragged stick,
And one with a heavy stone,
One hurried gash with a hasty knife,—
And then the deed was done :
There was nothing lying at my foot
But lifeless flesh and bone !

'Nothing but lifeless flesh and bone,
That could not do me ill ;
And yet I fear'd him all the more,
For lying there so still :
There was a manhood in his look,
That murder could not kill !

'And, lo ! the universal air
Seem'd lit with ghastly flame ;—
Ten thousand thousand dreadful eyes
Were looking down in blame :
I took the dead man by his hand,
And call'd upon his name !

'Oh, God ! it made me quake to see
Such sense within the slain !
But when I touch'd the lifeless clay,
The blood gushed out amain !
For every clot, a burning spot,
Was scorching in my brain !

'My head was like an ardent coal,
My heart as solid ice ;
My wretched, wretched soul, I knew,
Was at the Devil's price :
A dozen times I groan'd ; the dead
Had never groan'd but twice !

'And now, from forth the frowning sky,
From the Heaven's topmost height,
I heard a voice—the awful voice
Of the blood-avenging Sprite :—
"Thou guilty man! take up thy dead,
And hide it from my sight ! "

'I took the dreary body up,
And cast it in a stream,—
A sluggish water, black as ink,
The depth was so extreme :—
My gentle Boy, remember this
Is nothing but a dream !

'Down went the corse with a hollow plunge,
And vanish'd in the pool ;
Anon I cleans'd my bloody hands,
And wash'd my forehead cool,
And sat among the urchins young
That evening in the school.

'Oh, Heaven, to think of their white souls,
And mine so black and grim !
I could not share in childish prayer,
Nor join in Evening Hymn :
Like a Devil of the Pit, I seem'd,
'Mid holy Cherubim !

'And Peace went with them, one and all,
And each calm pillow spread ;
But Guilt was my grim Chamberlain
That lighted me to bed ;
And drew my midnight curtains round
With fingers bloody red !

'All night I lay in agony,
In anguish dark and deep;
My fever'd eyes I dared not close,
But stared aghast at Sleep:
For Sin had render'd unto her
The keys of Hell to keep!

'All night I lay in agony,
From weary chime to chime,
With one besetting horrid hint,
That rack'd me all the time,—
A mighty yearning, like the first
Fierce impulse unto crime!

'One stern tyrannic thought, that made
All other thoughts its slave;
Stronger and stronger every pulse
Did that temptation crave,—
Still urging me to go and see
The Dead Man in his grave!

'Heavily I rose up, as soon
As light was in the sky,
And sought the black accursed pool
With a wild misgiving eye;
And I saw the Dead in the river bed,
For the faithless stream was dry!

'Merrily rose the lark, and shook
The dew-drop from its wing;
But I never mark'd its morning flight,
I never heard it sing:
For I was stooping once again
Under the horrid thing.

'With breathless speed, like a soul in chase,
I took him up and ran;—
There was no time to dig a grave
Before the day began:
In a lonesome wood, with heaps of leaves,
I hid the murder'd man!

'And all that day I read in school,
But my thought was other where;
As soon as the mid-day task was done,
In secret I was there:
And a mighty wind had swept the leaves,
And still the corse was bare!

'Then down I cast me on my face,
And first began to weep,
For I knew my secret then was one
That earth refused to keep:
Or land, or sea, though he should be
Ten thousand fathoms deep.

'So wills the fierce avenging Sprite,
Till blood for blood atones!
Ay, though he 's buried in a cave,
And trodden down with stones,
And years have rotted off his flesh,—
The world shall see his bones!

'Oh, God! that horrid, horrid dream
Besets me now awake!
Again—again, with a dizzy brain,
The human life I take;
And my red right hand grows raging hot,
Like Cranmer's at the stake.

'And still no peace for the restless clay,
Will wave or mould allow;
The horrid thing pursues my soul,—
It stands before me now!'
The fearful Boy look'd up, and saw
Huge drops upon his brow.

That very night, while gentle sleep
The urchin eyelids kiss'd,
Two stern-faced men set out from Lynn,
Through the cold and heavy mist;
And Eugene Aram walked between,
With gyves upon his wrist.[1]

[1] The late Admiral Burney went to school at an establishment where the unhappy Eugene Aram was Usher, subsequent to his crime. The Admiral stated, that Aram was generally liked by the boys; and that he used to discourse to them about *murder*, in somewhat of the spirit which is attributed to him in the Poem. [This was omitted when the poem was published in 1831, and its place taken by a Preface which will be found in the Notes.]

VERSES FROM 'TYLNEY HALL'

(1834)

[PLAY ON, YE TIMID RABBITS]

PLAY on, ye timid Rabbits!
For I can see ye run,
Ne'er thinking of a gun,
Or of the ferret's habits.

Ye sportive Hares! go forcing
The dewdrop from the bent;
My mind is not intent
On greyhounds or on coursing.

Feed on, ye gorgeous Pheasants!
My sight I do not vex
With cards about your necks,
Forestalling you for presents.

Go gazing on, and bounding,
Thou solitary Deer!
My fancy does not hear
Hounds baying, and horns sounding.

Each furr'd or feather'd creature,
Enjoy with me this earth,
Its life, its love, its mirth,
And die the death of nature!

[A DECLARATION]

IF to believe that dreams were truth,
And all the fond romance of youth;
Each pictured charm that fancy prized
In one fair form now realized—
If to sum up in that dear scope
My all of joy, my all of hope;
Where faithlessness there could be none,
For all the sex was merg'd in one—
If to be happy in her nearness,
Holding her very silk in dearness;
As if my heart could have no home
But where she was, or was to come—
If from the contact of a finger,
An after-bliss for days could linger,
A feeling kept secure and chaste
Till by the next sweet touch effac'd—
If to pine after pow'r and glory
But for one sake—if in love-story,
To make each tenderest phrase refer
All that is bright and good to her—
If with all thoughts to haunt her bow'r
True as the bee is to the flow'r;
Her image join'd with all day-scheming,
And nightly worshipped in all dreaming—
If these be signs that Love delivers,
I am thy lover, fair Grace Rivers!

[THE STREAMLET]

STILL glides the gentle streamlet on,
With shifting current new and strange;
The water that was here is gone,
But those green shadows do not change.

Serene, or ruffled by the storm,
On present waves, as on the past,
The mirror'd grove retains its form,
The self-same trees their semblance cast.

The hue each fleeting globule wears,
That drop bequeaths it to the next,
One picture still the surface bears,
To illustrate the murmur'd text.

So, love, however time may flow,
Fresh hours pursuing those that flee,
One constant image still shall show
My tide of life is true to thee!

TOM TATTERS' BIRTHDAY ODE

COME all you jolly dogs, in the Grapes, and King's Head, and Green Man, and Bell taps,
And shy up your hats—if you haven't hats, your paper and woollen caps,
Shout with me and cry Eureka! by the sweet Parnassian River,
While Echo, in Warner's Wood replies, Huzza! the young Squire for ever!

And Vulcan, Mars, and Hector of Troy, and Jupiter and his wife,
And Phoebus, from his forked hill, coming down to take a knife,
And Mercury, and piping Pan, to the tune of 'Old King Cole,'
And Venus the Queen of Love, to eat an ox that was roasted whole.

* * * * *

Sir Mark, God bless him, loves good old times, when beards wag, and every thing goes merry,
There'll be drinking out of gracecups, and a Boar's head chewing rosemary,
Maid Marian, and a Morris dance, and acting of quaint Moralities,
Doctor Bellamy and a Hobby horse, and many other Old Formalities.

* * * * *

But there won't be any Psalm-singing saints, to make us sad of a Monday,
But Bacchus will preach to us out of a barrel, instead of the methodist Bundy.
We'll drink to the King in good strong ale, like souls that are true and loyal,
And a fig for Mrs. Hanway, camomile, sage and penny-royal;
And a fig for Master Gregory, that takes tipsy folks into custody,
He was a wise man to-morrow, and will be a wiser man yesterday.

* * * * *

Come fill a bumper up, my boys, and toss off every drop of it!
Here 's young Squire Ringwood's health, and may he live as long as Jason,
Before Atropos cuts his thread, and Dick Tablet, the bungling mason,
Chips him a marble tea-table, with a marble tea-urn a-top of it?
Quoth Tom in Tatters.

HOOD'S OWN: OR, LAUGHTER FROM YEAR TO YEAR

BEING FORMER RUNNINGS OF HIS COMIC VEIN, WITH AN INFUSION OF NEW BLOOD FOR GENERAL CIRCULATION

(1839)

AN ANCIENT CONCERT

BY A VENERABLE DIRECTOR

'Give me *old* music—let me hear
The songs of *days* gone by!'—H. F. CHORLEY.

O! COME, all ye who love to hear
An ancient song in ancient taste,
To whom all bygone Music 's dear
As verdant spots in Memory's waste!
Its name 'The Ancient Concert' wrongs,
And has not hit the proper clef,
To wit, Old Folks, to sing Old Songs,
To Old Subscribers rather deaf.

Away then, Hawes! with all your band!
Ye beardless boys, this room desert!
One youthful voice, or youthful hand,
Our concert-pitch would disconcert!
No Bird must join our 'vocal throng,'
The present age beheld at font:
Away, then, all ye 'Sons of Song,'
Your Fathers are the men we want!

Away, Miss Birch, you're in your prime!
Miss Romer, seek some other door!
Go, Mrs. Shaw! till, counting time,
You count you're nearly fifty-four!

Go, Miss Novello, sadly young!
Go, thou composing Chevalier,
And roam the county towns among,
No Newcome will be welcome here!

Our Concert aims to give at *night*
The music that has had its *day!*
So, Rooke, for us you cannot write
Till time has made you Raven grey.
Your score may charm a modern ear,
Nay, ours, when three or fourscore old,
But in this Ancient atmosphere,
Fresh airs like yours would give us cold!

Go, Hawes, and Cawse, and Woodyat, go!
Hence, Shirreff, with those native curls;
And Master Coward ought to know
This is no place for boys and girls!
No Massons here we wish to see;
Nor is it Mrs. Seguin's sphere,
And Mrs. B——! Oh! Mrs. B——,
Such Bishops are not reverend here!

What! Grisi, bright and beaming thus!
To sing the songs gone grey with age!
No, Grisi, no,—but come to us
And welcome, when you leave the stage!
Off, Ivanhoff!—till weak and harsh!—
Rubini, hence! with all the clan!
But come, Lablache, years hence, Lablache,
A little shrivell'd thin old man!

Go, Mr. Phillips, where you please!
Away, Tom Cooke, and all your batch;
You'd run us out of breath with Glees,
And Catches that we could not catch.
Away, ye Leaders all, who lead
With violins, quite modern things;
To guide our Ancient band we need
Old fiddles out of leading strings!

But come, ye Songsters, over-ripe,
That into 'childish trebles break!'
And bring, Miss Winter, bring the pipe
That cannot sing without a shake!
Nay, come, ye Spinsters all, that spin
A slender thread of ancient voice,
Old notes that almost seem call'd in;
At such as you we *shall* rejoice!

No thund'ring Thalbergs here shall baulk,
Or ride your pet *D-cadence* o'er,
But fingers with a little chalk
Shall, moderato, keep the score!
No Broadwoods here, so full of tone,
But Harpsichords assist the strain:
No Lincoln's pipes, we have our own
Bird-Organ, built by Tubal-Cain.

And welcome! St. Cecilians, now
Ye willy-nilly, ex-good fellows,
Who will strike up, no matter how,
With organs that survive their bellows!
And bring, O bring, your ancient styles
In which our elders lov'd to roam,
Those flourishes that strayed for miles,
Till some good fiddle led them home!

O come, ye ancient London Cries,
When Christmas Carols erst were sung!
Come, Nurse, who dron'd the lullabies,
'When Music, heavenly Maid, was young!'
No matter how the critics treat,
What modern sins and faults detect,
The Copy-Book shall still repeat,
These Concerts must 'Command respect!'

SONNET ON STEAM

BY AN UNDER-OSTLER

I WISH I livd a Thowsen year Ago
Wurking for Sober six and Seven milers
And dubble Stages runnen safe and slo
The Orsis cum in Them days to the Bilers
But Now by meens of Powers of Steem forces
A-turning Coches into Smoakey Kettels
The Bilers seam a Cumming to the Orses
And Helps and naggs Will sune be out of Vittels
Poor Bruits I wunder How we bee to Liv
When sutch a change of Orses is our Faits
No nothink need Be sifted in a Siv
May them Blowd ingins all Blow up their Grates
And Theaves of Oslers crib the Coles and Giv
Their blackgard Hannimuls a Feed of Slaits!

A REPORT FROM BELOW

'Blow high, blow low.'—*Sea Song.*

As Mister B. and Mistress B.
One night were sitting down to tea,
With toast and muffins hot—
They heard a loud and sudden bounce,
That made the very china flounce,
They could not for a time pronounce
If they were safe or shot—
For Memory brought a deed to match
At Deptford done by night—
Before one eye appeared a Patch
In t'other eye a Blight!

To be belabour'd out of life,
Without some small attempt at strife,
Our nature will not grovel;
One impulse mov'd both man and dame,
He seized the tongs—she did the same,
Leaving the ruffian, if he came,
The poker and the shovel.

Suppose the couple standing so,
When rushing footsteps from below
Made pulses fast and fervent;
And first burst in the frantic cat,
All steaming like a brewer's rat,
And then—as white as my cravat—
Poor Mary May, the servant!

Lord, how the couple's teeth did chatter,
Master and Mistress both flew at her,
'Speak! Fire? or Murder? What 's the matter?'
Till Mary getting breath,
Upon her tale began to touch
With rapid tongue, full trotting, such
As if she thought she had too much
To tell before her death:—

'We was both, Ma'am, in the wash-house, Ma'am, a-standing at our tubs,
And Mrs. Round was seconding what little things I rubs;
"Mary," says she to me, "I say"—and there she stops for coughin',
"That dratted copper flue has took to smokin' very often,
But please the pigs,"—for that 's her way of swearing in a passion,
"I'll blow it up, and not be set a coughin' in this fashion!"
Well, down she takes my master's horn—I mean his horn for loading,
And empties every grain alive for to set the flue exploding.
Lawk, Mrs. Round! says I, and stares, that quantum is unproper,
I'm sartin sure it can't not take a pound to sky a copper;
You'll powder both our heads off, so I tells you, with its puff,
But she only dried her fingers, and she takes a pinch of snuff.
Well, when the pinch is over—"Teach your grandmother to suck
A powder horn," says she—Well, says I, I wish you luck.
Them words sets up her back, so with her hands upon her hips,
"Come," says she, quite in a huff, "come, keep your tongue inside your lips;
Afore ever you was born, I was well used to things like these;
I shall put it in the grate, and let it burn up by degrees."
So in it goes, and Bounce—O Lord! it gives us such a rattle,
I thought we both were cannonized, like Sogers in a battle!
Up goes the copper like a squib, and us on both our backs,
And bless the tubs, they bundled off, and split all into cracks.
Well, there I fainted dead away, and might have been cut shorter,
But Providence was kind, and brought me to with scalding water.
I first looks round for Mrs. Round, and sees her at a distance,
As stiff as starch, and looked as dead as any thing in existence;

All scorched and grimed, and more than that, I sees the copper slap
Right on her head, for all the world like a percussion copper cap.
Well, I crooks her little fingers, and crumps them well up together,
As humanity pints out, and burnt her nostrums with a feather;
But for all as I can do, to restore her to her mortality,
She never gives a sign of a return to sensuality.
Thinks I, well there she lies, as dead as my own late departed mother,
Well, she'll wash no more in this world, whatever she does in t'other.
So I gives myself to scramble up the linens for a minute,
Lawk, sich a shirt! thinks I, it 's well my master wasn't in it;
Oh! I never, never, never, never, never, see a sight so shockin';
Here lays a leg, and there a leg—I mean, you know, a stocking—
Bodies all slit and torn to rags, and many a tattered skirt,
And arms burnt off, and sides and backs all scotched and black with dirt;
But as nobody was in 'em—none but—nobody was hurt!
Well, there I am, a-scrambling up the things, all in a lump,
When, mercy on us! such a groan as makes my heart to jump.
And there she is, a-lying with a crazy sort of eye,
A-staring at the wash-house roof, laid open to the sky;
Then she beckons with a finger, and so down to her I reaches,
And puts my ear agin her mouth to hear her dying speeches,
For, poor soul! she has a husband and young orphans, as I knew;
Well, Ma'am, you wont believe it, but it 's Gospel fact and true,
But these words is all she whispered—"Why, where *is* the powder blew?"'

ODE TO M. BRUNEL

'Well said, old mole! canst work i' the earth so fast? a worthy pioneer!'—*Hamlet.*

Well!—Monsieur Brunel,
How prospers now thy mighty undertaking,
To join by a hollow way the Bankside friends
Of Rotherhithe, and Wapping,—
Never be stopping,
But poking, groping, in the dark keep making
An archway, underneath the Dabs and Gudgeons,
For Collier men and pitchy old Curmudgeons,
To cross the water in inverse proportion,
Walk under steam-boats under the keel's ridge,
To keep down all extortion,
And without sculls to diddle London Bridge!
In a fresh hunt, a new Great Bore to worry,
Thou didst to earth thy human terriers follow,
Hopeful at last from Middlesex to Surrey,
To give us the 'View hollow.'
In short it was thy aim, right north and south,
To put a pipe into old Thames's mouth;

Alas! half-way thou hadst proceeded, when
Old Thames, through roof, not water-proof,
Came, like 'a tide in the affairs of men;'
And with a mighty stormy kind of roar,
Reproachful of thy wrong,
Burst out in that old song
Of Incledon's, beginning 'Cease, rude Bore——'
Sad is it, worthy of one's tears,
Just when one seems the most successful,
To find one's self o'er head and ears
In difficulties most distressful!
Other great speculations have been nursed,
Till want of proceeds laid them on a shelf;
But thy concern was at the worst,
When it began to *liquidate* itself!
But now Dame Fortune has her false face hidden,
And languishes thy Tunnel,—so to paint,
Under a slow incurable complaint,
Bed-ridden!
Why, when thus Thames—bed-bother'd—why repine?
Do try a spare bed at the Serpentine!
Yet let none think thee daz'd, or craz'd, or stupid;
And sunk beneath thy own and Thames's craft;
Let them not style thee some Mechanic Cupid
Pining and pouting o'er a broken shaft!
I'll tell thee with thy tunnel what to do;
Light up thy boxes, build a bin or two,
The wine does better than such water trades:
Stick up a sign—the sign of the Bore's Head;
I've drawn it ready for thee in black lead,
And make thy cellar subterrane,—Thy Shades!

OVER THE WAY

'I sat over against a window where there stood a pot with very pretty flowers; and I had my eyes fixed on it, when on a sudden the window opened, and a young lady appeared whose beauty struck me.'—ARABIAN NIGHTS.

ALAS! the flames of an unhappy lover
About my heart and on my vitals prey;
I've caught a fever that I can't get over,
Over the way!

Oh! why are eyes of hazel? noses Grecian!
I've lost my rest by night, my peace by day,
For want of some brown Holland or Venetian,
Over the way.

I've gazed too often, till my heart 's as lost
As any needle in a stack of hay:
Crosses belong to love, and mine is crossed
Over the way!

I cannot read or write, or thoughts relax—
Of what avail Lord Althorp or Earl Grey?
They cannot ease me of *my* window-tax
Over the way!

Even on Sunday my devotions vary,
And from St. Bennet Fink they go astray
To dear St. Mary Overy—the Mary
Over the way!

Oh! if my godmother were but a fairy,
With magic wand, how I would beg and pray
That she would change me into that canary
Over the way!

I envy every thing that 's near Miss Lindo,
A pug, a poll, a squirrel or a jay—
Blest blue-bottles! that buz about the window
Over the way!

Even at even, for there be no shutters,
I see her reading on, from grave to gay,
Some tale or poem, till the candle gutters
Over the way!

And then—oh! then—while the clear waxen taper
Emits, two stories high, a starlike ray,
I see twelve auburn curls put into paper
Over the way!

But how breathe unto her my deep regards,
Or ask her for a whispered ay or nay,—
Or offer her my hand, some thirty yards
Over the way?

Cold as the pole she is to my adoring;—
Like Captain Lyon, at Repulse's Bay,
I meet an icy end to my exploring
Over the way!

Each dirty little Savoyard that dances
She looks on—Punch—or chimney-sweeps in May;
Zounds! wherefore cannot I attract her glances
Over the way?

Half out she leans to watch a tumbling brat,
Or yelping cur, run over by a dray;
But I'm in love—she never pities that!
Over the way!

I go to the same church—a love-lost labour;
Haunt all her walks, and dodge her at the play;
She does not seem to know she has a neighbour
Over the way!

At private theatres she never acts;
No Crown-and-Anchor balls her fancy sway;
She never visits gentlemen with tracts
Over the way!

To billets-doux by post she shows no favour—
In short, there is no plot that I can lay
To break my window-pains to my enslaver
Over the way!

I play the flute—she heeds not my chromatics—
No friend an introduction can purvey;
I wish a fire would break out in the attics
Over the way!

My wasted form ought of itself to touch her;
My baker feels my appetite's decay;
And as for butchers' meat—oh! she 's my butcher
Over the way!

At beef I turn; at lamb or veal I pout;
I never ring now to bring up the tray;
My stomach grumbles at my dining out
Over the way!

I'm weary of my life; without regret
I could resign this miserable clay
To lie within that box of mignonette
Over the way!

I've fitted bullets to my pistol-bore;
I've vowed at times to rush where trumpets bray,
Quite sick of number one—and number four
Over the way!

Sometimes my fancy builds up castles airy,
Sometimes it only paints a ferme ornée,
A horse—a cow—six fowls—a pig—and Mary,
Over the way!

Sometimes I dream of her in bridal white,
Standing before the altar, like a fay;
Sometimes of balls, and neighbourly invite
Over the way!

I've coo'd with her in dreams, like any turtle,
I've snatch'd her from the Clyde, the Tweed, and Tay;
Thrice I have made a grove of that one myrtle
Over the way!

Thrice I have rowed her in a fairy shallop,
Thrice raced to Gretna in a neat 'po-shay,'
And shower'd crowns to make the horses gallop
Over the way!

And thrice I've started up from dreams appalling
Of killing rivals in a bloody fray—
There is a young man very fond of calling
Over the way!

Oh! happy man—above all kings in glory,
Whoever in her ear may say his say,
And add a tale of love to that one story
Over the way!

Nabob of Arcot—Despot of Japan—
Sultan of Persia—Emperor of Cathay—
Much rather would I be the happy man
Over the way!

With such a lot my heart would be in clover—
But what—O horror!—what do I survey!
Postilions and white favours!—all is over
Over the way!

A NOCTURNAL SKETCH

EVEN is come; and from the dark Park, hark,
The signal of the setting sun—one gun!
And six is sounding from the chime, prime time
To go and see the Drury-Lane Dane slain,—
Or hear Othello's jealous doubt spout out,—
Or Macbeth raving at that shade-made blade,
Denying to his frantic clutch much touch;—
Or else to see Ducrow with wide stride ride
Four horses as no other man can span;
Or in the small Olympic Pit, sit split
Laughing at Liston, while you quiz his phiz.

Anon Night comes, and with her wings brings things
Such as, with his poetic tongue, Young sung;
The gas up-blazes with its bright white light,
And paralytic watchmen prowl, howl, growl,
About the streets and take up Pall-Mall Sal,
Who, hasting to her nightly jobs, robs fobs.

Now thieves to enter for your cash, smash, crash,
Past drowsy Charley in a deep sleep, creep,
But frightened by Policeman B. 3, flee,
And while they're going, whisper low, 'No go!'

Now puss, while folks are in their beds, treads leads,
And sleepers waking, grumble—'Drat that cat!'
Who in the gutter caterwauls, squalls, mauls
Some feline foe, and screams in shrill ill-will.

Now Bulls of Bashan, of a prize size, rise
In childish dreams, and with a roar gore poor
Georgy, or Charley, or Billy, willy-nilly; —
But Nursemaid in a nightmare rest, chest-press'd,
Dreameth of one of her old flames, James Games,
And that she hears—what faith is man's—Ann's banns
And his, from Reverend Mr. Rice, twice, thrice:
White ribbons flourish, and a stout shout out,
That upward goes, shows Rose knows those bows' woes!

DOMESTIC ASIDES; OR, TRUTH IN PARENTHESES

'I REALLY take it very kind,
This visit, Mrs. Skinner!
I have not seen you such an age—
(The wretch has come to dinner!)

'Your daughters, too, what loves of girls—
What heads for painters' easels!
Come here and kiss the infant, dears,—
(And give it p'rhaps the measles!)

'Your charming boys I see are home
From Reverend Mr. Russel's;
'Twas very kind to bring them both,—
(What boots for my new Brussels!)

'What! little Clara left at home?
Well now I call that shabby:
I should have lov'd to kiss her so,—
(A flabby, dabby, babby!)

'And Mr. S., I hope he 's well,
Ah! though he lives so handy,
He never now drops in to sup,—
(The better for our brandy!)

'Come, take a seat—I long to hear
About Matilda's marriage;
You're come, of course, to spend the day!—
(Thank Heav'n, I hear the carriage!)

'What! must you go? next time I hope
You'll give me longer measure;
Nay—I shall see you down the stairs—
(With most uncommon pleasure!)

'Good-bye! good-bye! remember all
Next time you'll take your dinners!
(Now, David, mind I'm not at home
In future to the Skinners!)'

EPIGRAMS

COMPOSED ON READING A DIARY LATELY PUBLISHED

THAT flesh is grass is now as clear as day,
To any but the merest purblind pup,
Death cuts it down, and then, to make her hay,
My Lady B —— comes and rakes it up.

THE LAST WISH

When I resign this world so briary,
To have across the Styx my ferrying,
O, may I die without a DIARY!
And be interr'd without a BURY-ing!

The poor dear dead have been laid out in vain,
Turn'd into cash, they are laid out again!

THE DEVIL'S ALBUM

It will seem an odd whim
For a Spirit so grim
As the Devil to take a delight in;
But by common renown
He has come up to town,
With an Album for people to write in!

On a handsomer book
Mortal never did look,
Of a flame-colour silk is the binding,
With a border superb,
Where through flowret and herb,
The old Serpent goes brilliantly winding!

By gilded grotesques,
And emboss'd arabesques,
The whole cover, in fact, is pervaded;
But, alas! in a taste
That betrays they were traced
At the will of a Spirit degraded!

As for paper—the best,
But extremely hot-pressed,
Courts the pen to luxuriate upon it,
And against ev'ry blank
There 's a note on the Bank,
As a bribe for a sketch or a sonnet.

Who will care to appear
In the Friend's Souvenir,
Is a question to morals most vital;
But the very first leaf,
It 's the public belief,
Will be fill'd by a Lady of Title!

THE LOST HEIR

'O where, and oh where
Is my bonny laddie gone?'
Old Song.

One day, as I was going by
That part of Holborn christened High,
I heard a loud and sudden cry,
That chill'd my very blood;
And lo! from out a dirty alley,
Where pigs and Irish wont to rally,
I saw a crazy woman sally,
Bedaub'd with grease and mud.
She turn'd her East, she turn'd her West,
Staring like Pythoness possesst,
With streaming hair and heaving breast,
As one stark mad with grief.
This way and that she wildly ran,
Jostling with woman and with man—
Her right hand held a frying pan,
The left a lump of beef.
At last her frenzy seem'd to reach
A point just capable of speech,
And with a tone almost a screech,
As wild as ocean bird's,
Or female Ranter mov'd to preach,
She gave her 'sorrow words.'

'O Lord! O dear, my heart will break, I shall go stick stark staring wild!
Has ever a one seen any thing about the streets like a crying lost-looking child?
Lawk help me, I don't know where to look, or to run, if I only knew which way—
A Child as is lost about London streets, and especially Seven Dials, is a needle in a bottle of hay.
I am all in a quiver—get out of my sight, do, you wretch, you little Kitty M'Nab!
You promised to have half an eye to him, you know you did, you dirty deceitful young drab.
The last time as ever I see him, poor thing, was with my own blessed Motherly eyes,
Sitting as good as gold in the gutter, a playing at making little dirt pies.
I wonder he left the court where he was better off than all the other young boys,
With two bricks, an old shoe, nine oyster-shells, and a dead kitten by way of toys.
When his Father comes home, and he always comes home as sure as ever the clock strikes one,
He'll be rampant, he will, at his child being lost; and the beef and the inguns not done!
La bless you, good folks, mind your own consarns, and don't be making a mob in the street;
O serjeant M'Farlane! you have not come across my poor little boy, have you, in your beat?
Do, good people, move on! don't stand staring at me like a parcel of stupid stuck pigs;
Saints forbid! but he 's p'r'aps been inviggled away up a court for the sake of his clothes by the prigs;
He'd a very good jacket, for certain, for I bought it myself for a shilling one day in Rag Fair;
And his trowsers considering not very much patch'd, and red plush, they was once his Father's best pair.
His shirt, it 's very lucky I'd got washing in the tub, or that might have gone with the rest;
But he'd got on a very good pinafore with only two slits and a burn on the breast.
He'd a goodish sort of hat, if the crown was sew'd in, and not quite so much jagg'd at the brim,
With one shoe on, and the other shoe is a boot, and not a fit, and, you'll know by that if it 's him.
Except being so well dress'd, my mind would misgive, some old beggar woman in want of an orphan,
Had borrow'd the child to go a begging with, but I'd rather see him laid out in his coffin!
Do, good people, move on, such a rabble of boys! I'll break every bone of 'em I come near,
Go home—you're spilling the porter—go home—Tommy Jones, go along home with your beer.

This day is the sorrowfullest day of my life, ever since my name was Betty Morgan,
Them vile Savoyards ! they lost him once before all along of following a Monkey and an Organ :
O my Billy—my head will turn right round—if he 's got kiddynapp'd with them Italians,
They'll make him a plaster parish image boy, they will, the outlandish tatterdemalions.
Billy—where are you, Billy ?—I'm as hoarse as a crow, with screaming for ye, you young sorrow !
And shan't have half a voice, no more I shan't, for crying fresh herrings to-morrow.
O Billy, you're bursting my heart in two, and my life won't be of no more vally,
If I'm to see other folk's darlins, and none of mine, playing like angels in our alley,
And what shall I do but cry out my eyes, when I looks at the old three-legged chair,
As Billy used to make coaches and horses of, and there a'n't no Billy there !
I would run all the wide world over to find him, if I only know'd where to run,
Little Murphy, now I remember, was once lost for a month through stealing a penny bun,—
The Lord forbid of any child of mine ! I think it would kill me raily,
To find my Bill holdin' up his little innocent hand at the Old Bailey.
For though I say it as oughtn't, yet I will say, you may search for miles and mileses
And not find one better brought up, and more pretty behaved, from one end to t'other of St. Giles's.
And if I called him a beauty, it 's no lie, but only as a Mother ought to speak ;
You never set eyes on a more handsomer face, only it hasn't been washed for a week ;
As for hair, tho' it 's red, it 's the most nicest hair when I've time to just show it the comb ;
I'll owe 'em five pounds, and a blessing besides, as will only bring him safe and sound home.
He 's blue eyes, and not to be call'd a squint, though a little cast he 's certainly got ;
And his nose is still a good un, tho' the bridge is broke, by his falling on a pewter pint pot ;
He 's got the most elegant wide mouth in the world, and very large teeth for his age ;
And quite as fit as Mrs. Murdockson's child to play Cupid on the Drury Lane Stage.
And then he has got such dear winning ways—but O I never never shall see him no more !
O dear ! to think of losing him just after nussing him back from death's door !
Only the very last month when the windfalls, hang 'em, was at twenty a penny !

And the threepence he'd got by grottoing was spent in plums, and sixty for a child is too many.
And the Cholera man came and whitewash'd us all and, drat him, made a seize of our hog.—
It 's no use to send the Crier to cry him about, he 's such a blunderin' drunken old dog;
The last time he was fetched to find a lost child, he was guzzling with his bell at the Crown,
And went and cried a boy instead of a girl, for a distracted Mother and Father about Town.
Billy—where are you, Billy, I say? come, Billy, come home, to your best of Mothers!
I'm scared when I think of them Cabroleys, they drive so, they'd run over their own Sisters and Brothers.
Or may be he 's stole by some chimbly sweeping wretch, to stick fast in narrow flues and what not,
And be poked up behind with a picked pointed pole, when the soot has ketch'd, and the chimbly 's red hot.
Oh I'd give the whole wide world, if the world was mine, to clap my two longin' eyes on his face,
For he 's my darlin of darlins, and if he don't soon come back, you'll see me drop stone dead on the place.
I only wish I'd got him safe in these two Motherly arms, and wouldn't I hug him and kiss him!
Lauk! I never knew what a precious he was—but a child don't not feel like a child till you miss him.
Why, there he is! Punch and Judy hunting, the young wretch, it 's that Billy as sartin as sin!
But let me get him home, with a good grip of his hair, and I'm blest if he shall have a whole bone in his skin!'

JOHN DAY

A PATHETIC BALLAD

'A Day after the Fair.'—*Old Proverb.*

JOHN DAY he was the biggest man
Of all the coachman-kind,
With back too broad to be conceiv'd
By any narrow mind.

The very horses knew his weight
When he was in the rear,
And wish'd his box a Christmas-box
To come but once a year.

Alas! against the shafts of love
What armour can avail?
Soon Cupid sent an arrow through
His scarlet coat of mail.

The bar-maid of the Crown he lov'd,
From whom he never ranged,
For tho' he changed his horses there,
His love he never changed.

He thought her fairest of all fares,
So fondly love prefers;
And often, among twelve outsides,
Deemed no outside like hers.

One day as she was sitting down
Beside the porter-pump—
He came, and knelt with all his fat,
And made an offer plump.

Said she, my taste will never learn
To like so huge a man,
So I must beg you will come here
As little as you can.

But still he stoutly urged his suit,
With vows, and sighs, and tears,
Yet could not pierce her heart, altho'
He drove the Dart for years.

In vain he wooed, in vain he sued;
The maid was cold and proud,
And sent him off to Coventry,
While on his way to Stroud.

He fretted all the way to Stroud,
And thence all back to town,
The course of love was never smooth,
So his went up and down.

At last her coldness made him pine
To merely bones and skin;
But still he loved like one resolved
To love through thick and thin.

Oh Mary, view my wasted back,
And see my dwindled calf;

Tho' I have never had a wife,
I've lost my better half.

Alas, in vain he still assail'd,
Her heart withstood the dint;
Though he had carried sixteen stone
He could not move a flint.

Worn out, at last he made a vow
To break his being's link;
For he was so reduced in size
At nothing he could shrink.

Now some will talk in water's praise,
And waste a deal of breath,
But John, tho' he drank nothing else—
He drank himself to death.

The cruel maid that caused his love,
Found out the fatal close,
For looking in the butt, she saw,
The butt-end of his woes.

Some say his spirit haunts the Crown,
But that is only talk—
For after riding all his life,
His ghost objects to walk.

NUMBER ONE

VERSIFIED FROM THE PROSE OF A YOUNG LADY

It 's very hard!—and so it is,
To live in such a row,—
And witness this that every Miss
But me, has got a Beau.—
For Love goes calling up and down,
But here he seems to shun;
I'm sure he has been asked enough
To call at Number One!

I'm sick of all the double knocks
That come to Number Four!—
At Number Three, I often see
A Lover at the door;—
And one in blue, at Number Two,
Calls daily like a dun,—
It 's very hard they come so near
And not to Number One!

Miss Bell I hear has got a dear
Exactly to her mind,—
By sitting at the window pane
Without a bit of blind;
But I go in the balcony,
Which she has never done,
Yet arts that thrive at Number Five
Don't take at Number One!

'Tis hard with plenty in the street,
And plenty passing by,—
There 's nice young men at Number Ten,
But only rather shy;—
And Mrs. Smith across the way
Has got a grown-up son,
But la! he hardly seems to know
There is a Number One!

There 's Mr. Wick at Number Nine,
But he 's intent on pelf,
And though he 's pious will not love
His neighbour as himself.—
At Number Seven there was a sale—
The goods had quite a run !
And here I've got my single lot
On hand at Number One !

My mother often sits at work
And talks of props and stays,
And what a comfort I shall be
In her declining days :—
The very maids about the house
Have set me down a nun,
The sweethearts all belong to them
That call at Number One.

Once only when the flue took fire,
One Friday afternoon,
Young Mr. Long came kindly in
And told me not to swoon :—
Why can't he come again without
The Phœnix and the Sun !—
We cannot always have a flue
On fire at Number One !

I am not old ! I am not plain !
Nor awkward in my gait—
I am not crooked like the bride
That went from Number Eight :—
I'm sure white satin made her look
As brown as any bun—
But even beauty has no chance,
I think, at Number One !

At Number Six they say Miss Rose
Has slain a score of hearts,
And Cupid, for her sake, has been
Quite prodigal of darts.
The Imp they show with bended bow,
I wish he had a gun !—
But if he had, he'd never deign
To shoot with Number One !

It 's very hard, and so it is
To live in such a row !
And here 's a ballad singer come
To aggravate my woe ;—
O take away your foolish song,
And tones enough to stun—
There is ' Nae luck about the house,'
I know, at Number One !

THE DROWNING DUCKS

Amongst the sights that Mrs. Bond
Enjoy'd yet grieved at more than others,
Were little ducklings in a pond,
Swimming about beside their mothers—
Small things like living waterlilies,
But yellow as the daffo-*dillies*.

' It 's very hard,' she used to moan,
' That other people have their ducklings
To grace their waters—mine alone
Have never any pretty chucklings.'
For why !—each little yellow navy
Went down—all downy—to old Davy !

She had a lake—a pond I mean—
Its wave was rather thick than pearly—
She had two ducks, their napes were green—
She had a drake, his tail was curly,—
Yet spite of drake, and ducks, and pond,
No little ducks had Mrs. Bond !

The birds were both the best of mothers—
The nest had eggs—the eggs had luck—
The infant D.'s came forth like others—
But there, alas ! the matter stuck !
They might as well have all died addle,
As die when they began to paddle !

For when, as native instinct taught her,
The mother set her brood afloat,
They sank ere long right under water,
Like any over-loaded boat;
They were web-footed too to see,
As ducks and spiders ought to be!

No peccant humour in a gander
Brought havoc on her little folks,—
No poaching cook—a frying pander
To appetite,—destroyed their yolks,—
Beneath her very eyes, Od rot 'em!
They went, like plummets, to the bottom.

The thing was strange—a contradiction
It seem'd of nature and her works!
For little ducks, beyond conviction,
Should float without the help of corks:
Great Johnson it bewildered him!
To hear of ducks that could not swim.

Poor Mrs. Bond! what could she do
But change the breed—and she tried divers
Which dived as all seemed born to do;
No little ones were e'er survivors—
Like those that copy gems, I'm thinking,
They all were given to die-sinking!

In vain their downy coats were shorn;
They flounder'd still!—Batch after batch went!
The little fools seem'd only born
And hatch'd for nothing but a hatchment!
Whene'er they launched—O sight of wonder!
Like fires the water 'got them under!'

No woman ever gave their lucks
A better chance than Mrs. Bond did;
At last quite out of heart and ducks,
She gave her pond up, and desponded;
For Death among the water-lilies,
Cried '*Duc* ad me' to all her dillies!

But though resolved to breed no more,
She brooded often on this riddle—
Alas! 'twas darker than before!
At last about the summer's middle,
What Johnson, Mrs. Bond, or none did,
To clear the matter up the Sun did!

The thirsty Sirius, dog-like drank
So deep, his furious tongue to cool,
The shallow waters sank and sank,
And lo, from out the wasted pool,
Too hot to hold them any longer,
There crawl'd some eels as big as conger!

I wish all folks would look a bit,
In such a case below the surface;
But when the eels were caught and split
By Mrs. Bond, just think of *her* face,
In each inside at once to spy
A duckling turn'd to giblet-pie!

The sight at once explained the case,
Making the Dame look rather silly,
The tenants of that *Eely Place*
Had found the way to *Pick a dilly*,
And so by under-water suction,
Had wrought the little ducks' abduction.

SALLY SIMPKIN'S LAMENT

OR, JOHN JONES'S KIT-CAT-ASTROPHE

'He left his body to the sea,
And made a shark his legatee.'
Bryan and Perenne.

'Oh! what is that comes gliding in,
And quite in middling haste?
It is the picture of my Jones,
And painted to the waist.

'It is not painted to the life,
For where 's the trowsers blue?
Oh Jones, my dear!—Oh dear! my Jones,
What is become of you?'

'Oh! Sally dear, it is too true,—
The half that you remark
Is come to say my other half
Is bit off by a shark!

'Oh! Sally, sharks do things by halves,
Yet most completely do!
A bite in one place seems enough,
But I've been bit in two.

'You know I once was all your own,
But now a shark must share!
But let that pass—for now to you
I'm neither here nor there.

'Alas! death has a strange divorce
Effected in the sea,
It has divided me from you,
And even me from me!

'Don't fear my ghost will walk o' nights
To haunt as people say;
My ghost *can't* walk, for, oh! my legs
Are many leagues away!

'Lord! think when I am swimming round,
And looking where the boat is,
A shark just snaps away a *half*,
Without 'a *quarter's* notice.'

'One half is here, the other half
Is near Columbia placed;
Oh! Sally, I have got the whole
Atlantic for my waist.

'But now, adieu—a long adieu!
I've solved death's awful riddle,
And would say more, but I am doomed
To break off in the middle.'

THE FALL

'Down, down, down, ten thousand fathoms deep.'—*Count Fathom.*

Who does not know that dreadful gulf, where Niagara falls,
Where eagle unto eagle screams, to vulture vulture calls;
Where down beneath, Despair and Death in liquid darkness grope,
And upward, on the foam there shines a rainbow without Hope;
While, hung with clouds of Fear and Doubt, the unreturning wave
Suddenly gives an awful plunge, like life into the grave;
And many a hapless mortal there hath dived to bale or bliss;
One—only one—hath ever lived to rise from that abyss!
Oh, Heav'n! it turns me now to ice, with chill of fear extreme,
To think of my frail bark adrift on that tumultuous stream!

In vain with desperate sinews, strung by love of life and light,
I urged that coffin, my canoe, against the current's might:
On—on—still on—direct for doom, the river rush'd in force,
And fearfully the stream of Time raced with it in its course.
My eyes I closed—I dared not look the way towards the goal;
But still I view'd the horrid close, and dreamt it in my soul.
Plainly, as through transparent lids, I saw the fleeting shore,
And lofty trees, like winged things, flit by for evermore;
Plainly,—but with no prophet sense—I heard the sullen sound,
The torrent's voice—and felt the mist, like death-sweat gathering round.
O agony! O life! My home! and those that made it sweet:
Ere I could pray, the torrent lay beneath my very feet.
With frightful whirl, more swift than thought, I passed the dizzy edge,
Bound after bound, with hideous bruise, I dashed from ledge to ledge,
From crag to crag,—in speechless pain,—from midnight deep to deep;
I did not die,—but anguish stunn'd my senses into sleep.
How long entranced, or whither dived, no clue I have to find:
At last the gradual light of life came dawning o'er my mind;
And through my brain there thrill'd a cry,—a cry as shrill as birds'
Of vulture or of eagle kind, but this was set to words:—
'It 's Edgar Huntley in his cap and nightgown, I declares!
He 's been a walking in his sleep, and pitch'd all down the stairs!'

SONNET

Along the Woodford road there comes a noise
Of wheels, and Mr. Rounding's neat postchaise
Struggles along, drawn by a pair of bays,
With Rev. Mr. Crow and six small Boys;
Who ever and anon declare their joys,
With trumping horns and juvenile huzzas,
At going home to spend their Christmas days,
And changing Learning's pains for Pleasure's toys.
Six weeks elapse, and down the Woodford way,
A heavy coach drags six more heavy souls,
But no glad urchins shout, no trumpets bray;
The carriage makes a halt, the gate-bell tolls,
And little Boys walk in as dull and mum
As six new scholars to the Deaf and Dumb.

THE STEAM SERVICE

'Life is but a *kittle* cast.'—BURNS.

I

I *steamed* from the Downs in the Nancy,
My jib how she *smoked* through the breeze;
She 's a vessel as tight to my fancy
As ever *boil'd* through the salt seas.

* * * *

When up the *flue* the sailor goes
And ventures on the *pot*,
The landsman, he no better knows,
But thinks hard is his lot.

Bold Jack with smiles each danger meets,
Weighs anchor, lights the log;
Trims up the fire, picks out the slates,
And drinks his can of grog.

* * * *

Go patter to lubbers and swabs do you see,
'Bout danger, and fear, and the like;
But a *Boulton and Watt* and good *Wall's-end* give me;
And it an't to a little I'll strike.

Though the tempest our *chimney* smack smooth shall down smite,
And shiver each *bundle* of wood;
Clear the wreck, *stir the fire*, and stow every thing tight,
And *boiling a gallop* we'll scud.

II

HARK, the boatswain hoarsely bawling,
By shovel, tongs, and poker, stand;
Down the scuttle quick be hauling,
Down your bellows, hand, boys, hand.

Now it freshens,—blow like blazes;
Now unto the coal-hole go;
Stir, boys, stir, don't mind black faces,
Up your ashes nimbly throw.

Ply your bellows, raise the wind, boys;
See the valve is clear of course;
Let the paddles spin, don't mind, boys,
Though the weather should be worse.
Fore and aft a proper draft get,
Oil the engines, see all clear;
Hands up, each a sack of coal get,
Man the boiler, cheer, lads, cheer.

Now the dreadful thunder 's roaring,
Peal on peal contending clash;
On our heads fierce rain falls pouring,
In our eyes the paddles splash.
One wide water all around us,
All above one smoke-black sky:
Different deaths at once surround us;
Hark! what means that dreadful cry.

The funnel 's gone! cries ev'ry tongue out;
The engineer 's washed off the deck;
A leak beneath the coal-hole 's sprung out,
Call all hands to clear the wreck.
Quick, some coal, some nubbly pieces;
Come, my hearts, be stout and bold;
Plumb the boiler, speed decreases,
Four feet water getting cold.

While o'er the ship wild waves are beating,
We for wives or children mourn;
Alas! from hence there 's no retreating;
Alas! to them there 's no return.
The fire is out—we've burst the bellows,
The tinder-box is swamped below;
Heaven have mercy on poor fellows,
For only that can serve us now!

A LAY OF REAL LIFE

'Some are born with a wooden spoon in their mouths, and some with a golden ladle.'—GOLDSMITH.

'Some are born with tin rings in their noses, and some with silver ones.'—SILVERSMITH.

WHO ruined me ere I was born,
Sold every acre, grass or corn,
And left the next heir all forlorn?
My Grandfather.

Who said my mother was no nurse,
And physicked me and made me worse,
Till infancy became a curse?
My Grandmother.

Who left me in my seventh year,
A comfort to my mother dear,
And Mr. Pope, the overseer?
My Father.

Who let me starve, to buy her gin,
Till all my bones came through my skin,
Then called me 'ugly little sin?'
My Mother.

Who said my mother was a Turk,
And took me home—and made me work,
But managed half my meals to shirk?
My Aunt.

Who 'of all earthly things' would boast,
'He hated others' brats the most,'
And therefore made me feel my post?
My Uncle.

Who got in scrapes, an endless score,
And always laid them at my door,
Till many a bitter pang I bore?
My Cousin.

Who took me home when mother died,
Again with father to reside,
Black shoes, clean knives, run far and wide?
My Stepmother.

Who marred my stealthy urchin joys,
And when I played cried 'What a noise!'—
Girls always hector over boys—
My Sister.

Who used to share in what was mine,
Or took it all, did he incline,
'Cause I was eight, and he was nine?
My Brother.

Who stroked my head, and said 'Good lad,'
And gave me sixpence, 'all he had;'
But at the stall the coin was bad?
My Godfather.

Who, gratis, shared my social glass,
But when misfortune came to pass,
Referr'd me to the pump? Alas!
My Friend.

Through all this weary world, in brief,
Who ever sympathized with grief,
Or shared my joy—my sole relief?
Myself.

A VALENTINE

THE WEATHER. TO P. MURPHY, ESQ., M.N.S.

'These, properly speaking, being esteemed the three arms of Meteoric action.'

DEAR Murphy, to improve her charms,
Your servant humbly begs;
She thanks you for her leash of arms,
But wants a brace of legs.

Moreover, as you promise folks,
On certain days a drizzle;
She thinks, in case she cannot rain,
She should have means to *mizzle*.

Some lightning too may just fall due,
When woods begin to moult;
And if she cannot 'fork it out,'
She'll wish to make a *bolt!*

POEM,—FROM THE POLISH

Some months since a young lady was much surprised at receiving, from the Captain of a Whaler a blank sheet of paper, folded in the form of a letter, and duly sealed. At last, recollecting the nature of sympathetic ink, she placed the missive on a toasting-fork, and after holding it to the fire for a minute or two, succeeded in thawing out the following verses.

FROM seventy-two North latitude,
Dear Kitty, I indite;
But first I'd have you understand
How hard it is to write.

Of thoughts that breathe and words that burn,
My Kitty, do not think,—
Before I wrote these very lines,
I had to melt my ink.

Of mutual flames and lover's warmth,
You must not be too nice;
The sheet that I am writing on
Was once a sheet of ice!

The Polar cold is sharp enough
To freeze with icy gloss
The genial current of the soul,
E'en in a 'Man of Ross.'

Pope says that letters waft a sigh
From Indus to the Pole;
But here I really wish the post
Would only 'post the *coal*.'

So chilly is the Northern blast,
It blows me through and through;
A ton of Wallsend in a note
Would be a billet-doux.

In such a frigid latitude
It scarce can be a sin,
Should Passion cool a little, where
A Fury was iced in.

I'm rather tired of endless snow,
And long for coals again;
And would give up a Sea of Ice
For some of Lambton's Main.

I'm sick of dazzling ice and snow,
The sun itself I hate;
So very bright, so very cold,
Just like a summer grate.

For opodeldoc I would kneel,
My chilblains to anoint;
O Kate, the needle of the north
Has got a freezing point.

Our food *is* solids—ere we put
Our meat into our crops,
We take sledge-hammers to our steaks
And hatchets to our chops.

So very bitter is the blast,
So cutting is the air,
I never have been warm but once,
When hugging with a bear.

One thing I know you'll like to hear,
Th' effect of Polar snows,
I've left off snuff—one pinching day—
From leaving off my nose.

I have no ear for music now;
My ears both left together;
And as for dancing, I have cut
My toes—it's cutting weather.

I've said that you should have my hand,
Some happy day to come;
But, Kate, you only now can wed
A finger and a thumb.

Don't fear that any Esquimaux
Can wean me from my own;
The Girdle of the Queen of Love
Is not the Frozen Zone.

At wives with large estates of snow
My fancy does not bite;
I like to see a Bride—but not
In such a deal of white.

Give me for home a house of brick,
The Kate I love at Kew!
A hand unchopped,—a merry eye;
And not a nose, of blue!

To think upon the Bridge of Kew,
To me a bridge of sighs;
Oh, Kate, a pair of icicles
Are standing in my eyes!

God knows if I shall e'er return,
In comfort to be lull'd;
But if I do get back to port,
Pray let me have it mull'd.

CONVEYANCING

O, LONDON is the place for all,
In love with loco-motion!
Still to and fro the people go
Like billows of the ocean;
Machine or man, or caravan,
Can all be had for paying,
When great estates, or heavy weights,
Or bodies want conveying.

There 's always hacks about in packs,
Wherein you may be shaken,
And Jarvis is not always *drunk*,
Tho' always *overtaken*;
In racing tricks he'll never mix,
His nags are in their last days,
And *slow* to go, altho' they show
As if they had their *fast days!*

Then if you like a single horse,
This age is quite a *cab-age*,
A car not quite so small and light
As those of our Queen *Mab* age;
The horses have been *broken well*,
All danger is rescinded,
For some have *broken both their knees*,
And some are *broken winded.*

If you've a friend at Chelsea end,
The stages are worth knowing—
There is a sort, we call 'em short,
Although the longest going—
For some will stop at Hatchett's shop,
Till you grow faint and sicky,
Perched up behind, at last to find,
Your dinner is all *dickey!*

Long stages run from every yard:
But if you're wise and frugal,
You'll never go with any Guard
That plays upon the bugle,
'Ye banks and braes,' and other lays,
And ditties everlasting,
Like miners going all your way,
With *boring* and with *blasting.*

Instead of *journeys*, people now
May go upon a *Gurney*,
With steam to do the horse's work,
By *powers of attorney*;
Tho' with a load it may explode,
And you may all be *un*-done!
And find you're going *up to Heav'n*,
Instead of *up to London!*

To speak of every kind of coach,
It is not my intention;
But there is still one vehicle
Deserves a little mention;
The world a sage has call'd a stage,
With all its living lumber,
And Malthus swears it always bears
Above the proper number.

The law will transfer house or land
For ever and a day hence,
For lighter things, watch, brooches, rings,
You'll never want conveyance;
Ho! stop the thief! my handkerchief!
It is no sight for laughter—
Away it goes, and leaves my nose
To join in running after!

SONNET

Allegory—A moral vehicle.—*Dictionary.*

I HAD a Gig-Horse, and I called him Pleasure,
  Because on Sundays, for a little jaunt,
He was so fast and showy, quite a treasure;
  Although he sometimes kicked and shied aslant.
I had a Chaise, and christen'd it Enjoyment,
  With yellow body, and the wheels of red,
Because 'twas only used for one employment,
  Namely, to go wherever Pleasure led.
I had a wife, her nickname was Delight;
  A son called Frolic, who was never still:
Alas! how often dark succeeds to bright!
  Delight was thrown, and Frolic had a spill,
Enjoyment was upset and shattered quite,
  And Pleasure fell a splitter on *Paine's Hill!*

EPICUREAN REMINISCENCES OF A SENTIMENTALIST

'My *Tables! Meat* it is, *I set it* down!'—*Hamlet.*

I THINK it was Spring—but not certain I am—
  When my passion began first to work;
But I know we were certainly looking for lamb,
  And the season was over for pork.

'Twas at Christmas, I think, when I met with Miss Chase,
  Yes,—for Morris had asked me to dine,—
And I thought I had never beheld such a face,
  Or so noble a turkey and chine.

Placed close by her side, it made others quite wild,
  With sheer envy to witness my luck;
How she blushed as I gave her some turtle, and smil'd
  As I afterwards offered some duck.

I looked and I languished, alas, to my cost,
  Through three courses of dishes and meats;
Getting deeper in love—but my heart was quite lost,
  When it came to the trifle and sweets!

With a rent-roll that told of my houses and land,
  To her parents I told my designs—
And then to herself I presented my hand,
  With a very fine pottle of pines!

I asked her to have me for weal or for woe,
And she did not object in the least;—
I can't tell the date—but we married, I know,
Just in time to have game at the feast.

We went to —— it certainly was the seaside;
For the next, the most blessed of morns,
I remember how fondly I gazed at my bride,
Sitting down to a plateful of prawns.

O never may mem'ry lose sight of that year,
But still hallow the time as it ought,
That season the 'grass' was remarkably dear,
And the peas at a guinea a quart.

So happy, like hours, all our days seem'd to haste,
A fond pair, such as poets have drawn,
So united in heart—so congenial in taste,
We were both of us partial to brawn!

A long life I looked for of bliss with my bride,
But then Death—I ne'er dreamt about that!
Oh there 's nothing is certain in life, as I cried,
When my turbot eloped with the cat!

My dearest took ill at the turn of the year,
But the cause no physician could nab;
But something it seemed like consumption, I fear,
It was just after supping on crab.

In vain she was doctor'd, in vain she was dosed,
Still her strength and her appetite pined;
She lost relish for what she had relish'd the most,
Even salmon she deeply declin'd.

For months still I linger'd in hope and in doubt,
While her form it grew wasted and thin;
But the last dying spark of existence went out,
As the oysters were just coming in!

She died, and she left me the saddest of men
To indulge in a widower's moan,
Oh, I felt all the power of solitude then,
As I ate my first natives alone!

But when I beheld Virtue's friends in their cloaks,
And with sorrowful crape on their hats,
O my grief poured a flood! and the out-of-doors folks
Were all crying—I think it was sprats!

I'M NOT A SINGLE MAN

'Double, single, and the rub.'—*Hoyle.*
'This, this is Solitude.'—*Byron.*

I

WELL, I confess, I did not guess
A simple marriage vow
Would make me find all womenkind
Such unkind women now!
They need not, sure, as *distant* be
As Java or Japan,—
Yet every Miss reminds me this—
I'm not a single man!

II

Once they made choice of my bass voice
To share in each duett;
So well I danced, I somehow chanced
To stand in every set:
They now declare I cannot sing,
And dance on Bruin's plan;
Me draw!—me paint!—me anything!—
I'm not a single man!

III

Once I was asked advice, and task'd
What works to buy or not,
And 'would I read that passage out
I so admired in Scott?'
They then could bear to hear one read;
But if I now began,
How they would snub, 'My pretty page,'
I'm not a single man!

IV

One used to stitch a collar then,
Another hemmed a frill;
I had more purses netted then
Than I could hope to fill.
I once could get a button on,
But now I never can—
My buttons then were Bachelor's,—
I'm not a single man!

V

Oh how they hated politics
Thrust on me by papa:
But now my chat—they all leave that
To entertain mamma.
Mamma, who praises her own self,
Instead of Jane or Ann,
And lays 'her girls' upon the shelf—
I'm not a single man!

VI

Ah me, how strange it is the change,
In parlour and in hall,
They treat me so, if I but go
To make a morning call.
If they had hair in papers once,
Bolt up the stairs they ran;
They now sit still in dishabille—
I'm not a single man!

VII

Miss Mary Bond was once so fond
Of Romans and of Greeks;
She daily sought my cabinet,
To study my antiques.
Well, now she doesn't care a dump
For ancient pot or pan,
Her taste at once is modernized—
I'm not a single man!

VIII

My spouse is fond of homely life,
And all that sort of thing;
I go to balls without my wife,
And never wear a ring:
And yet each Miss to whom I come,
As strange as Genghis Khan,
Knows by some sign, I can't divine,—
I'm not a single man!

IX

Go where I will, I but intrude,
I'm left in crowded rooms,
Like Zimmerman on Solitude,
Or Hervey at his Tombs.
From head to heel, they make me feel,
Of quite another clan;
Compelled to own, though left alone,
I'm not a single man!

X

Miss Towne the toast, though she can boast
A nose of Roman line,
Will turn up even that in scorn
Of compliments of mine:
She should have seen that I have been
Her sex's partisan,
And really married all I could—
I'm not a single man!

XI

'Tis hard to see how others fare,
Whilst I rejected stand,—
Will no one take my arm because
They cannot have my hand?
Miss Parry, that for some would go
A trip to Hindostan,
With me don't care to mount a stair—
I'm not a single man!

XII

Some change, of course, should be in force,
But, surely, not so much—
There may be hands I may not squeeze,
But must I never touch?—
Must I forbear to hand a chair
And not pick up a fan?
But I have been myself picked up—
I'm not a single man!

XIII

Others may hint a lady's tint
Is purest red and white—
May say her eyes are like the skies,
So very blue and bright,—
I must not say that she *has eyes*,
Or if I so began,
I have my fears about my ears,—
I'm not a single man!

XIV

I must confess I did not guess
A simple marriage vow,
Would make me find all womenkind
Such unkind women now;
I might be hash'd to death, or smash'd,
By Mr. Pickford's van,
Without, I fear, a single tear—
I'm not a single man!

THE BURNING OF THE LOVE-LETTER

'Sometimes they were put to the proof, by what was called the Fiery Ordeal.'—*Hist. Eng*

No morning ever seemed so long!—
I tried to read with all my might!
In my left hand 'My Landlord's Tales,'
And threepence ready in my right.

'Twas twelve at last—my heart beat high!—
The Postman rattled at the door!—
And just upon her road to church,
I dropt the 'Bride of Lammermoor!'

I seized the note—I flew upstairs—
Flung-to the door, and lock'd me in—
With panting haste I tore the seal—
And kiss'd the B in Benjamin!

'Twas full of love—to rhyme with dove—
And all that tender sort of thing—
Of sweet and meet—and heart and dart—
But not a word about a ring!—

In doubt I cast it in the flame,
And stood to watch the latest spark—
And saw the love all end in smoke—
Without a Parson and a Clerk!

THE APPARITION

In the dead of the night, when, from beds that are turfy,
The spirits rise up on old cronies to call,
Came a shade from the Shades on a visit to Murphy,
Who had not foreseen such a visit at all.

'Don't shiver and shake,' said the mild Apparition,
'I'm come to your bed with no evil design;
I'm the Spirit of Moore, Francis Moore the Physician,
Once great like yourself in the Almanack line.

Like you I was once a great prophet on weather,
And deem'd to possess a more prescient knack
Than dogs, frogs, pigs, cattle, or cats, all together,
The donkeys that bray, and the dillies that quack.

With joy, then, as ashes retain former passion,
I saw my old mantle lugg'd out from the shelf,
Turn'd, trimmed, and brush'd up, and again brought in fashion,
I seem'd to be almost reviving myself!

But, oh! from my joys there was soon a sad cantle—
As too many cooks make a mull of the broth—
To find that two Prophets were under my mantle,
And pulling two ways at the risk of the cloth.

Unless you would meet with an awkwardish tumble,
Oh! join like the Siamese twins in your jumps;
Just fancy if Faith on her Prophets should stumble,
The one in his clogs, and the other in pumps!

But think how the people would worship and wonder,
To find you 'hail fellows, well met,' in your hail,
In one tune with your rain, and your wind, and your thunder,
'"Fore God," they would cry, 'they are both in a tale!'

Consider the hint.

LITTLE O'P.—AN AFRICAN FACT

It was July the First, and the great hill of Howth
Was bearing by compass sow-west and by south,
And the name of the ship was the Peggy of Cork,
Well freighted with bacon and butter and pork.
Now, this ship had a captain, Macmorris by name,
And little O'Patrick was mate of the same;

For Bristol they sail'd, but by nautical scope,
They contrived to be lost by the Cape of Good Hope.
Of all the Cork boys that the vessel could boast,
Only little O'P. made a swim to the coast;
And when he revived from a sort of a trance,
He saw a big Black with a very long lance.
Says the savage, says he, in some Hottentot tongue,
'Bash Kuku my gimmel bo gumborry bung!'
Then blew a long shell, to the fright of our elf,
And down came a hundred as black as himself.
They brought with them *guattul*, and pieces of *klam*,
The first was like beef, and the second like lamb;
'Don't I know,' said O'P., what the wretches are at?
'They're intending to eat me as soon as I'm fat!'
In terror of coming to pan, spit, or pot,
His rations of *jarbul* he suffer'd to rot;
He would not touch *purry* or *doolberry-lik*,
But kept himself *growing* as thin as a stick.
Though broiling the climate, and parching with drouth,
He would not let *chobbery* enter his mouth,
But kick'd down the *krug* shell, tho' sweeten'd with *natt*,—
'I an't to be pison'd the likes of a rat!'
At last the great *Joddry* got quite in a rage,
And cried, 'O mi pitticum dambally nage!
The *chobbery* take, and put back on the shelf,
Or give me the *krug* shell, I'll drink it myself!
The *doolberry-lik* is the best to be had,
And the *purry* (I chew'd it myself) is not bad;
The *jarbul* is fresh, for I saw it cut out,
And the *Bok* that it came from is grazing about.
My *jumbo!* but run off to Billery Nang,
And tell her to put on her *jigger* and *tang*,
And go with the *Bloss* to the man of the sea,
And say that she comes as his *Wulwul* from me.'
Now Billery Nang was as Black as a sweep,
With thick curly hair like the wool of a sheep,
And the moment he spied her, said little O'P.,
'Sure the Divil is dead, and his Widow 's at me!
But when, in the blaze of her Hottentot charms,
She came to accept him for life in her arms,
And stretch'd her thick lips to a broad grin of love,
A Raven preparing to bill like a Dove,
With a soul full of dread he declined the grim bliss,
Stopped her Molyneux arms, and eluded her kiss;
At last, fairly foiled, she gave up the attack,
And *Joddry* began to look blacker than black;
'By Mumbo! by Jumbo!—why here is a man,
That won't be made happy do all that I can;
He will not be married, lodged, clad, and well fed,
Let the *Rham* take his *shangwang* and chop off his head!'

THE ANGLER'S FAREWELL

'Resign'd, I kissed the rod.'

WELL! I think it is time to put up!
For it does not accord with my notions,
Wrist, elbow, and chine,
Stiff from throwing the line,
To take nothing at last by my motions!

I ground-bait my way as I go,
And dip in at each watery dimple:
But however I wish
To inveigle the fish,
To my *gentle* they will not play *simple!*

Though my float goes so swimmingly on,
My bad luck never seems to diminish;
It would seem that the Bream
Must be scarce in the stream,
And the *Chub*, tho' it 's chubby, be *thinnish!*

Not a Trout there can be in the place,
Not a Grayling or Rud worth the mention,
And although at my hook
With *attention* I look,
I can ne'er see my hook with *a Tench on!*

At a brandling once Gudgeon would gape,
But they seem upon different terms now;
Have they taken advice
Of the '*Council of Nice*,'
And rejected their '*Diet of Worms*,' now?

In vain my live minnow I spin,
Not a Pike seems to think it worth snatching;
For the gut I have brought,
I had better have bought
A good *rope* that was used to *Jack-ketching!*

Not a nibble has ruffled my cork,
It is vain in this river to search then;
I may wait till it 's night,
Without any bite,
And at *roost-time* have never a *Perch* then!

No Roach can I meet with—no Bleak,
Save what in the air is so sharp now;
Not a Dace have I got,
And I fear it is not
'Carpe diem,' a day for the Carp now!

Oh! there is not a one-pound prize
To be got in this fresh-water lottery!
What then can I deem
Of so fishless a stream
But that 'tis—like St. Mary's—*Ottery!*

For an Eel I have learn'd how to try,
By a method of Walton's own showing,—
But a fisherman feels
Little prospect of Eels,
In a path that s devoted to towing!

I have tried all the water for miles,
Till I'm weary of dipping and casting,
And hungry and faint,—
Let the Fancy just paint
What it is, *without Fish*, to be *Fasting!*

And the rain drizzles down very fast,
While my dinner-time sounds from a far bell,—
So, wet to the skin,
I'll e'en back to my Inn,
Where at least I am sure of a *Bar-bell!*

SEA SONG

AFTER DIBDIN

PURE water it plays a good part in
The swabbing the decks and all that—
And it finds its own level for sartin—
For it sartinly drinks very flat:—
For my part a drop of the creatur
I never could think was a fault,
For if Tars should swig water by natur,
The sea would have never been salt!—
Then off with it into a jorum
And make it strong, sharpish, or sweet,
For if I've any sense of decorum,
It never was meant to be neat!—

One day when I was but half sober,—
Half measures I always disdain—
I walk'd into a shop that sold Soda,
And ax'd for some Water Champagne:—
Well, the lubber he drew and he drew, boys,
Till I'd shipped my six bottles or more,
And blow off my last limb but it's true, boys,
Why, I warn't half so drunk as afore!—
Then off with it into a jorum,
And make it strong, sharpish, or sweet,
For if I've any sense of decorum,
It never was meant to be neat.

STANZAS ON COMING OF AGE

'Twiddle'em, Twaddle'em, Twenty-one.'

'Nurse. O woe! O woeful, woeful, woeful day!
Most lamentable day! most woeful day!
That ever, ever, I did yet behold!
O day! O day! O day! O hateful day!
Never was seen so black a day as this!
O woeful day! O woeful day!

* * * *

Musician. Faith, we may put up our pipes and be gone.

Nurse. Honest good fellows, ah! put up, put up!
For well you know this is a pitiful case.'

Romeo and Juliet.

TO-DAY it is my natal day,
Three 'prenticeships have past away,
A part in work, a part in play,
Since I was bound to life!
This first of May I come of age,
A man, I enter on the stage
Where human passions fret and rage,
To mingle in the strife.

It ought to be a happy date,
My friends, they all congratulate
That I am come to 'Man's Estate,'
To some, a grand event;

But ah! to me descent allots
No acres, no paternal spots
In Beds, Bucks, Herts, Wilts, Essex, Notts,
Hants, Oxon, Berks, or Kent.

From John o'Groat's to Land's End search,
I have not one rod, pole, or perch,
To pay my rent, or tithe to church,
That I can call my own.
Not common-right for goose;
Then what is Man's Estate?
Six feet by two of mould and
When I am dust and bone

Reserve the feast! The board forsake!
Ne'er tap the wine—don't cut the cake,
No toasts or foolish speeches make,
At which my reason spurns.
Before this happy term you praise,
And prate about returns and days,
Just o'er my vacant rent-roll gaze,
And sum up my returns.

I know where great estates descend
That here is Boyhood's legal end,
And easily can comprehend
How 'Manors make the Man.'
But as for me, I was not born
To quit-rent of a peppercorn,
And gain no ground this blessed morn
From Beersheba to Dan.

No barrels broach—no bonfires make!
To roast a bullock for my sake,
Who in the country have no stake,
Would be too like a quiz;
No banners hoist—let off no gun—
Pitch no marquee—devise no fun—
But think when man is Twenty-One
What new delights are his!

What is the moral legal fact—
Of age to-day, I'm free to act
For self—free, namely, to contract
Engagements, bonds, and debts;
I'm free to give my I O U,
Sign, draw, accept, as majors do;
And free to lose my freedom too
For want of due assets.

I am of age, to ask Miss Ball,
Or that great heiress, Miss Duval,
To go to church, hump, squint, and all,
And be my own for life.
But put such reasons on their shelves,
To tell the truth between ourselves,
I'm one of those contented elves
Who do not want a wife.

What else belongs to Manhood still?
I'm old enough to make my will
With valid clause and codicil
Before in turf I lie.
But I have nothing to bequeath
In earth, or waters underneath,
And in all candour let me breathe,
I do not want to die.

Away! if this be Manhood's forte,
Put by the sherry and the port—
No ring of bells—no rustic sport—
No dance—no merry pipes!
No flowery garlands—no bouquet—
No Birthday Ode to sing or say—
To me it seems this is a day
For bread and cheese and swipes.

To justify the festive cup
What horrors here are conjured up!
What things of bitter bite and sup,
Poor wretched Twenty-One's!
No landed lumps, but frumps and humps,
(Discretion's Days are far from trumps)
Domestic discord, dowdies, dumps,
Death, dockets, debts, and duns!

If you must drink, oh drink 'the King.'
Reform—the Church—the Press—the Ring,
Drink Aldgate Pump—or anything,
Before a toast like this!
Nay, tell me, coming thus of age,
And turning o'er this sorry page,
Was young Nineteen so far from sage?
Or young Eighteen from bliss?

Till this dull, cold, wet, happy morn—
No sign of May about the thorn,—
Were Love and Bacchus both unborn?
Had Beauty, not a shape?
Make answer, sweet Kate Finnerty!
Make answer, lads of Trinity!
Who sipp'd with me Divinity,
And quaff'd the ruby grape!

No flummery then from flowery lips,
No three times three and hip-hip-hips,
Because I'm ripe and full of pips—
I like a little green.
To put me on my solemn oath,
If sweep-like I could stop my growth
I would remain, and nothing loth,
A boy—about nineteen.

My friends, excuse me these rebukes!
Were I a monarch's son, or duke's,
Go to the Vatican of Meux
And broach his biggest barrels—
Impale whole elephants on spits—
Ring Tom of Lincoln till he splits,
And dance into St. Vitus' fits,
And break your winds with carols!

But ah! too well you know my lot,
Ancestral acres greet me not,
My freehold 's in a garden-pot,
And barely worth a pin.
Away then with all festive stuff!
Let Robins advertise and puff
My 'Man's Estate,' I'm sure enough
I shall not buy it in.

A SINGULAR EXHIBITION AT SOMERSET HOUSE

'Our Crummie is a dainty cow.'—*Scotch Song.*

On that first Saturday in May,
When Lords and Ladies, great and grand,
Repair to see what each R.A.
Has done since last they sought the Strand,
In red, brown, yellow, green, or blue,
In short, what 's call'd the private view,—
Amongst the guests—the deuce knows how
She got in there without a row—
There came a large and vulgar dame
With arms deep red, and face the same,
Showing in temper not a Saint;
No one could guess for why she came,
Unless perchance to 'scour the Paint.'

From wall to wall she forc'd her way,
Elbow'd Lord Durham—pok'd Lord Grey—
Stamp'd Stafford's toes to make him move,
And Devonshire's Duke received a shove;
The great Lord Chancellor felt her nudge,
She made the Vice, his Honour, budge,
And gave a pinch to Park the Judge.
As for the ladies, in this stir,
The highest rank gave way to her.

From number one and number two,
She search'd the pictures through and through,
On benches stood to inspect the high ones.
And squatted down to scan the shy ones;
And as she went from part to part,
A deeper red each cheek became,
Her very eyes lit up in flame,
That made each looker-on exclaim,
'Really an ardent love of art!'
Alas, amidst her inquisition,
Fate brought her to a sad condition;
She might have run against Lord Milton,
And still have stared at deeds in oil,
But ah! her picture-joy to spoil,
She came full butt on Mr. Hilton.

The Keeper mute, with staring eyes
Like a lay-figure for surprise,
At last thus stammered out, 'How now?
Woman—where, woman, is your ticket,
That ought to let you through our wicket?'
Says woman, 'Where is David's Cow?'
Said Mr. H——, with expedition,
'There 's no Cow in the Exhibition.'
'No Cow!'—but here her tongue in verity
Set off with steam and rail celerity—

'No Cow! there an't no Cow, then the more 's the shame and pity,
Hang you and the R.A.'s, and all the Hanging Committee!
No Cow—but hold your tongue, for you needn't talk to me—
You can't talk up the Cow, you can't, to where it ought to be—
I haven't seen a picture high or low, or any how,
Or in any of the rooms, to be compared with David's Cow!
You may talk of your Landseers, and of your Coopers, and your Wards,
Why hanging is too good for them, and yet here they are on cords!
They're only fit for window frames, and shutters, and street-doors,
David will paint 'em any day at Red Lions or Blue Boars,—
Why Morland was a fool to him, at a little pig or sow—
It 's really hard it an't hung up—I could cry about the Cow!
But I know well what it is, and why—they're jealous of David's fame,
But to vent it on the Cow, poor thing, is a cruelty and a shame.
Do you think it might hang bye and bye, if you cannot hang it now?
David has made a party up, to come and see his Cow.
If it only hung three days a week, for an example to the learners,
Why can't it hang up, turn about, with that picture of Mr. Turner's?
Or do you think from Mr. Etty, you need apprehend a row,
If now and then you cut him down to hang up David's Cow?
I can't think where their tastes have been, to not have such a creature,
Although I say, that should not say, it was prettier than Nature;
It must be hung—and shall be hung, for, Mr. H——, I vow,
I daren't take home the catalogue, unless it 's got the Cow!
As we only want it to be seen, I should not so much care,
If it was only round the stone man's neck, a-coming up the stair.
Or down there in the marble room, where all the figures stand,
Where one of them Three Graces might just hold it in her hand—
Or may be Bailey's Charity the favour would allow,
It would really be a charity to hang up David's Cow.
We haven't nowhere else to go if you don't hang it here,
The Water-Colour place allows no oilman to appear—
And the British Gallery sticks to Dutch, Teniers, and Gerrard Douw,
And the Suffolk Gallery will not do—it 's not a Suffolk Cow:
I wish you'd seen him painting her, he hardly took his meals
Till she was painted on the board correct from head to heels;
His heart and soul was in his Cow, and almost made him shabby,
He hardly whipp'd the boys at all, or help'd to nurse the babby.
And when he had her all complete and painted over red,
He got so grand, I really thought him going off his head.
Now hang it, Mr. Hilton, do just hang it any how:
Poor David, he will hang himself unless you hang his Cow.—
And if it 's unconvenient and drawn too big by half—
David shan't send next year except a very little calf.'

I'M GOING TO BOMBAY

'Nothing venture, nothing have.'—*Old Proverb.*

'Every Indiaman has at least two mates.'—*Falconer's Marine Guide.*

I

My hair is brown, my eyes are blue,
And reckon'd rather bright;
I'm shapely, if they tell me true,
And just the proper height;
My skin has been admired in verse,
And call'd as fair as day—
If I *am* fair, so much the worse,
I'm going to Bombay!

II

At school I passed with some éclat;
I learn'd my French in France;
De Wint gave lessons how to draw,
And D'Egville how to dance;—
Crevelli taught me how to sing,
And Cramer how to play—
It really is the strangest thing—
I'm going to Bombay!

III

I've been to Bath and Cheltenham Wells,
But not their springs to sip—
To Ramsgate—not to pick up shells,—
To Brighton—not to dip.
I've tour'd the Lakes, and scour'd the coast
From Scarboro' to Torquay—
But tho' of time I've made the most,
I'm going to Bombay!

IV

By Pa and Ma I'm daily told
To marry now 's my time,
For though I'm very far from old,
I'm rather in my prime.
They say while we have any sun
We ought to make our hay—
And India has so hot an one,
I'm going to Bombay!

V

My cousin writes from Hyderapot
My only chance to snatch,
And says the climate is so hot,
It 's sure to light a match.—
She 's married to a son of Mars,
With very handsome pay,
And swears I ought to thank my stars
I'm going to Bombay!

VI

She says that I shall much delight
To taste their Indian treats,
But what she likes may turn me quite,
Their strange outlandish meats.—
If I can eat rupees, who knows?
Or dine, the Indian way,
On doolies and on bungalows—
I'm going to Bombay!

VII

She says that I shall much enjoy,—
I don't know what she means,—
To take the air and buy some toy,
In my own palankeens,—
I like to drive my pony-chair,
Or ride our dapple grey—
But elephants are horses there—
I'm going to Bombay!

VIII

Farewell, farewell, my parents dear,
My friends, farewell to them!
And oh, what costs a sadder tear,
Good-bye, to Mr. M.!—
If I should find an Indian vault,
Or fall a tiger's prey,
Or steep in salt, it 's all *his* fault,
I'm going to Bombay!

IX

That fine new teak-built ship, the Fox,
A. 1.—Commander Bird,
Now lying in the London docks,
Will sail on May the Third ;
Apply for passage or for freight,
To Nichol, Scott, and Gray—
Pa has applied and seal'd my fate—
I'm going to Bombay !

X

My heart is full—my trunks as well ;
My mind and caps made up,
My corsets, shap'd by Mrs. Bell,
Are promised ere I sup ;
With boots and shoes, Rivarta's best,
And dresses by Ducé,
And a special licence in my chest—
I'm going to Bombay !

ODE

TO THE ADVOCATES FOR THE REMOVAL OF SMITHFIELD MARKET

'Sweeping our flocks and herds.'—*Douglas.*

O PHILANTHROPIC men !
For this address I need not make apology—
Who aim at clearing out the Smithfield pen,
And planting further off its vile Zoology—
Permit me thus to tell,
I like your efforts well,
For routing that great nest of Hornithology !

Be not dismay'd, although repulsed at first,
And driven from their Horse, and Pig, and Lamb. parts,
Charge on !—you shall upon their hornworks burst,
And carry all their *Bull*-warks and their *Ram*-parts.

Go on, ye wholesale drovers !
And drive away the Smithfield flocks and herds !
As wild as Tartar-Curds,
That come so fat, and kicking, from their clovers,
Off with them all !—those restive brutes, that vex
Our streets, and plunge, and lunge, and butt, and battle ;
And save the female sex
From being cow'd—like Iö—by the cattle !

Fancy—when droves appear on
The hill of Holborn, roaring from its top,—
Your ladies—ready, as they own, to drop,
Taking themselves to Thomson's with a *Fear-on !*

Or, in St. Martin's Lane,
Scared by a Bullock, in a frisky vein,—
Fancy the terror of your timid daughters,
While rushing souse
Into a coffee-house,
To find it—Slaughter's !

Or fancy this :—
Walking along the street, some stranger Miss,
Her head with no such thought of danger laden,
When suddenly 'tis ' Aries Taurus Virgo ! '—
You don't know Latin, I translate it ergo,
Into your Areas a Bull throws the Maiden !

Think of some poor old crone
Treated, just like a penny, with a toss !
At that vile spot now grown
So generally known
For making a Cow Cross !

Nay, fancy your own selves far off from stall,
Or shed, or shop—and that an Ox infuriate
Just pins you to the wall,
Giving you a strong dose of *Oxy-Muriate !*

Methinks I hear the neighbours that live round
The Market-ground
Thus make appeal unto their civic fellows—
' 'Tis well for you that live apart—unable
To hear this brutal Babel,
But our *firesides* are troubled with their *bellows.*

' Folks that too freely sup
Must e'en put up
With their own troubles if they can't digest ;
But we must needs regard
The case as hard
That *others'* victuals should disturb our rest,
That from our sleep *your* food should start and jump us !
We like, ourselves, a steak,
But, Sirs, for pity's sake !
We don't want oxen at our doors to *rump-us !*

' If we *do* doze—it really is too bad !
We constantly are roar'd awake or rung,
Through bullocks mad
That run in all the ' Night Thoughts ' of our Young ! '

Such are the woes of sleepers—now let 's take
The woes of those that wish to keep *a Wake !*
Oh think ! when Wombwell gives his annual feasts,
Think of these ' Bulls of Basan,' far from mild ones ;
Such fierce tame beasts,
That nobody much cares to see the Wild ones !

Think of the Show woman, ' what shows a Dwarf,'
Seeing a red Cow come
To swallow her Tom Thumb,
And forc'd with broom of birch to keep her off !

Think, too, of Messrs. Richardson and Co.,
When looking at their public private boxes,
To see in the back row
Three live sheeps' heads, a porker's, and an Ox's!
Think of their Orchestra, when two horns come
Through, to accompany the double drum!
Or, in the midst of murder and remorses,
Just when the Ghost is certain,
A great rent in the curtain,
And enter two tall skeletons—of Horses!

Great Philanthropics! pray urge these topics
Upon the Solemn Councils of the Nation,
Get a Bill soon, and give, some noon,
The Bulls, a Bull of Excommunication!
Let the old Fair have fair-play as its right,
And to each show and sight
Ye shall be treated with a Free List latitude;
To Richardson's Stage Dramas,
Dio—and Cosmo—ramas,
Giants and Indians wild,
Dwarf, Sea Bear, and Fat Child,
And that most rare of Shows—a Show of Gratitude!

ODE FOR ST. CECILIA'S EVE

'Look out for squalls.'—*The Pilot.*

O COME, dear Barney Isaacs, come,
Punch for one night can spare his drum
As well as pipes of Pan!
Forget not, Popkins, your bassoon,
Nor, Mister Bray, your horn, as soon
As you can leave the Van;
Blind Billy, bring your violin;
Miss Crow, you're great in Cherry Ripe!
And Chubb, your viol must drop in
Its bass to Soger Tommy's pipe.
Ye butchers, bring your bones:
An organ would not be amiss;
If grinding Jim has spouted his,
Lend yours, good Mister Jones.
Do, hurdy-gurdy Jenny,—do
Keep sober for an hour or two,
Music's charms to help to paint.
And, Sandy Gray, if you should not
Your bagpipes bring—O tuneful Scot!
Conceive the feelings of the Saint!

Miss Strummel issues an invite,
For music, and turn-out to-night
In honour of Cecilia's session;
But ere you go, one moment stop,
And with all kindness let me drop
A hint to you, and your profession;
Imprimis then: Pray keep within
The bounds to which your skill was born;
Let the one-handed let alone
Trombone,
Don't—Rheumatiz! seize the violin,
Or Ashmy snatch the horn!

Don't ever to such rows give birth,
As if you had no end on earth,
Except to 'wake the lyre;'
Don't 'strike the harp,' pray never do,
Till others long to strike it too,
Perpetual harping 's apt to tire;

Oh, I have heard such flat-and-sharpers.
I've blest the head
Of good King Ned,
For scragging all those old Welsh Harpers.

Pray, never, ere each tuneful doing,
Take a prodigious deal of wooing;
And then sit down to thrum the strain,
As if you'd never rise again—
The least Cecilia-like of things;
Remember that the Saint has wings.
I've known Miss Strummel pause an hour,
Ere she could 'Pluck the Fairest Flower.'
Yet without hesitation, she
Plunged next into the 'Deep Deep Sea,'
And when on the keys she *does* begin,
Such awful torments soon you share,
She really seems like Milton's 'Sin,'
Holding the keys of—you know where!

Never tweak people's ears so toughly,
That urchin-like they can't help saying—
'O dear! O dear—you call this playing,
But oh, it's playing very roughly!'
Oft, in the ecstasy of pain,
I've cursed all instrumental workmen,
Wish'd Broadwood Thurtell'd in a lane,
And Kirke White's fate to every Kirkman—
I really once delighted spied
'Clementi Collard' in Cheapside.

Another word,—don't be surpris'd,
Revered and ragged street Musicians,
You have been only half-baptis'd,
And each name proper, or improper,
Is not the value of a copper,
Till it has had the due additions,
Husky, Rusky,
Ninny, Tinny,
Hummel, Bummel,
Bowski, Wowski.

All these are very good selectables;
But none of your plain pudding-and-tames—
Folks that are called the hardest names
Are music's most respectables.
Ev'ry woman, ev'ry man,
Look as foreign as you can,
Don't cut your hair, or wash your skin,
Make ugly faces and begin!

Each Dingy Orpheus gravely hears.
And now to show they understand it!
Miss Crow her scrannel throttle clears,
And all the rest prepare to band it.
Each scraper right for concertante,
Rozins the hair of Rozinante:
Then all sound A, if they know which,
That they may join like birds in June;
Jack Tar alone neglects to tune,
For he 's all over concert-pitch.

A little prelude goes before,
Like a knock and ring at music's door.
Each instrument gives in its name;
Then sitting in
They all begin
To play a musical round game.
Scrapenberg, as the eldest hand,
Leads a first fiddle to the band,
A second follows suit;
Anon the ace of Horns comes plump
On the two fiddles with a trump,
Puffindorf plays a flute.
This sort of musical revoke,
The grave bassoon begins to smoke,
And in rather grumpy kind
Of tone begins to speak its mind;
The double drum is next to mix,
Playing the Devil on Two Sticks—
Clamour, clamour,
Hammer, hammer,
While now and then a pipe is heard,
Insisting to put in a word,
With all his shrilly best,
So to allow the little minion
Time to deliver his opinion,
They take a few bars rest.

Well, little Pipe begins—with sole
And small voice going thro' the *hole*,
Beseeching,
Preaching,
Squealing,
Appealing,
Now as high as he can go,
Now in language rather low,
And having done—begins once more,
Verbatim what he said before.
This twiddling twaddling sets on fire
All the old instrumental ire,
And fiddles for explosion ripe,
Put out the little squeaker's pipe;
This wakes bass viol—and viol for that,
Seizing on innocent little B flat,
Shakes it like terrier shaking a rat—
They all seem miching malicho!
To judge from a rumble unawares,
The drum has had a pitch downstairs;
And the trumpet rash,
By a violent crash,
Seems splitting somebody's calico!
The viol too groans in deep distress,
As if he suddenly grew sick;
And one rapid fiddle sets off express,—
Hurrying,
Scurrying,
Spattering,
Clattering,
To fetch him a Doctor of Music.
This tumult sets the Haut-boy crying
Beyond the Piano's pacifying,
The cymbal
Gets nimble,
Triangle
Must wrangle,
The band is becoming most martial of bands,
When just in the middle,
A quakerly fiddle,
Proposes a general shaking of hands!
Quaking,
Shaking,
Quivering,
Shivering,
Long bow—short bow—each bow drawing:
Some like filing,—some like sawing;
At last these agitations cease,
And they all get
The flageolet,
To breathe 'a piping time of peace.'

Ah, too deceitful charm,
Like light'ning before death,
For Scrapenberg to rest his arm,
And Puffindorf get breath!
Again without remorse or pity,
They play 'The Storming of a City,'
Miss S. herself compos'd and plann'd it—
When lo! at this renew'd attack,
Up jumps a little man in black,—
'The very Devil cannot stand it!'
And with that,
Snatching hat,
(Not his own,)
Off is flown,
Thro' the door,
In his black,
To come back,
Never, never, never more!

O Music! praises thou hast had,
From Dryden and from Pope,
For thy good notes, yet none I hope,
But I, e'er praised the bad,
Yet are not saint and sinner even?
Miss Strummel on Cecilia's level?
One drew an angel down from heaven!
The other scar'd away the Devil!

A BLOW-UP

'Here we go up, up, up'—*The Lay of the First Minstrel.*

NEAR Battle, Mr. Peter Baker
Was Powder-maker,
Not Alderman Flower's flour,—the white that puffs
And primes and loads heads bald, or grey, or chowder,
Figgins and Higgins, Fippins, Filby,—Crowder,
Not vile apothecary's pounded stuffs,
But something blacker, bloodier, and louder,
Gun-powder!

This stuff, as people know, is *semper*
Eadem; very hasty in its temper—
Like Honour that resents the gentlest taps,
Mere semblances of blows, however slight;
So powder fires, although you only p'rhaps
Strike light.
To make it therefore, is a ticklish business,
And sometimes gives both head and heart a dizziness,
For as all human flash and fancy minders,
Frequenting fights and Powder-works well know,
There seldom is a mill without a blow,
Sometimes upon the grinders.
But then—the melancholy phrase to soften,
Mr. B.'s mill *transpir'd* so very often!
And advertised—than all Price Currents louder,
'Fragments look up—there is a rise in Powder,'
So frequently, it caused the neighbours' wonder,—
And certain people had the inhumanity
To lay it all to Mr. Baker's vanity,
That he might have to say—'That was *my* thunder!'
One day—so goes the tale,
Whether, with iron hoof,
Not sparkle-proof,
Some ninny-hammer struck upon a nail,—
Whether some glow-worm of the Guy Faux stamp,
Crept in the building, with Unsafety Lamp—
One day this mill that had by water ground,
Became a sort of windmill and blew round.
With bounce that went in sound as far as Dover, it
Sent half the workmen sprawling to the sky;
Besides some visitors who gained thereby,
What they had asked—permission 'to go over it!'
Of course it was a very hard and high blow,
And somewhat differed from what 's called a flyblow.

At Cowes' Regatta, as I once observed,
A pistol-shot made twenty vessels start;
If such a sound could terrify oak's heart,
Think how this crash the human nerve unnerved.
In fact it was a very awful thing,—
As people know that have been used to battle,
In springing either mine or mill, you spring
A precious rattle!
The dunniest heard it—poor old Mr. F.
Doubted for once if he was ever deaf;
Through Tunbridge town it caused most strange alarms,
Mr. and Mrs. Fogg,
Who lived like cat and dog,
Were shocked for once into each other's arms.
Miss M. the milliner—her fright so strong,
Made a great gobble-stitch six inches long;
The veriest quakers quaked against their wish;
The 'Best of Sons' was taken unawares,
And kicked the 'Best of Parents' down the stairs:
The steadiest servant dropped the China dish;
A thousand started, though there was but one
Fated to win, and that was Mister Dunn,
Who struck convulsively, and hooked a fish!

Miss Wiggins, with some grass upon her fork,
Toss'd it just like a haymaker at work;
Her sister not in any better case,
For taking wine,
With nervous Mr. Pyne,
He jerked his glass of Sherry in her face.
Poor Mistress Davy,
Bobb'd off her bran-new turban in the gravy;
While Mr. Davy at the lower end,
Preparing for a Goose a carver's labour,
Darted his two-pronged weapon in his neighbour,
As if for once he meant to help a friend.

The nurse-maid telling little 'Jack-a-Norey,'
'Bo-peep,' and 'Blue-cap' at the house's top,
Scream'd, and let Master Jeremiah drop
From a fourth storey!
Nor yet did matters any better go
With Cook and Housemaid in the realms below;
As for the Laundress, timid Martha Gunning,
Expressing faintness and her fears by fits
And starts,—she came at last but to her wits,
By falling in the ale that John left running.

Grave Mr. Miles, the meekest of mankind,
Struck all at once, deaf, stupid, dumb, and blind,

Sat in his chaise some moments like a corse,
Then coming to his mind,
Was shocked to find,
Only a pair of shafts without a horse.
Out scrambled all the Misses from Miss Joy's!
From Prospect House, for urchins small and big,
Hearing the awful noise,
Out rushed a flood of boys,
Floating a man in black, without a wig;—
Some carried out one treasure, some another,—
Some caught their tops and taws up in a hurry,
Some saved Chambaud, some rescued Lindley Murray,
But little Tiddy carried his big brother!

Sick of such terrors,
The Tunbridge folks resolv'd that truth should dwell
No longer secret in a Tunbridge Well,
But to warn Baker of his dangerous errors;
Accordingly to bring the point to pass,
They call'd a meeting of the broken glass,
The shatter'd chimney pots, and scatter'd tiles,
The damage of each part,
And packed it in a cart,
Drawn by the horse that ran from Mr. Miles;
While Doctor Babblethorpe, the worthy Rector,
And Mr. Gammage, cutler to George Rex,
And some few more, whose names would only vex,
Went as a deputation to the Ex-
Powder-proprietor and Mill-director.

Now Mr. Baker's dwelling-house had pleased
Along with mill-materials to roam,
And for a time the deputies were teased,
To find the noisy gentleman at home;
At last they found him with undamaged skin,
Safe at the Tunbridge Arms—not out—but Inn.

The worthy Rector, with uncommon zeal,
Soon put his spoke in for the common weal—
A grave old gentlemanly kind of Urban,—
The piteous tale of Jeremiah moulded,
And then unfolded,
By way of climax, Mrs. Davy's turban;
He told how auctioneering Mr. Pidding
Knock'd down a lot without a bidding,—
How Mr. Miles, in fright, had giv'n his mare,
The whip she wouldn't bear,—
At Prospect House, how Doctor Oates, not Titus,
Danced like Saint Vitus,—
And Mr. Beak, thro' Powder's misbehaving,
Cut off his nose whilst shaving;—

When suddenly, with words that seem'd like swearing,
Beyond a Licenser's belief or bearing—
Broke in the stuttering, sputtering Mr. Gammage—
'Who is to pay us, Sir'—he argued thus,
'For loss of cus-cus-cus-cus-cus-cus-cus—
Cus-custom, and the dam-dam-dam-dam-damage?'

Now many a person had been fairly puzzled
By such assailants, and completely muzzled;
Baker, however, was not dash'd with ease—
But proved he practised after their own system,
And with small ceremony soon dismiss'd 'em,
Putting these words into their ears like fleas:
'If I do have a blow, well, where 's the oddity?
I merely do as other tradesmen do,
You, Sir,—and you—and you!
I'm only puffing off my own commodity!'

THE GHOST

A VERY SERIOUS BALLAD

'I'll be your second.'—*Liston.*

In Middle Row, some years ago,
There lived one Mr. Brown;
And many folks considered him
The stoutest man in town.

But Brown and stout will both wear out,
One Friday he died hard,
And left a widow'd wife to mourn,
At twenty pence a yard.

Now widow B. in two short months
Thought mourning quite a tax,
And wish'd, like Mr. Wilberforce,
To *manumit* her blacks.

With Mr. Street she soon was sweet;
The thing thus came about:
She asked him in at home, and then
At church he asked her out!

Assurance such as this the man
In ashes could not stand;
So like a Phœnix he rose up
Against the Hand in Hand.

One dreary night the angry sprite
Appeared before her view;
It came a little after one,
But she was after two!

'Oh Mrs. B., oh Mrs. B.!
Are these your sorrow's deeds,
Already getting up a flame,
To burn your widow's weeds?

'It 's not so long since I have left
For aye the mortal scene;
My Memory—like Rogers's,
Should still be bound in green!

'Yet if my face you still retrace
I almost have a doubt—
I'm like an old Forget-Me-Not,
With all the leaves torn out!

'To think that on that finger joint
Another pledge should cling;
Oh Bess! upon my very soul,
It struck like "Knock and Ring."

'A ton of marble on my breast
Can't hinder my return;
Your conduct, Ma'am, has set my blood
A-boiling in my urn!

'Remember, oh! remember, how
The marriage rite did run,—
If ever we one flesh should be,
'Tis now—when I have none!

'And you, Sir—once a bosom friend—
Of perjured faith convict,
As ghostly toe can give no blow,
Consider you are kick'd.

'A hollow voice is all I have,
But this I tell you plain,
Marry come up!—you marry, Ma'am,
And I'll come up again.'

More he had said, but chanticleer
The spritely shade did shock
With sudden crow, and off he went,
Like fowling-piece at cock!

ODE TO MADAME HENGLER

FIREWORK-MAKER TO VAUXHALL

Oh, Mrs. Hengler!—Madame,—I beg pardon;
Starry Enchantress of the Surrey Garden!
Accept an Ode not meant as any scoff—
The Bard were bold indeed at thee to quiz,
Whose squibs are far more popular than his;
Whose works are much more certain to go off.

Great is thy fame, but not a silent fame;
With many a bang the public ear it courts;
And yet thy arrogance we never blame,
But take thy merits from thy own reports.
Thou hast indeed the most indulgent backers,
We make no doubting, misbelieving comments,
Even in thy most bounceable of moments;
But lend our ears implicit to thy crackers!—
Strange helps to thy applause too are not missing,
Thy Rockets raise thee,
And Serpents praise thee,
As none beside are ever praised—by hissing!

Mistress of Hydropyrics,
Of glittering Pindarics, Sapphics, Lyrics,
Professor of a Fiery Necromancy,
Oddly thou charmest the politer sorts
With midnight sports,
Partaking very much of *flash* and *fancy*!

What thoughts had shaken all
In olden time at thy nocturnal revels,—
Each brimstone ball,
They would have deem'd an eyeball of the Devil's!

But now thy flaming Meteors cause no fright;
A modern Hubert to the royal ear,
Might whisper without fear,
'My Lord, they say there were five moons to-night!
Nor would it raise one superstitious notion
To hear the whole description fairly out:—
'One fixed—which t'other four whirl'd round about
With wond'rous motion.'

Such are the very sights
Thou workest, Queen of Fire, on earth and heaven,
Between the hours of midnight and eleven,
Turning our English to Arabian Nights,
With blazing mounts, and founts, and scorching dragons,
Blue stars and white.
And blood-red light,
And dazzling Wheels fit for Enchanters' waggons.
Thrice lucky woman! doing things that be
With other folks past benefit of parson;
For burning, no Burn's Justice falls on thee,
Altho' night after night the public see
Thy Vauxhall palaces all end in Arson!

Sure thou wast never born
Like old Sir Hugh, with water in thy head,
Nor lectur'd night and morn
Of sparks and flames to have an awful dread,
Allowed by a prophetic dam and sire
To play with fire.
O didst thou never, in those days gone by,
Go carrying about—no schoolboy prouder—
Instead of waxen doll a little Guy;
Or in thy pretty pyrotechnic vein,
Up the parental pigtail lay a train,
To let off all his powder?

Full of the wildfire of thy youth,
Did'st never in plain truth,
Plant whizzing Flowers in thy mother's pots,
Turning the garden into powder plots?
Or give the cook, to fright her,
Thy paper sausages well stuffed with nitre?
Nay, wert thou never guilty, now, of dropping
A lighted cracker by thy sister's Dear,
So that she could not hear
The question he was popping?

Go on, Madame! Go on—be bright and busy
While hoax'd Astronomers look up and stare
From tall observatories, dumb and dizzy,
To see a Squib in Cassiopeia's Chair!

A Serpent wriggling into Charles's Wain!
A Roman Candle lighting the Great Bear!
A Rocket tangled in Diana's train,
And Crackers stuck in Berénice's Hair!

There is a King of Fire—Thou shouldst be Queen!
Methinks a good connexion might come from it;
Could'st thou not make him, in the garden scene,
Set out per Rocket and return per Comet;
Then give him a hot treat
Of Pyrotechnicals to sit and sup,
Lord! how the world would throng to see him eat,
He swallowing fire, while thou dost throw it up!

One solitary night—true is the story,
Watching those forms that Fancy will create
Within the bright confusion of the grate,
I saw a dazzling countenance of glory!
Oh Dei gratias!
That fiery facias
'Twas thine, Enchantress of the Surrey Grove;
And ever since that night,
In dark and bright,
Thy face is *registered* within my *stove!*

Long may that starry brow enjoy its rays;
May no untimely *blow* its doom forestall;
But when old age prepares the friendly pall,
When the last spark of all thy sparks decays,
Then die lamented by good people all,
Like Goldsmith's *Madam Blaize!*

THE DOUBLE KNOCK

RAT-TAT it went upon the lion's chin,
'That hat, I know it!' cried the joyful girl;
'Summer's it is, I know him by his knock,
Comers like him are welcome as the day!
Lizzy! go down and open the street-door,
Busy I am to any one but *him.*
Know him you must—he has been often here;
Show him up stairs, and tell him I'm alone.'

Quickly the maid went tripping down the stair;
Thickly the heart of Rose Matilda beat;
'Sure he has brought me tickets for the play—
Drury—or Covent Garden—darling man!—

Kemble will play—or Kean who makes the soul
Tremble; in Richard or the frenzied Moor—
Farren, the stay and prop of many a farce
Barren beside—or Liston, Laughter's Child—
Kelly the natural, to witness whom
Jelly is nothing to the public's jam—
Cooper, the sensible—and Walter Knowles
Super, in William Tell, now rightly told.
Better—perchance, from Andrews, brings a box,
Letter of boxes for the Italian stage—
Brocard! Donzelli! Taglioni! Paul!
No card,—thank heaven—engages me to-night!
Feathers, of course—no turban, and no toque—
Weather 's against it, but I'll go in curls.
Dearly I dote on white—my satin dress,
Merely one night—it won't be much the worse—
Cupid—the New Ballet I long to see—
Stupid! why don't she go and ope the door!'

Glisten'd her eye as the impatient girl
Listen'd, low bending o'er the topmost stair,
Vainly, alas! she listens and she bends,
Plainly she hears this question and reply:
'Axes your pardon, Sir, but what d'ye want?'
'Taxes,' says he, 'and shall not call again!'

BAILEY BALLADS

LINES TO MARY

(AT NO. I NEWGATE, FAVOURED BY MR. WONTNER)

O MARY, I believ'd you true,
And I was blest in so believing;
But till this hour I never knew—
That you were taken up for thieving!

Oh! when I snatch'd a tender kiss,
Or some such trifle when I courted,
You said, indeed, that love was bliss,
But never owned you were transported!

But then to gaze on that fair face—
It would have been an unfair feeling,
To dream that you had pilfered lace—
And Flints had suffer'd from your stealing!

Or when my suit I first preferr'd,
To bring your coldness to repentance,
Before I hammer'd out a word,
How could I dream you'd heard a sentence!

Or when with all the warmth of youth
I strove to prove my love no fiction,
How could I guess I urged a truth
On one already past conviction!

How could I dream that ivory part,
Your hand—where I have look'd and linger'd,
Altho' it stole away my heart,
Had been held up as one light-finger'd!

In melting verse your charms I drew,
The charms in which my muse delighted—
Alas! the lay, I thought was new,
Spoke only what had been *indicted!*

Oh! when that form, a lovely one,
Hung on the neck its arms had flown to,
I little thought that you had run
A chance of hanging on your own too.

You said you pick'd me from the world,
My vanity it now must shock it—
And down at once my pride is hurl'd,
You've pick'd me—and you've pick'd a pocket!

Oh! when our love had got so far,
The banns were read by Dr. Daly,
Who asked if there was any *bar*—
Why did not some one shout, 'Old Bailey?'

But when you rob'd your flesh and bones
In that pure white that angel garb is,
Who could have thought you, Mary Jones
Among the Joans that link with *Darbies?*

And when the parson came to say,
My goods were yours, if I had got any,
And you should honour and obey,
Who could have thought—'O Bay of Botany!'

But, oh,—the worst of all your slips
I did not till this day discover—
That down in Deptford's prison ships,
Oh, Mary! you've a hulking lover!

No. II

'Love with a witness!'

He has shav'd off his whiskers and blacken'd his brows,
Wears a patch and a wig of false hair,—
But it 's him—Oh it 's him!—we exchanged lovers' vows
When I lived up in Cavendish Square.

He had beautiful eyes, and his lips were the same,
And his voice was as soft as a flute—
Like a Lord or a Marquis he look'd, when he came
To make love in his master's best suit.

If I lived for a thousand long years from my birth,
I shall never forget what he told;
How he lov'd me beyond the rich women of earth,
With their jewels and silver and gold!

When he kiss'd me, and bade me adieu with a sigh,
By the light of the sweetest of moons,
Oh how little I dreamt I was bidding good-bye
To my Missis's tea-pot and spoons!

No. III

'I'd be a parody.'—*Bailey.*

We met—'twas in a mob—and I thought he had done me—
I felt—I could not feel—for no watch was upon me;
He ran—the night was cold—and his pace was unalter'd,
I too longed much to pelt—but my small-boned legs falter'd.
I wore my bran new boots—and unrivall'd their brightness;
They fit me to a hair—how I hated their tightness!
I call'd, but no one came, and my stride had a tether,
Oh *thou* hast been the cause of this anguish, my leather!

And once again we met—and an old pal was near him,
He swore, a something low—but 'twas no use to fear him;
I seized upon his arm, he was mine and mine only,
And stept—as he deserv'd—to cells wretched and lonely:
And there he will be tried—but I shall ne'er receive her,
The watch that went too sure for an artful deceiver;
The world may think me gay,—heart and feet ache together,
Oh *thou* hast been the cause of this anguish, my leather.

FRENCH AND ENGLISH

'Good heaven! Why even the little children in France speak French!'—*Addison.*

I

Never go to France
Unless you know the lingo,
If you do, like me,
You will repent, by jingo.
Staring like a fool,
And silent as a mummy,
There I stood alone,
A nation with a dummy:

II

Chaises stand for chairs,
They christen letters *Billies*,
They call their mothers *mares*,
And all their daughters *fillies*;
Strange it was to hear,
I'll tell you what 's a good 'un,
They call their leather *queer*,
And half their shoes are wooden.

III

Signs I had to make
For every little notion,
Limbs all going like
A telegraph in motion,
For wine I reel'd about,
To show my meaning fully,
And made a pair of horns,
To ask for 'beef and bully.'

IV

Moo! I cried for milk;
I got my sweet things snugger,
When I kissed Jeanette,
'Twas understood for sugar.
If I wanted bread,
My jaws I set a-going,
And asked for new-laid eggs,
By clapping hands and crowing!

V

If I wish'd a ride,
I'll tell you how I got it;
On my stick astride
I made believe to trot it;
Then their cash was strange,
It bored me every minute,
Now here 's a *hog* to change,
How many *sows* are in it!

VI

Never go to France,
Unless you know the lingo;
If you do, like me,
You will repent, by jingo;
Staring like a fool,
And silent as a mummy,
There I stood alone,
A nation with a dummy!

OUR VILLAGE.—BY A VILLAGER

'Sweet Auburn, loveliest village of the plain.'—*Goldsmith.*

Our village, that 's to say not Miss Mitford's village, but our village of Bullock Smithy,
Is come into by an avenue of trees, three oak pollards, two elders, and a withy;
And in the middle, there 's a green of about not exceeding an acre and a half;
It 's common to all, and fed off by nineteen cows, six ponies, three horses, five asses, two foals, seven pigs, and a calf!
Besides a pond in the middle, as is held by a similar sort of common law lease,
And contains twenty ducks, six drakes, three ganders, two dead dogs, four drown'd kittens, and twelve geese.
Of course the green 's cropt very close, and does famous for bowling when the little village boys play at cricket;
Only some horse, or pig, or cow, or great jackass, is sure to come and stand right before the wicket.
There 's fifty-five private houses, let alone barns and workshops, and pigstyes, and poultry huts, and such-like sheds;
With plenty of public-houses—two Foxes, one Green Man, three Bunch of Grapes, one Crown, and six King's Heads.
The Green Man is reckon'd the best, as the only one that for love or money can raise
A postilion, a blue jacket, two deplorable lame white horses, and a ramshackled 'neat postchaise.'
There 's one parish church for all the people, whatsoever may be their ranks in life or their degrees,
Except one very damp, small, dark, freezing-cold, little Methodist chapel of Ease;
And close by the church-yard there 's a stone-mason's yard, that when the time is seasonable
Will furnish with afflictions sore and marble urns and cherubims very low and reasonable.
There 's a cage, comfortable enough; I've been in it with old Jack Jeffrey and Tom Pike;
For the Green Man next door will send you in ale, gin, or any thing else you like.

I can't speak of the stocks, as nothing remains of them but the upright post;
But the pound is kept in repairs for the sake of Cob's horse, as is always there almost.
There 's a smithy of course, where that queer sort of a chap in his way, Old Joe Bradley,
Perpetually hammers and stammers, for he stutters and shoes horses very badly.
There 's a shop of all sorts, that sells every thing, kept by the widow of Mr. Task;
But when you go there it 's ten to one she 's out of every thing you ask.
You'll know her house by the swarm of boys, like flies, about the old sugary cask:
There are six empty houses, and not so well paper'd inside as out,
For bill-stickers won't beware, but sticks notices of sales and election placards all about.
That 's the Doctor's with a green door, where the garden pots in the windows is seen;
A weakly monthly rose that don't blow, and a dead geranium, and a tea-plant with five black leaves and one green.
As for hollyoaks at the cottage doors, and honeysuckles and jasmines, you may go and whistle;
But the Tailor's front garden grows two cabbages, a dock, a ha'porth of penny-royal, two dandelions, and a thistle.
There are three small orchards—Mr. Busby's the schoolmaster's is the chief—
With two pear-trees that don't bear; one plum and an apple, that every year is stripped by a thief.
There 's another small day-school too, kept by the respectable Mrs. Gaby.
A select establishment, for six little boys and one big, and four little girls and a baby;
There 's a rectory, with pointed gables and strange odd chimneys that never smokes,
For the rector don't live on his living like other Christian sort of folks;
There 's a barber's, once a-week well filled with rough black-bearded, shock-headed churls,
And a window with two feminine men's heads, and two masculine ladies in false curls;
There 's a butcher's, and a carpenter's, and a plumber's, and a small green-grocer's, and a baker,
But he won't bake on a Sunday, and there 's a sexton that 's a coal-merchant besides, and an undertaker;
And a toy-shop, but not a whole one, for a village can't compare with the London shops;
One window sells drums, dolls, kites, carts, bats, Clout's balls, and the other sells malt and hops.
And Mrs. Brown, in domestic economy not to be a bit behind her betters,
Lets her house to a milliner, a watchmaker, a rat-catcher, a cobler, lives in it herself, and it 's the post-office for letters.
Now I've gone through all the village—ay, from end to end, save and except one more house,
But I haven't come to that—and I hope I never shall—and that 's the Village Poor House!

A TRUE STORY

WHOE'ER has seen upon the human face
The yellow jaundice and the jaundice black,
May form a notion of old Colonel Case
With nigger Pompey waiting at his back.

Case,—as the case is, many time with folks
From hot Bengal, Calcutta, or Bombay,
Had tint his tint, as Scottish tongues would say
And show'd two cheeks as yellow as eggs' yolks
Pompey, the chip of some old ebon block,
In hue was like his master's stiff cravat,
And might indeed have claimed akin to *that*,
Coming, as *he* did, of an old *black stock*.

Case wore the liver's livery that such
Must wear, their past excesses to denote,
Like Greenwich pensioners that take too much,
And then do penance in a yellow coat.
Pompey's, a deep and permanent jet dye,
A stain of nature's staining—one of those
We call *fast* colours—merely, I suppose,
Because such colours never *go* or *fly*.

Pray mark this difference of dark and sallow,
Pompey's black husk, and the old Colonel's yellow.

The Colonel, once a pennyless beginner,
From a long Indian rubber rose a winner,
With plenty of pagodas in his pocket,
And homeward turning his Hibernian thought,
Deemed *Wicklow* was the very place that ought
To harbour one whose *wick* was in the socket.

Unhappily for Case's scheme of quiet,
Wicklow just then was in a pretty riot,
A fact recorded in each day's diurnals,
Things, Case was not accustomed to peruse,
Careless of news;
But Pompey always read these bloody journals,
Full of Killmany and of Killmore work,
The freaks of some O'Shaunessy's shillaly,
Of morning frays by some O'Brien Burke,
Or horrid nightly outrage by some Daly;
How scums deserving of the Devil's ladle,
Would fall upon the harmless scull and knock it,
And if he found an infant in the cradle
Stern Rock would hardly hesitate to rock it;—

In fact, he read of burner and of killer,
And Irish ravages, day after day,
Till, haunting in his dreams, he used to say,
That 'Pompey could not sleep on *Pompey's Pillar.*'

Judge then the horror of the nigger's face
To find—with such impressions of that dire land—
That Case,—his master,—was a packing case
For Ireland!
He saw in fearful reveries arise,
Phantasmagorias of those dreadful men
Whose fame associate with Irish plots is,
Fitzgeralds—Tones—O'Connors—Hares—and then
'Those *Emmets*,' not so 'little in his eyes'
As Doctor Watts's!
He felt himself piked, roasted,—carv'd and hack'd,
His big black burly body seemed in fact
A pincushion for Terror's pins and needles,—
Oh, how he wish'd himself beneath the sun
Of Afric—or in far Barbadoes—one
Of Bishop Coleridge's new *black beadles.*

Full of this fright,
With broken peace and broken English choking,
As black as any raven and as croaking,
Pompey rushed in upon his master's sight,
Plump'd on his knees, and clasp'd his sable digits,
Thus stirring Curiosity's sharp fidgets—
'O Massa!—Massa!—Colonel!—Massa Case!—
Not go to Ireland!—Ireland dam bad place;
Dem take our bloods—dem Irish—every drop—
Oh why for Massa go so far a distance
To have him life?'——Here Pompey made a stop,
Putting an awful period to existence.

'Not go to Ireland—not to Ireland, fellow,
And murder'd—why should I be murder'd, Sirrah?'
Cried Case, with anger's tinge upon his yellow,—
Pompey, for answer, pointing in a mirror
The Colonel's saffron, and his own japan,—
'Well, what has that to do—quick—speak outright, boy?'
'O Massa'—(so the explanation ran)
'Massa be killed—'cause Massa *Orange Man*,
And Pompey killed—'cause Pompey not a *White Boy!*'

THE CARELESSE NURSE MAYD

I SAWE a Mayd sitte on a Bank,
Beguiled by Wooer fayne and fond;
And whiles His flatterynge Vowes She drank,
Her Nurselynge slipt within a Pond!

All Even Tide they Talkde and Kist,
For She was fayre and He was Kinde;
The Sunne went down before She wist
Another Sonne had sett behinde!

With angrie Hands and frownynge Browe,
That deemd Her owne the Urchine's Sinne,
She pluckt Him out, but he was nowe
Past being Whipt for fallynge in.

She then beginnes to wayle the Ladde
With Shrikes that Echo answerde round—
O! foolishe Mayd to be soe sadde
The Momente that her Care was drownd!

TO FANNY

'Gay being, born to flutter.'—*Sale's Glee.*

Is this your faith, then, Fanny!
What, to chat with every Dun!
I'm the one, then, but of many,
Not of many, but the *One!*

Last night you smil'd on all, Ma'am,
That appear'd in scarlet dress;
And your Regimental Ball, Ma'am,
Look'd a little like a *Mess.*

I thought that of the Sogers
(As the Scotch say) one might do,
And that I, slight Ensign Rogers,
Was the chosen man and true.

But 'Sblood! your eye was busy
With that ragamuffin mob;—
Colonel Buddell—Colonel Dizzy—
And Lieutenant-Colonel Cobb.

General Joblin, General Jodkin,
Colonels—Kelly, Felly, with
Majors—Sturgeon, Truffle, Bodkin,
And the Quarter-master Smith.

Major Powderum—MajorDowdrum—
Major Chowdrum—Major Bye—
Captain Tawney—Captain Fawney,
Captain Any-one—but I!

Deuce take it! when the regiment
You so praised, I only thought
That you lov'd it in abridgment,
But I now am better taught!

I went, as loving man goes,
To admire thee in quadrilles;
But Fan, you dance fandangoes
With just any fop that wills!

I went with notes before us,
On the lay of Love to touch;
But with all the Corps in chorus,
Oh! it is indeed too much!

You once—ere you contracted
For the army—seem'd my own;
But now you laugh with all the Staff,
And I may sigh alone!—

I know not how it chances,
When my passion ever dares,
But the warmer my advances,
Then the cooler are your airs.

I am, I don't conceal it,
But I am a little hurt;
You're a Fan, and I must feel it,
Fit for nothing but a *Flirt!*

I dreamt thy smiles of beauty
On myself alone did fall;
But, alas! 'Cosi Fan Tutti!'
It is thus, Fan, thus will all!

You have taken quite a mob in
Of new military flames;—
They would make a fine Round Robin
If I gave you all their names!

POEMS, BY A POOR GENTLEMAN

'There, in a lonely room, from bailiffs snug,
The Muse found Scroggins stretched beneath a rug.'—*Goldsmith.*

STANZAS

WRITTEN UNDER THE FEAR OF BAILIFFS

Alas! of all the noxious things
That wait upon the poor,
Most cruel is that Felon-Fear
That haunts the 'Debtor's Door!'

Saint Sepulchre's begins to toll,
The Sheriffs seek the cell:—
So I expect their officers,
And tremble at the bell!

I look for *beer*, and yet I quake
With fright at every *tap*;
And dread a *double-knock*, for oh!
I've not a *single rap!*

SONNET

WRITTEN IN A WORKHOUSE

Oh, blessed ease! no more of heaven I ask:
The overseer is gone—that vandal elf—
And hemp, unpick'd, may go and hang itself,
While I, untask'd, except with Cowper's Task,
In blessed literary leisure bask,
And lose the workhouse, saving in the works
Of Goldsmiths, Johnsons, Sheridans, and Burkes;
Eat prose and drink of the Castalian flask;
The themes of Locke, the anecdotes of Spence,
The humorous of Gay, the Grave of Blair—
Unlearned toil, unletter'd labours hence!
But, hark! I hear the master on the stair—
And Thomson's Castle, that of Indolence,
Must be to me a castle in the air.

SONNET.—A SOMNAMBULIST

'A change came o'er the spirit of my dream.'—*Byron.*

METHOUGHT—for Fancy is the strangest gadder
When sleep all homely mundane ties hath riven—
Methought that I ascended Jacob's ladder,
With heartfelt hope of getting up to Heaven:
Some bell, I know not whence, was sounding seven
When I set foot upon that long one-pair;
And still I climbed when it had chimed eleven,
Nor yet of landing-place became aware;
Step after step in endless flight seem'd there;
But on, with steadfast hope, I struggled still,
To gain that blessed haven from all care,
Where tears are wiped, and hearts forget their ill,
When, lo! I wakened on a sadder stair—
Tramp—tramp—tramp—tramp—upon the Brixton Mill!

FUGITIVE LINES ON PAWNING MY WATCH

'Aurum *pot a bile:* '—Gold biles the pot.—*Free translation.*

FAREWELL then, my golden repeater,
We're come to my Uncle's old shop;
And hunger won't be a dumb-waiter,
The Cerberus growls for a sop!

To quit thee, my comrade diurnal,
My feelings will certainly scotch;
But oh! there 's a riot internal,
And Famine calls out for the Watch.

Oh! hunger 's a terrible trial,
I really must have a relief,—
So here goes the plate of your dial
To fetch me some Williams's beef!

As famish'd as any lost seaman,
I've fasted for many a dawn,
And now must play chess with the Demon,
And give it a *check* with a *pawn.*

I've fasted, since dining at Buncle's,
Two days with true Perceval zeal—
And now must make up at my Uncle's,
By getting a *duplicate* meal.

No Peachum it is, or young Lockit,
That rifles my fob with a snatch;
Alas! I must pick my own pocket,
And make gravy-soup of my watch!

So long I have wander'd a starver
I'm getting as keen as a hawk;
Time's long hand must take up a carver,
His short hand lay hold of a fork.

Right heavy and sad the event is,
But oh! it is Poverty's crime,
I've been such a Brownrigg's Apprentice,
I thus must be 'out of my Time.'

Alas! when in Brook Street the upper
In comfort I lived between walls,
I've gone to a dance for my supper,
But now I must go to Three Balls!

Folks talk about dressing for dinner,
But I have for dinner undrest;
Since Christmas, as I am a sinner,
I've eaten a suit of my best.

I haven't a rag or a mummock
To fetch me a chop or a steak;
I wish that the coats of my stomach
Were such as my Uncle would take!

When dishes were ready with garnish
My watch used to warn with a chime—
But now my repeater must furnish
The dinner in lieu of the time!

My craving will have no denials,
I can't fob it off, if you stay,
So go,—and the old Seven Dials
Must tell me the time of the day.

Your chimes I shall never more hear 'em,
To part is a Tic Douloureux!
But Tempus has his *edax rerum*,
And I have my Feeding-Time too!

Farewell then, my golden repeater,
We're come to my Uncle's old shop,
And Hunger won't be a dumb-waiter,
The Cerberus growls for a sop.

THE COMPASS, WITH VARIATIONS

'The Needles have sometimes been fatal to Mariners.'—*Picture of Isle of Wight.*

One close of day—'twas in the bay
Of Naples, bay of glory!
While light was hanging crowns of gold
On mountains high and hoary,
A gallant bark got under weigh,
And with her sails my story.

For Leghorn she was bound direct,
With wine and oil for cargo,
Her crew of men, some nine or ten,
The captain's name was Iago;
A good and gallant bark she was,
La Donna (call'd) del Lago.

Bronzed mariners were hers to view,
With brown cheeks, clear or muddy,
Dark, shining eyes, and coal-black hair,
Meet heads for painter's study;
But 'midst their tan there stood one man
Whose cheek was fair and ruddy;

His brow was high, a loftier brow
Ne'er shone in song or sonnet,
His hair a little scant, and when
He doff'd his cap or bonnet,
One saw that Grey had gone beyond
A premiership upon it!

His eye—a passenger was he,
The cabin he had hired it,—
His eye was grey, and when he look'd
Around, the prospect fired it—
A fine poetic light, as if
The Appe-Nine inspired it.

His frame was stout, in height about
Six feet—well made and portly;
Of dress and manner just to give
A sketch, but very shortly,
His order seem'd a composite
Of rustic with the courtly.

He ate and quaff'd, and joked and laugh'd,
And chatted with the seamen,
And often task'd their skill and ask'd,
'What weather is't to be, man?'
No demonstration there appear'd
That he was any demon.

No sort of sign there was that he
Could raise a stormy rumpus,
Like Prospero make breezes blow,
And rocks and billows thump us,—
But little we supposed what he
Could with the needle compass!

Soon came a storm—the sea at first
Seem'd lying almost fallow—
When lo! full crash, with billowy dash,
From clouds of black and yellow,
Came such a gale, as blows but once
A cent'ry, like the aloe!

Our stomachs we had just prepared
To vest a small amount in;
When, gush! a flood of brine came down
The skylight—quite a fountain,
And right on end the table rear'd,
Just like the Table Mountain.

Down rush'd the soup, down gush'd the wine,
Each roll, its rôle repeating,
Roll'd down—the round of beef declar'd
For parting—not for meating!
Off flew the fowls, and all the game
Was 'too far gone for eating!'

Down knife and fork—down went the pork,
The lamb too broke its tether;
Down mustard went — each condiment—
Salt—pepper—all together!
Down every thing, like craft that seek
The Downs in stormy weather.

Down plunged the Lady of the Lake,
Her timbers seem'd to sever;
Down, down, a dreary derry down,
Such lurch she had gone never;
She almost seem'd about to take
A bed of down for ever!

Down dropt the captain's nether jaw,
Thus robb'd of all its uses,
He thought he saw the Evil One
Beside Vesuvian sluices,
Playing at dice for soul and ship,
And throwing *Sink* and *Deuces*.

Down fell the steward on his face,
To all the Saints commending;
And candles to the Virgin vow'd,
As save-alls 'gainst his ending.
Down fell the mate, he thought his fate,
Check-mate, was close impending!

Down fell the cook—the cabin boy,
Their heads with fervour telling,
While alps of surge, with snowy verge,
Above the yards came yelling.
Down fell the crew, and on their knees
Shudder'd at each white swelling!

Down sunk the sun of bloody hue,
His crimson light a cleaver
To each red rover of a wave:
To eye of fancy-weaver,
Neptune, the God, seem'd tossing in
A raging scarlet fever!

Sore, sore afraid, each papist prayed
To Saint and Virgin Mary;
But one there was that stood composed
Amid the waves' vagary:
As staunch as rock, a true game cock
'Mid chicks of Mother Cary!

His ruddy cheek retain'd its streak,
No danger seem'd to shrink him;
His step still bold,—of mortal mould
The crew could hardly think him:
The Lady of the Lake, he seem'd
To know, could never sink him.

Relax'd at last the furious gale
Quite out of breath with racing;
The boiling flood in milder mood,
With gentler billows chasing;
From stem to stern, with frequent turn,
The Stranger took to pacing.

And as he walk'd to self he talked,
Some ancient ditty thrumming,
In under tone, as not alone—
Now whistling, and now humming—
'You're welcome, Charlie,' 'Cowden-knowes,'
'Kenmure,' or 'Campbells' Coming.'

Down went the wind, down went the wave,
Fear quitted the most finical;
The Saints, I wot, were soon forgot,
And Hope was at the pinnacle;
When rose on high, a frightful cry—
'The Devil 's in the binnacle!'

'The Saints be near,' the helmsman cried,
His voice with quite a falter—
'Steady 's my helm, but every look
The needle seems to alter;
God only knows where China lies,
Jamaica, or Gibraltar!'

The captain stared aghast at mate,
The pilot at th' apprentice;
No fancy of the German Sea
Of Fiction the event is:
But when they at the compass look'd,
It seem'd non compass mentis.

Now north, now south, now east, now west,
The wavering point was shaken,
'Twas past the whole philosophy
Of Newton, or of Bacon;
Never by compass, till that hour,
Such latitudes were taken!

With fearful speech, each after each
Took turns in the inspection;
They found no gun—no iron—none
To vary its direction;
It seem'd a new magnetic case
Of Poles in Insurrection!

Farewell to wives, farewell their lives,
And all their household riches;
Oh! while they thought of girl or boy,
And dear domestic niches,
All down the side which holds the heart,
That needle gave them stitches.

With deep amaze, the Stranger gaz'd
To see them so white-liver'd:
And walk'd abaft the binnacle,
To know at what they shiver'd:
But when he stood beside the card,
St. Josef! how it quiver'd!

No fancy-motion, brain-begot
In eye of timid dreamer—
The nervous finger of a sot
Ne'er showed a plainer tremor;
To every brain it seem'd too plain,
There stood th' Infernal Schemer!

Mix'd brown and blue each visage grew,
Just like a pullet's gizzard;
Meanwhile the captain's wandering wit,
From tacking like an izzard,
Bore down in this plain course at last,
'It's Michael Scott—the Wizard!'

A smile past o'er the ruddy face.
'To see the poles so falter
I'm puzzled, friends, as much as you,
For with no fiends I palter;
Michael I'm not—although a Scott—
My Christian name is Walter.'

Like oil it fell, that name, a spell
On all the fearful faction;
The captain's head (for he had read)
Confess'd the Needle's action,
And bow'd to HIM in whom the North
Has lodged its main attraction!

PAIR'D, *NOT* MATCH'D

OF wedded bliss
Bards sing amiss,
I cannot make a song of it;
For I am small,
My wife is tall,
And that 's the short and long of it;

When we debate
It is my fate
To always have the wrong of it;
For I am small
And she is tall,
And that 's the short and long of it!

And when I speak
My voice is weak,
But hers—she makes a gong of it;
For I am small,
And she is tall,
And that 's the short and long of it;

She has, in brief,
Command in Chief,
And I'm but Aide-de-camp of it;
For I am small,
And she is tall,
And that 's the short and long of it!

She gives to me
The weakest tea,
And takes the whole Souchong of it;
For I am small,
And she is tall,
And that 's the short and long of it;

She'll sometimes grip
My buggy whip,
And make me feel the thong of it;
For I am small,
And she is tall,
And that 's the short and long of it!

Against my life
She'll take a knife,
Or fork, and dart the prong of it;
For I am small,
And she is tall,
And that 's the short and long of it!

I sometimes think
I'll take a drink,
And hector when I'm strong of it;
For I am small,
And she is tall,
And that 's the short and long of it!

O, if the bell
Would ring her knell,
I'd make a gay ding dong of it;
For I am small,
And she is tall,
And that 's the short and long of it!

THE DUEL

A SERIOUS BALLAD

'Like the two Kings of Brentford smelling at one nosegay.'

In Brentford town, of old renown,
There lived a Mister Bray,
Who fell in love with Lucy Bell,
And so did Mr. Clay.

To see her ride from Hammersmith,
By all it was allow'd,
Such fair outsides are seldom seen,
Such Angels on a Cloud.

Said Mr. Bray to Mr. Clay,
You choose to rival me,
And court Miss Bell, but there your court
No thoroughfare shall be.

Unless you now give up your suit,
You may repent your love;
I who have shot a pigeon match,
Can shoot a turtle dove.

So pray before you woo her more,
Consider what you do;
If you pop aught to Lucy Bell,—
I'll pop it into you.

Said Mr. Clay to Mr. Bray,
Your threats I quite explode;
One who has been a volunteer
Knows how to prime and load.

And so I say to you unless
Your passion quiet keeps,
I who have shot and hit bulls' eyes,
May chance to hit a sheep's.

Now gold is oft for silver changed,
And that for copper red;
But these two went away to give
Each other change for lead.

But first they sought a friend a-piece,
This pleasant thought to give—
When they were dead, they thus should have
Two seconds still to live.

To measure out the ground not long
The seconds then forebore,
And having taken one rash step,
They took a dozen more.

They next prepared each pistol-pan
Against the deadly strife,
By putting in the prime of death
Against the prime of life.

Now all was ready for the foes,
But when they took their stands,
Fear made them tremble so they found
They both were shaking hands.

Said Mr. C. to Mr. B.,
Here one of us may fall,
And like St. Paul's Cathedral now,
Be doom'd to have a ball.

I do confess I did attach
Misconduct to your name;
If I withdraw the charge, will then
Your ramrod do the same?

Said Mr. B., I do agree—
But think of Honour's Courts!
If we go off without a shot,
There will be strange reports.

But look, the morning now is bright,
Though cloudy it begun;
Why can't we aim above, as if
We had call'd out the sun?

So up into the harmless air
Their bullets they did send;
And may all other duels have
That upshot in the end!

SONNET TO VAUXHALL

'The English Garden.'—MASON.

THE cold transparent ham is on my fork—
It hardly rains—and hark the bell!—ding-dingle—
Away! Three thousand feet at gravel work,
Mocking a Vauxhall shower!—Married and Single
Crush—rush;—Soak'd Silks with wet white Satin mingle.
Hengler! Madame! round whom all bright sparks lurk,
Calls audibly on Mr. and Mrs. Pringle
To study the Sublime, &c.—(vide Burke)
All Noses are upturn'd!—Whish—ish!—On high
The rocket rushes—trails—just steals in sight—
Then droops and melts in bubbles of blue light—
And Darkness reigns—Then balls flare up and die—
Wheels whiz—smack crackers—serpents twist—and then
Back to the cold transparent ham again!

ODE TO MR. MALTHUS

My dear, do pull the bell,
And pull it well,
And send those noisy children all upstairs,
Now playing here like bears—
You George, and William, go into the grounds,
Charles, James, and Bob are there,—and take your string,
Drive horses, or fly kites, or any thing,
You're quite enough to play at hare and hounds,—
You little May, and Caroline, and Poll,
Take each your doll,
And go, my dears, into the two-back pair,
Your sister Margaret 's there—
Harriet and Grace, thank God, are both at school,
At far off Ponty Pool—
I want to read, but really can't get on—
Let the four twins, Mark, Matthew, Luke, and John,
Go—to their nursery—go—I never can
Enjoy my Malthus among such a clan!

Oh Mr. Malthus, I agree
In everything I read with thee!
The world 's too full, there is no doubt,
And wants a deal of thinning out,—
It 's plain—as plain as Harrow's Steeple—
And I agree with some thus far,
Who say the Queen 's too popular,
That is,—she has too many people.

There are too many of all trades
Too many bakers,
Too many every-thing-makers,
But not too many undertakers,—
Too many boys,—
Too many hobby-de-hoys,—
Too many girls, men, widows, wives, and maids,—
There is a dreadful surplus to demolish,
And yet some Wrongheads,
With thick not long heads,
Poor metaphysicians!
Sign petitions
Capital punishment to abolish;
And in the face of censuses such vast ones
New hospitals contrive,
For keeping life alive,
Laying first stones, the dolts! instead of last ones!—
Others, again, in the same contrariety,
Deem that of all Humane Society
They really deserve thanks,
Because the two banks of the Serpentine
By their design,
Are Saving Banks.
Oh! were it given but to me to weed
The human breed,
And root out here and there some cumbering elf,
I think I could go through it,
And really do it
With profit to the world and to myself,—
For instance, the unkind among the Editors,
My debtors, those I mean to say
Who cannot or who will not pay,
And all my creditors.
These, for my own sake, I'd destroy;

But for the world's, and every one's,
I'd hoe up Mrs. G——'s two sons,
And Mrs. B——'s big little boy,
Call'd only by herself an 'only joy.'
As Mr. Irving's chapel 's not too full,
Himself alone I'd pull—
But for the peace of years that have to run,
I'd make the Lord Mayor's a perpetual station,
And put a period to rotation,
By rooting up all Aldermen but one,—
These are but hints what good might thus be done!
But ah! I fear the public good
Is little by the public understood,—
For instance—if with flint, and steel, and tinder,
Great Swing, for once a philanthropic man,
Proposed to throw a light upon thy plan,
No doubt some busy fool would hinder
His burning all the Foundling to a cinder.

Or, if the Lord Mayor, on an Easter Monday,
That wine and bun-day,
Proposed to poison all the little Blue-coats,
Before they died by bit or sup,
Some meddling Marplot would blow up,
Just at the moment critical,
The economy political
Of saving their fresh yellow plush and new coats.

Equally 'twould be undone,
Suppose the Bishop of London,
On that great day
In June or May,
When all the large small family of charity,
Brown, black, or carroty,
Walk in their dusty parish shoes,
In too, too many two-and-twos,
To sing together till they scare the walls
Of old St. Paul's,
Sitting in red, grey, green, blue, drab, and white,
Some say a gratifying sight,
Tho' I think sad—but that 's a schism—
To witness so much pauperism—
Suppose, I say, the Bishop then, to make
In this poor overcrowded world more room,
Proposed to shake
Down that immense extinguisher, the dome—
Some humane Martin in the charity *Gal*-way
I fear would come and interfere,
Save beadle, brat, and overseer,
To walk back in their parish shoes,
In too, too many two-and-twos,
Islington—Wapping—or Pall Mall way!

Thus, people hatch'd from goose's egg,
Foolishly think a pest, a plague,
And in its face their doors all shut,
On hinges oil'd with cajeput—
Drugging themselves with drams well spiced and cloven,
And turning pale as linen rags
At hoisting up of yellow flags,
While you and I are crying 'Orange Boven!'
Why should we let precautions so absorb us,
Or trouble shipping with a quarantine—
When if I understand the thing you mean,
We ought to *import* the Cholera Morbus!

A GOOD DIRECTION

A CERTAIN gentleman, whose yellow cheek
Proclaimed he had not been in living quite
An Anchorite—
Indeed, he scarcely ever knew a well day;
At last, by friends' advice, was led to seek
A surgeon of great note—named Aberfeldie.
A very famous Author upon Diet,
Who, better starr'd than Alchemists of old,
By dint of turning mercury to gold,
Had settled at his country house in quiet.

Our Patient, after some impatient rambles
Thro' Enfield roads, and Enfield lanes of brambles,
At last, to make inquiry had the *nous*,—
'Here, my good man,
Just tell me if you can,
Pray which is Mr. Aberfeldie's house?'
The man thus stopp'd—perusing for a while
The yellow visage of the man of bile,
At last made answer, with a broadish grin:
'Why, turn to right—and left—and right agin,
The road 's direct—you cannot fail to go it.'

'But stop!—my worthy fellow!—one word more—
From other houses how am I to know it?'

'How!—why, you'll see *blue pillars* at the door!'

THERE 'S NO ROMANCE IN THAT

'So while I fondly imagined we were deceiving my relations, and flattered myself that I should outwit and incense them all; behold, my hopes are to be crushed at once, by my aunt's consent and approbation, and I am myself the only dupe. But here, Sir—here is the picture!'—*Lydia Languish.*

O DAYS of old, O days of Knights,
Of tourneys and of tilts,
When love was balk'd and valour stalk'd
On high heroic stilts—
Where are ye gone?—adventures cease,
The world gets tame and flat,—
We've nothing now but New Police—
There 's no Romance in that!

I wish I ne'er had learn'd to read,
Or Radcliffe how to write;
That Scott had been a boor on Tweed,
And Lewis cloister'd quite!
Would I had never drunk so deep
Of dear Miss Porter's vat;
I only turn to life, and weep—
There 's no Romance in that!

No Bandits lurk—no turban'd Turk
To Tunis bears me off—
I hear no noises in the night
Except my mother's cough,—
No Bleeding Spectre haunts the house;
No shape,—but owl or bat,
Come flitting after moth or mouse—
There 's no Romance in that!

I have not any grief profound,
Or secrets to confess,
My story would not fetch a pound
For A. K. Newman's press;
Instead of looking thin and pale,
I'm growing red and fat,
As if I lived on beef and ale—
There 's no Romance in that!

It 's very hard, by land or sea
Some strange event I court,
But nothing ever comes to me
That 's worth a pen's report:
It really made my temper chafe,
Each coast that I was at,
I vow'd and rail'd, and came home safe,—
There 's no Romance in that!

The only time I had a chance,
At Brighton one fine day,
My chestnut mare began to prance,
Took fright, and ran away;
Alas! no Captain of the Tenth
To stop my steed came pat;
A Butcher caught the rein at length—
There 's no Romance in that!

Love—even love—goes smoothly on
A railway sort of track—
No flinty sire, no jealous Don!
No hearts upon the rack;
No Polydore, no Theodore—
His ugly name is Mat,
Plain Matthew Pratt and nothing more—
There 's no Romance in that!

He is not dark, he is not tall,—
His forehead 's rather low,
He is not pensive—not at all,
But smiles his teeth to show;
He comes from Wales and yet in size
Is really but a sprat;
With sandy hair and greyish eyes—
There 's no Romance in that!

He wears no plumes or Spanish cloaks,
Or long sword hanging down;
He dresses much like other folks,
And commonly in brown;
His collar he will not discard,
Or give up his cravat,
Lord Byron-like—he 's not a Bard—
There 's no Romance in that!

He 's rather bald, his sight is weak,
He 's deaf in either drum;
Without a lisp he cannot speak,
But then—he 's worth a plum.
He talks of stocks and three per cents.
By way of private chat,
Of Spanish Bonds, and shares, and rents,—
There 's no Romance in that!

I sing—no matter what I sing,
Di Tanti—or Crudel,
Tom Bowling, or God save the King,
Di piacer—All 's Well;
He knows no more about a voice
For singing than a gnat—
And as to Music 'has no choice,'—
There 's no Romance in that!

Of light guitar I cannot boast,
He never serenades;
He writes, and sends it by the post,
He doesn't bribe the maids:
No stealth, no hempen ladder—no!
He comes with loud rat-tat,
That startles half of Bedford Row—
There 's no Romance in that!

He comes at nine in time to choose
His coffee—just two cups,
And talks with Pa about the news,
Repeats debates, and sups,
John helps him with his coat aright,
And Jenkins hands his hat;
My lover bows, and says good-night—
There 's no Romance in that!

I've long had Pa's and Ma's consent,
My aunt she quite approves,
My Brother wishes joy from Kent,
None try to thwart our loves;
On Tuesday, reverend Mr. Mace
Will make me Mrs. Pratt,
Of Number Twenty, Sussex Place—
There's no Romance in that.

A WATERLOO BALLAD

To Waterloo, with sad ado,
And many a sigh and groan,
Amongst the dead, came Patty Head
To look for Peter Stone.

'O prithee tell, good sentinel,
If I shall find him here?
I'm come to weep upon his corse,
My Ninety-Second dear!

'Into our town a serjeant came,
With ribands all so fine
A-flaunting in his cap—alas!
His bow enlisted mine!

'They taught him how to turn his toes,
And stand as stiff as starch;
I thought that it was love and May,
But it was love and March!

'A sorry March indeed to leave
The friends he might have kep',—
No March of Intellect it was,
But quite a foolish step.

'O prithee tell, good sentinel,
If hereabout he lies?
I want a corpse with reddish hair,
And very sweet blue eyes.'

Her sorrow on the sentinel
Appear'd to deeply strike:
'Walk in,' he said, 'among the dead,
And pick out which you like.'

And soon she pick'd out Peter Stone,
Half turned into a corse;
A cannon was his bolster, and
His mattrass was a horse.

'O Peter Stone, O Peter Stone,
Lord, here has been a skrimmage!
What have they done to your poor breast,
That used to hold my image?'

'O Patty Head, O Patty Head,
You're come to my last kissing;
Before I'm set in the Gazette
As wounded, dead, and missing.

'Alas! a splinter of a shell
Right in my stomach sticks;
French mortars don't agree so well
With stomachs as French bricks.

'This very night a merry dance
At Brussels was to be;—
Instead of opening a ball,
A ball has open'd me.

'Its billet every bullet has,
And well does it fulfil it;—
I wish mine hadn't come so straight,
But been a 'crooked billet.'

'And then there came a cuirassier
And cut me on the chest;—
He had no pity in his heart,
For he had *steel'd his breast.*

'Next thing a lancer, with his lance
Began to thrust away;
I call'd for quarter, but, alas!
It was not Quarter-day.

'He ran his spear right through my arm,
Just here above the joint:—
O Patty dear, it was no joke,
Although it had a point.

'With loss of blood I fainted off
As dead as women do—
But soon by charging over me,
The *Coldstreams* brought me to.

'With kicks and cuts, and balls and blows,
I throb and ache all over;
I'm quite convinc'd the field of Mars
Is not a field of clover!

'O why did I a soldier turn,
For any royal Guelph?
I might have been a butcher, and
In business for myself!

'O why did I the bounty take?
(And here he gasp'd for breath)
My shillingsworth of 'list is nail'd
Upon the door of death.

'Without a coffin I shall lie,
And sleep my sleep eternal:
Not ev'n a *shell*—my only chance
Of being made a *Kernel!*

'O Patty dear, our wedding bells,
Will never ring at Chester!
Here I must lie in Honour's bed,
That isn't worth a *tester!*

'Farewell, my regimental mates,
With whom I used to dress!
My corps is changed, so I am now,
In quite another mess.

'Farewell, my Patty dear, I have
No dying consolations,
Except, when I am dead, you'll go
And see th' Illuminations.'

SHOOTING PAINS

'The charge is prepared.'—*Macheath.*

If I shoot any more I'll be shot,
For ill-luck seems determined to star me,
I have march'd the whole day
With a gun,—for no pay—
Zounds, I'd better have been in the army!

What matters Sir Christopher's leave;
To his manor I'm sorry I came yet!
With confidence fraught,
My two pointers I brought,
But we are not a point towards game yet!

And that gamekeeper too, with advice!
Of my course he has been a nice chalker,
Not far, were his words,
I could go without birds:
If my legs could cry out, they'd cry 'Walker!'

Not Hawker could find out a flaw,—
My appointments are modern and Mantony,
And I've brought my own man,
To mark down all he can,
But I can't find a mark for my Antony!

The partridges,—where can they lie?
I have promised a leash to Miss Jervas,
As the least I could do;
But without even two
To brace me,—I'm getting quite nervous!

To the pheasants—how well they're preserved!
My sport 's not a jot more beholden,
As the birds are so shy,
For my friends I must buy,
And so send 'silver pheasants and golden.'

I have tried ev'ry form for a hare,
Every patch, every furze that could shroud her,
With toil unrelax'd,
Till my patience is tax'd,
But I cannot be taxed for hare-powder.

I've been roaming for hours in three flats
In the hope of a snipe for a snap at;
But still vainly I court
The percussioning sport,
I find nothing for 'setting my cap at!'

A woodcock,—this month is the time,
Right and left I've made ready my lock for,
With well-loaded double,
But spite of my trouble,
Neither barrel can I find a cock for!

A rabbit I should not despise,
But they lurk in their burrows so lowly;
This day 's the eleventh,
It is not the seventh,
But they seem to be keeping it hole-y.

For a mallard I've waded the marsh,
And haunted each pool, and each lake —oh!
Mine is not the luck,
To obtain thee, O Duck,
Or to doom thee, O Drake, like a Draco!

For a field-fare I've fared far a-field,
Large or small I am never to sack bird,
Not a thrush is so kind
As to fly, and I find
I may whistle myself for a black-bird!

I am angry, I'm hungry, I'm dry,
Disappointed, and sullen, and goaded,
And so weary an elf,
I am sick of myself,
And with Number One seem overloaded.

As well one might beat round St. Paul's,
And look out for a cock or a hen there;
I have search'd round and round
All the Baronet's ground,
But Sir Christopher hasn't a wren there!

Joyce may talk of his excellent caps,
But for nightcaps they set me desiring,
And it 's really too bad,
Not a shot I have had
With Hall's Powder, renown'd for 'quick firing.'

If this is what people call sport,
Oh! of sporting I can't have a high sense,
And there still remains one
More mischance on my gun—
'Fined for shooting without any licence.'

THE BOY AT THE NORE

'Alone I did it!—Boy!'—*Coriolanus.*

I SAY, little Boy at the Nore,
Do you come from the small Isle of Man?
Why, your history a mystery must be,—
Come tell us as much as you can,
Little Boy at the Nore!

You live it seems wholly on water,
Which your Gambier calls living in clover;—
But how comes it, if that is the case,
You're eternally half seas over,—
Little Boy at the Nore?

While you ride—while you dance—while you float—
Never mind your imperfect orthography;—
But give us as well as you can,
Your watery auto-biography,
Little Boy at the Nore!

LITTLE BOY AT THE NORE LOQUITUR

I'm the tight little Boy at the Nore,
In a sort of sea negus I dwells;
Half and half 'twixt salt water and Port,—
I'm reckon'd the first of the swells—
I'm the Boy at the Nore!

I lives with my toes to the flounders,
And watches through long days and nights;
Yet, cruelly eager, men look—
To catch the first glimpse of my lights—
I'm the Boy at the Nore!

I never gets cold in the head,
So my life on salt water is sweet,—
I think I owes much of my health
To being well used to wet feet—
As the Boy at the Nore.

There 's one thing, I'm never in debt:
Nay!—I liquidates more than I *oughter*[1];
So the man to beat Cits as goes by,
In keeping the head above water,
Is the Boy at the Nore.

I've seen a good deal of distress,
Lots of Breakers in Ocean's Gazette;
They should do as I do—rise o'er all;
Aye, a good floating capital get,
Like the Boy at the Nore!

I'm a'ter the sailor's own heart,
And cheers him, in deep water rolling;
And the friend of all friends to Jack Junk,
Ben Backstay, Tom Pipes, and Tom Bowling,
Is the Boy at the Nore!

Could I e'er but grow up, I'd be off
For a week to make love with my wheedles;
If the tight little Boy at the Nore
Could but catch a nice girl at the Needles,
We'd have *two* at the Nore.

They thinks little of sizes on water,
On big waves the tiny one skulks,—
While the river has Men of War on it—
Yes—the Thames is oppress'd with Great Hulks,
And the Boy 's at the Nore!

But I've done—for the water is heaving
Round my body as though it would sink it!
And I've been so long pitching and tossing,
That sea-sick—you'd hardly now think it—
Is the Boy at the Nore!

ODE TO ST. SWITHIN

'The rain it raineth every day.'

The Dawn is overcast, the morning low'rs,
On ev'ry window-frame hang beaded damps
Like rows of small illumination lamps
To celebrate the Jubilee of Show'rs!
A constant sprinkle patters from all leaves,
The very Dryads are not dry, but soppers,
And from the Houses' eaves
Tumble eaves-droppers.

[1] A word caught from some American Trader in passing.

The hundred clerks that live along the street,
Bondsmen to mercantile and city schemers,
With squashing, sloshing, and galloshing feet,
Go paddling, paddling, through the wet, like steamers,
Each hurrying to earn the daily stipend—
Umbrellas pass of every shade of green,
And now and then a crimson one is seen.
  Like an Umbrella *ripen'd.*

  Over the way a waggon
Stands with six smoking horses, shrinking, blinking,
  While in the George and Dragon
The man is keeping himself dry—and drinking!
The Butcher's boy skulks underneath his tray,
  Hats shine—shoes don't—and down droop collars,
And one blue Parasol cries all the way
  To school, in company with four small scholars!

Unhappy is the man to-day who rides,
Making his journey sloppier, not shorter;
Aye, there they go, a dozen of outsides,
Performing on 'a Stage with real water!'
A dripping Pauper crawls along the way,
  The only real willing out-of-doorer,
  And says, or seems to say,
'Well, I am poor enough—but here 's a *pourer!*'

The scene in water colours thus I paint,
Is your own Festival, you Sloppy Saint!
Mother of all the Family of Rainers!
  Saint of the Soakers!
  Making all people croakers,
Like frogs in swampy marshes, and complainers!
And why you mizzle forty days together,
Giving the earth your water-soup to sup,
I marvel—Why such wet, mysterious weather?
  I wish you'd *clear it up!*

  Why cast such cruel dampers
On pretty Pic Nics, and against all wishes
Set the cold ducks a-swimming in the hampers,
And volunteer, unask'd, to wash the dishes?
Why drive the Nymphs from the selected spot,
  To cling like lady-birds around a tree—
  Why spoil a Gipsy party at their tea,
By throwing your cold water upon hot?

Cannot a rural maiden, or a man,
Seek Hornsey-Wood by invitation, sipping
  Their green with Pan,
But souse you come, and show their Pan all dripping!

Why upon snow-white table-cloths and sheets,
That do not wait, or want a second washing,
Come squashing?
Why task yourself to lay the dust in streets,
As if there were no Water-Cart contractors,
No pot-boys spilling beer, no shop-boys ruddy
Spooning out puddles muddy,
Milkmaids, and other slopping benefactors!

A Queen you are, raining in your own right,
Yet oh! how little flatter'd by report!
Even by those that seek the Court,
Pelted with every term of spleen and spite.
Folks rail and swear at you in every place;
They say you are a creature of no bowel;
They say you're always washing Nature's face,
And that you then supply her,
With nothing drier,
Than some old wringing cloud by way of towel!
The whole town wants you duck'd, just as you duck it,
They wish you on your own mud porridge supper'd,
They hope that you may kick your own big bucket,
Or in your water-butt go souse! heels up'ard!
They are, in short, so weary of your drizzle,
They'd spill the water in your veins to stop it—
Be warn'd! You are too partial to a mizzle—
Pray *drop it!*

THE SCHOOLMASTER'S MOTTO

'The Admiral compelled them all to strike.'—*Life of Nelson.*

HUSH! silence in School—not a noise!
You shall soon see there 's nothing to jeer at,
Master Marsh, most audacious of boys!
Come!—'Palmam qui meruit ferat!'

So this morn in the midst of the Psalm,
The Miss Siffkins's school you must leer at,
You're complained of—Sir! hold out your palm,—
There!—'Palmam qui meruit ferat!'

You wilful young rebel, and dunce!
This offence all your sins shall appear at,
You shall have a good caning at once—
There!—'Palmam qui meruit ferat!'

You are backward, you know, in each verb,
And your pronouns you are not more clear at,
But you're forward enough to disturb,—
There!—'Palmam qui meruit ferat!'

You said Master Twigg stole the plumbs,
When the orchard he never was near at,
I'll not punish wrong fingers or thumbs,—
There !—' Palmam qui meruit ferat ! '

You make Master Taylor your butt,
And this morning his face you threw beer at,
And you struck him—do *you* like a cut ?
There !—' Palmam qui meruit ferat ! '

Little Biddle you likewise distress,
You are always his hair, or his ear at—
He's my *Opt*, Sir, and you are my *Pess*:
There !—' Palmam qui meruit ferat ! '

Then you had a pitcht fight with young Rous,
An offence I am always severe at !
You discredit to Cicero House !
There !—' Palmam qui meruit ferat ! '

You have made too a plot in the night,
To run off from the school that you rear at !
Come, your other hand, now, Sir,—the right,
There !—' Palmam qui meruit ferat ! '

I'll teach you to draw, you young dog !
Such pictures as I'm looking here at !
' Old Mounseer making soup of a frog,'
There !—' Palmam qui meruit ferat ! '

You have run up a bill at a shop,
That in paying you'll be a whole year at,—
You've but twopence a week, Sir, to stop !
There !—' Palmam qui meruit ferat ! '

Then at dinner you're quite cock-a-hoop,
And the soup you are certain to sneer at—
I have sipped it—it's very good soup,—
There !—' Palmam qui meruit ferat ! '

T'other day when I fell o'er the form,
Was my tumble a thing, Sir, to cheer at ?
Well for you that my temper 's not warm,—
There !—' Palmam qui meruit ferat ! '

Why, you rascal ! you insolent brat !
All my talking you don't shed a tear at,
There—take that, Sir ! and that ! that ! and that !
There !—' Palmam qui meruit ferat ! '

THE SUPPER SUPERSTITION

A PATHETIC BALLAD

' Oh flesh, flesh, how art thou fishified ! '—*Mercutio.*

I

'Twas twelve o'clock by Chelsea chimes,
When all in hungry trim,
Good Mister Jupp sat down to sup
With wife, and Kate, and Jim.

II

Said he, ' Upon this dainty cod
How bravely I shall sup '—
When, whiter than the table-cloth,
A GHOST came rising up !

III

' O, father dear, O, mother dear,
Dear Kate, and brother Jim,—
You know when some one went to sea,—
Don't cry—but I am him !

IV

' You hope some day with fond embrace
To greet your absent Jack,
But oh, I am come here to say
I'm never coming back !

V

'From Alexandria we set sail,
With corn, and oil, and figs,
But steering "too much Sow," we struck
Upon the Sow and Pigs!

VI

'The ship we pump'd till we could see
Old England from the tops;
When down she went with all our hands,
Right in the Channel's Chops.

VII

'Just give a look in Norey's chart,
The very place it tells;
I think it says twelve fathom deep,
Clay bottom, mix'd with shells.

VIII

'Well, there we are till "hands aloft,"
We have at last a call;
The pug I had for brother Jim,
Kate's parrot, too, and all.

IX

'But oh, my spirit cannot rest,
In Davy Jones's sod,
Till I've appear'd to you and said,—
Don't sup on that 'ere Cod!

X

'You live on land, and little think
What passes in the sea;
Last Sunday week, at 2 p.m.,
That Cod was picking me!

XI

'Those oysters, too, that look so plump,
And seem so nicely done,
They put my corpse in many shells,
Instead of only one.

XII

'O, do not eat those oysters then,
And do not touch the shrimps;
When I was in my briny grave,
They suck'd my blood like imps!

XIII

'Don't eat what brutes would never eat,
The brutes I used to pat,
They'll know the smell they used to smell,
Just try the dog and cat!'

XIV

The Spirit fled—they wept his fate,
And cried, Alack, alack!
At last up started brother Jim,
'Let 's try if Jack was Jack!'

XV

They call'd the Dog, they call'd the Cat,
And little Kitten too,
And down they put the Cod and sauce,
To see what brutes would do.

XVI

Old Tray licked all the oysters up,
Puss never stood at crimps,
But munch'd the Cod—and little Kit
Quite feasted on the shrimps!

XVII

The thing was odd, and minus Cod
And sauce, they stood like posts;
O, prudent folks, for fear of hoax,
Put no belief in Ghosts!

A STORM AT HASTINGS

AND THE LITTLE UNKNOWN

'Twas August—Hastings every day was filling—
Hastings, that 'greenest spot on memory's waste!'
With crowds of idlers willing or unwilling
To be bedipped—be noticed—or be braced,
And all things rose a penny in a shilling.
Meanwhile, from window and from door, in haste
'Accommodation bills' kept coming down,
Gladding 'the world of letters' in that town.

Each day pour'd in new coach-fulls of new cits,
Flying from London smoke and dust annoying,
Unmarried Misses hoping to make hits,
And new-wed couples fresh from Tunbridge toying.
Lacemen and placemen, ministers and wits,
And quakers of both sexes, much enjoying
A morning's reading by the ocean's rim,
That sect delighting in the sea's broad brim.

And lo! amongst all these appear'd a creature,
So small, he almost might a twin have been
With Miss Crachami—dwarfish quite in stature,
Yet well proportion'd—neither fat nor lean,
His face of marvellously pleasant feature,
So short and sweet a man was never seen—
All thought him charming at the first beginning—
Alas, ere long they found him far too winning!

He seem'd in love with chance—and chance repaid
His ardent passion with her fondest smile,
The sunshine of good luck, without a shade,
He staked and won—and won and staked—the bile
It stirr'd of many a man and many a maid,
To see at every venture how that vile
Small gambler snatch'd—and how he won them too—
A living Pam, omnipotent at loo!

Miss Wiggins set her heart upon a box,
'Twas handsome, rosewood, and inlaid with brass,
And dreamt three times she garnish'd it with stocks
Of needles, silks, and cottons—but alas!
She lost it wide awake.——We thought Miss Cox
Was lucky—but she saw three caddies pass
To that small imp;—no living luck could loo him!
Sir Stamford would have lost his Raffles to him!

And so he climb'd—and rode, and won—and walk'd,
The wondrous topic of the curious swarm
That haunted the Parade. Many were balk'd
Of notoriety by that small form
Pacing it up and down :—some even talk'd
Of ducking him—when lo ! a dismal storm
Stepp'd in—one Friday, at the close of day—
And every head was turn'd another way—

Watching the grander guest. It seem'd to rise
Bulky and slow upon the southern brink
Of the horizon—fann'd by sultry sighs—
So black and threatening, I cannot think
Of any simile, except the skies
Miss Wiggins sometimes *shades* in Indian ink—
Miss-shapen blotches of such heavy vapour,
They seem a deal more solid than her paper.

As for the sea, it did not fret, and rave,
And tear its waves to tatters, and so dash on
The stony-hearted beach ;—some bards would have
It always rampant, in that idle fashion,—
Whereas the waves roll'd in, subdued and grave,
Like schoolboys, when the master 's in a passion,
Who meekly settle in and take their places,
With a very quiet awe on all their faces.

Some love to draw the ocean with a head,
Like troubled table-beer,—and make it bounce,
And froth, and roar, and fling,—but this, I've said,
Surged in scarce rougher than a lady's flounce :—
But then, a grander contrast thus it bred
With the wild welkin, seeming to pronounce
Something more awful in the serious ear,
As one would whisper that a lion 's near—

Who just begins to roar : so the hoarse thunder
Growl'd long—but low—a prelude note of death,
As if the stifling clouds yet kept it under,
But still it mutter'd to the sea beneath
Such a continued peal, as made us wonder
It did not pause more oft to take its breath,
Whilst we were panting with the sultry weather,
And hardly cared to wed two words together,

But watch'd the surly advent of the storm,
Much as the brown-cheek'd planters of Barbadoes
Must watch a rising of the Negro swarm :—
Meantime it steer'd, like Odin's old Armadas,

Right on our coast ;—a dismal, coal-black form ;—
Many proud gaits were quell'd—and all bravadoes
Of folly ceased—and sundry idle jokers
Went home to cover up their tongs and pokers.

So fierce the lightning flashed.—In all their days
The oldest smugglers had not seen such flashing,
And they are used to many a pretty blaze,
To keep their Hollands from an awkward clashing
With hostile cutters in our creeks and bays :—
And truly one could think without much lashing
The fancy, that those coasting clouds so awful
And black, were fraught with spirits as unlawful.

The gay Parade grew thin—all the fair crowd
Vanish'd—as if they knew their own attractions,—
For now the lightning through a near hand cloud
Began to make some very crooked fractions—
Only some few remain'd that were not cow'd,
A few rough sailors, who had been in actions,
And sundry boatmen, that with quick yeo's,
Lest it should *blow*,—were pulling up the *Rose* :

(No flower, but a boat)—some more were hauling
The *Regent* by the head :—another crew
With that same cry peculiar to their *calling*—
Were heaving up the *Hope* :—and as they knew
The very gods themselves oft get a mauling
In their own realms, the seamen wisely drew
The *Neptune* rather higher on the beach,
That he might lie beyond his billows' reach.

And now the storm, with its despotic power,
Had all usurp'd the azure of the skies,
Making our daylight darker by an hour,
And some few drops—of an unusual size—
Few and distinct—scarce twenty to the shower,
Fell like huge tear-drops from a Giant's eyes—
But then this sprinkle thicken'd in a trice
And rain'd much *harder*—in good solid ice.

Oh ! for a very storm of words to show
How this fierce crash of hail came rushing o'er us !
Handel would make the gusty organs blow
Grandly, and a rich storm in music score us ;—
But ev'n his music seem'd composed and low,
When we were *handled* by this Hailstone Chorus ;
Whilst thunder rumbled, with its awful sound,
And frozen comfits roll'd along the ground—

As big as bullets :—Lord ! how they did batter
Our crazy tiles :—And now the lightning flash'd
Alternate with the dark, until the latter
Was rarest of the two :—the gust too dash'd
So terribly, I thought the hail must shatter
Some panes,—and so it did—and first it smash'd
The very square where I had chose my station
To watch the general illumination.

Another, and another, still came in,
And fell in jingling ruin at my feet,
Making transparent holes that let me win
Some samples of the storm :—Oh ! it was sweet
To think I had a shelter for my skin,
Culling them through these ' loopholes of retreat '—
Which in a little we began to glaze—
Chiefly with a jacktowel and some baize !

By which, the cloud had pass'd o'erhead, but play'd
Its crooked fires in constant flashes still,
Just in our rear, as though it had array'd
Its heavy batteries at Fairlight Mill,
So that it lit the town, and grandly made
The rugged features of the Castle Hill
Leap, like a birth, from chaos, into light,
And then relapse into the gloomy night—

As parcel of the cloud :—the clouds themselves,
Like monstrous crags and summits everlasting,
Piled each on each in most gigantic shelves,
That Milton's devils were engaged in blasting.—
We could e'en fancy Satan and his elves
Busy upon those crags, and ever casting
Huge fragments loose,—and that we *felt* the sound
They made in falling to the startled ground.

And so the tempest scowl'd away,—and soon
Timidly shining through its skirts of jet,
We saw the rim of the pacific moon,
Like a bright fish entangled in a net,
Flashing its silver sides,—how sweet a boon,
Seemed her sweet light, as though it would beget,
With that fair smile, a calm upon the seas—
Peace in the sky—and coolness in the breeze !

Meantime the hail had ceased :—and all the brood
Of glaziers stole abroad to count their gains ;—
At every window, there were maids who stood
Lamenting o'er the glass's small remains,—

Or with coarse linens made the fractions good,
Stanching the wind in all the wounded panes,—
Or, holding candles to the panes, in doubt:
The wind resolved—blowing the candles out.

No house was whole that had a southern front,—
No green-house but the same mishap befell;—
Bow-windows and *bell*-glasses bore the brunt,—
No sex in glass was spared!——For those who dwell
On each hill side, you might have swum a punt
In any of their parlours;—Mrs. Snell
Was slopp'd out of her seat,—and Mr. Hitchin
Had a *flow'r*-garden wash'd into a *Kitchen*.

But still the sea was mild, and quite disclaim'd
The recent violence.—Each after each
The gentle waves a gentle murmur framed,
Tapping, like Woodpeckers, the hollow beach.
Howbeit his *weather eye* the seaman aim'd
Across the calm, and hinted by his speech
A gale next morning—and when morning broke,
There was a gale—'quite equal to bespoke.'

Before high water—(it were better far
To christen it not *water* then, but *waiter*,
For then the tide is *serving at the bar*)
Rose such a swell—I never saw one greater!
Black, jagged billows rearing up in war
Like ragged roaring bears against the baiter,
With lots of froth upon the shingle shed,
Like stout poured out with a fine *beachy head*.

No open boat was open to a fare,
Or launch'd that morn on seven-shilling trips,
No bathing woman waded—none would dare
A dipping in the wave—but waived their dips,
No seagull ventured on the stormy air,
And all the dreary coast was clear of ships;
For two *lea shores* upon the river Lea
Are not so perilous as one at sea.

Awe-struck we sat, and gazed upon the scene
Before us in such horrid hurly-burly,—
A boiling ocean of mix'd black and green,
A sky of copper colour, grim and surly,—
When lo, in that vast hollow scoop'd between
Two rolling Alps of water,—white and curly!
We saw a pair of little arms a-skimming,
Much like a first or last attempt at swimming!

Sometimes a hand—sometimes a little shoe—
Sometimes a skirt—sometimes a hank of hair
Just like a dabbled seaweed rose to view,
Sometimes a knee, sometimes a back was bare—
At last a frightful summerset he threw
Right on the shingles. Any one could swear
The lad was dead—without a chance of perjury,
And batter'd by the surge beyond all surgery!

However we snatch'd up the corse thus thrown,
Intending, Christian-like, to sod and turf it,
And after venting Pity's sigh and groan,
Then Curiosity began with *her* 'fit;
And lo! the features of the Small Unknown!
'Twas he that of the surf had had this surfeit!—
And in his fob, the cause of late monopolies,
We found a contract signed with Mephistopheles.

A bond of blood, whereby the sinner gave
His forfeit soul to Satan in reversion,
Providing in this world he was to have
A lordship over luck, by whose exertion
He might control the course of cards, and brave
All throws of dice,—but on a sea excursion
The juggling Demon, in his usual vein,
Seized the last cast—and *Nick'd* him in the *main!*

LINES

TO A LADY ON HER DEPARTURE FOR INDIA

Go where the waves run rather Holborn-hilly,
And tempests make a soda-water sea,
Almost as rough as our rough Piccadilly,
And think of me!

Go where the mild Madeira ripens *her* juice,—
A wine more praised than it deserves to be!
Go pass the Cape, just capable of ver-juice,
And think of me!

Go where the Tiger in the darkness prowleth,
Making a midnight meal of he and she;
Go where the Lion in his hunger howleth,
And think of me!

Go where the serpent dangerously coileth,
Or lies along at full length like a tree,
Go where the Suttee in her own soot broileth,
And think of me!

Go where with human notes the Parrot dealeth
In mono-*polly*-logue with tongue as free,
And like a woman, all she can revealeth,
And think of me!

Go to the land of muslin and nankeening,
And parasols of straw where hats should be,
Go to the land of slaves and palankeening,
And think of me!

Go to the land of Jungles and of vast hills,
And tall bamboos—may none *bamboozle* thee!
Go gaze upon their Elephants and Castles,
And think of me!

Go where a cook must always be a currier,
And parch the pepper'd palate like a pea,
Go where the fierce musquito is a worrier,
And think of me!

Go where the maiden on a marriage plan goes,
Consign'd for wedlock to Calcutta's quay,
Where woman goes for mart, the same as mangoes,
And think of me!

Go where the sun is very hot and fervent,
Go to the land of pagod and rupee,
Where every black will be your slave and servant,
And think of me!

SONNET

TO A SCOTCH GIRL, WASHING LINEN AFTER HER COUNTRY FASHION

Well done and wetly, thou Fair Maid of Perth.
Thou mak'st a washing picture well deserving
The pen and pencilling of Washington Irving:
Like dripping Naiad, pearly from her birth,
Dashing about the water of the Firth,
To cleanse the calico of Mrs. Skirving,
And never from thy dance of duty swerving—
As there were nothing else than dirt on earth!
Yet what is thy reward? Nay, do not start!
I do not mean to give thee a new damper,
But while thou fillest this industrious part
Of washer, wearer, mangler, presser, stamper,
Deserving better character—thou art
What Bodkin would but call—'a common tramper.'

SONNET TO A DECAYED SEAMAN

HAIL! seventy-four cut down! Hail, Top and Lop:
  Unless I'm much mistaken in my notion,
Thou wast a stirring Tar, before that hop
  Became so fatal to thy locomotion;—
Now, thrown on shore, like a mere weed of ocean,
  Thou readest still to men a lesson good,
To King and Country showing thy devotion,
  By kneeling thus upon a stump of wood!
Still is thy spirit strong as alcohol;
  Spite of that limb, begot of acorn-egg,—
Methinks,—thou Naval History in one Vol.—
  A virtue shines, e'en in that timber leg,
For unlike others that desert their Poll,
  Thou walkest ever with thy 'Constant Peg!'

HUGGINS AND DUGGINS

A PASTORAL AFTER POPE

Two swains or clowns—but call them swains—
While keeping flocks on Salisbury Plains,
For all that tend on sheep as drovers,
Are turned to songsters, or to lovers,
Each of the lass he call'd his dear
Began to carol loud and clear.
First Huggins sang, and Duggins then,
In the way of ancient shepherd men;
Who thus alternate hitch'd in song,
'All things by turns, and nothing long.'

HUGGINS.

Of all the girls about our place,
There 's one beats all in form and face;
Search through all Great and Little Bumpstead
You'll only find one Peggy Plumstead.

DUGGINS.

To groves and streams I tell my flame;
I make the cliffs repeat her name:
When I'm inspired by gills and noggins,
The rocks re-echo Sally Hoggins!

HUGGINS.

When I am walking in the grove,
I think of Peggy as I rove.
I'd carve her name on every tree,
But I don't know my A, B, C.

DUGGINS.

Whether I walk in hill or valley,
I think of nothing else but Sally.
I'd sing her praise, but I can sing
No song, except 'God save the King.'

HUGGINS.

My Peggy does all nymphs excel,
And all confess she bears the bell,—
Where'er she goes swains flock together,
Like sheep that follow the bellwether.

DUGGINS.

Sally is tall and not too straight,—
Those very poplar shapes I hate;
But something twisted like an S,—
A crook becomes a shepherdess.

HUGGINS.

When Peggy's dog her arms emprison,
I often wish my lot was hisn ;
How often I should stand and turn,
To get a pat from hands like hern.

DUGGINS.

I tell Sall's lambs how blest they be,
To stand about and stare at she ;
But when I look, she turns and shies,
And won't bear none but their sheep's-eyes !

HUGGINS.

Love goes with Peggy where she goes,—
Beneath her smile the garden grows ;
Potatoes spring, and cabbage starts,
'Tatoes have eyes, and cabbage hearts!

DUGGINS.

Where Sally goes it 's always Spring,
Her presence brightens every-thing ;
The sun smiles bright, but where her grin is,
It makes brass farthings look like guineas.

HUGGINS.

For Peggy I can have no joy,
She 's sometimes kind, and sometimes coy,
And keeps me, by her wayward tricks,
As comfortless as sheep with ticks.

DUGGINS.

Sally is ripe as June or May,
And yet as cold as Christmas day ;
For when she 's asked to change her lot,
Lamb's wool,—but Sally, she wool not.

HUGGINS.

Only with Peggy and with health,
I'd never wish for state or wealth ;
Talking of having health and more pence,
I'd drink her health if I had fourpence.

DUGGINS.

Oh, how that day would seem to shine,
If Sally's banns were read with mine ;
She cries, when such a wish I carry,
' Marry come up ! ' but will not marry.

DOMESTIC DIDACTICS BY AN OLD SERVANT

THE BROKEN DISH

WHAT 's life but full of care and doubt,
With all its fine humanities,
With parasols we walk about,
Long pigtails and such vanities.

We plant pomegranate trees and things,
And go in gardens sporting,
With toys and fans of peacock's wings
To painted ladies courting.

We gather flowers of every hue,
And fish in boats for fishes,
Build summer-houses painted blue,—
But life 's as frail as dishes.

Walking about their groves of trees,
Blue bridges and blue rivers,
How little thought them two Chinese,
They'd both be smash'd to shivers!

ODE TO PEACE

WRITTEN ON THE NIGHT OF MY MISTRESS'S GRAND ROUT

Oh Peace! oh come with me and dwell—
But stop, for there 's the bell.
Oh Peace! for thee I go and sit in churches,
On Wednesday, when there 's very few
In loft or pew—
Another ring, the tarts are come from Birch's.
Oh Peace! for thee I have avoided marriage—
Hush! there 's a carriage.
Oh Peace! thou art the best of earthly goods—
The five Miss Woods.
Oh Peace! thou art the Goddess I adore—
There come some more.
Oh Peace! thou child of solitude and quiet—
That 's Lord Drum's footman, for he loves a riot.

Oh Peace!
Knocks will not cease.
Oh Peace! thou wert for human comfort plann'd—
That 's Weippert's band.
Oh Peace! how glad I welcome thy approaches—
I hear the sound of coaches.
Oh Peace! oh Peace!—another carriage stops—
It 's early for the Blenkinsops.

Oh Peace! with thee I love to wander,
But wait till I have show'd up Lady Squander;
And now I've seen her up the stair,
Oh Peace!—but here comes Captain Hare.
Oh Peace! thou art the slumber of the mind,
Untroubled, calm and quiet, and unbroken,—
If that is Alderman Guzzle from Portsoken,
Alderman Gobble won't be far behind.
Oh Peace! serene in worldly shyness,—
Make way there for his Serene Highness!

Oh Peace! if you do not disdain
To dwell amongst the menial train,
I have a silent place, and lone,
That you and I may call our own;
Where tumult never makes an entry—
Susan, what business have you in my pantry?

Oh Peace! but there is Major Monk,
At variance with his wife—Oh Peace!
And that great German, Vander Trunk,
And that great talker, Miss Apreece;
Oh Peace! so dear to poet's quills—
They're just beginning their quadrilles—
Oh Peace! our greatest renovator;—
I wonder where I put my waiter—
Oh Peace!—but here my Ode I'll cease;
I have no peace to write of Peace.

A FEW LINES ON COMPLETING FORTY-SEVEN

When I reflect, with serious sense,
While years and years run on,
How soon I may be summon'd hence—
There 's cook a-calling John.

Our lives are built so frail and poor,
On sand and not on rocks,
We're hourly standing at Death's door—
There 's some one double-knocks.

All human days have settled terms,
Our fates we cannot force;
This flesh of mine will feed the worms—
They're come to lunch of course.

And when my body 's turn'd to clay,
And dear friends hear my knell,
Oh, let them give a sigh and say—
I hear the upstairs bell.

TO MARY HOUSEMAID

ON VALENTINE'S DAY

MARY, you know I've no love-nonsense,
And, though I pen on such a day,
I don't mean flirting, on my conscience,
Or writing in the courting way.

Though Beauty hasn't form'd your feature,
It saves you, p'rhaps, from being vain,
And many a poor unhappy creature
May wish that she was half as plain.

Your virtues would not rise an inch,
Although your shape was two foot taller,

And wisely you let others pinch
Great waists and feet to make them smaller.

You never try to spare your hands
From getting red by household duty,
But, doing all that it commands,
Their coarseness is a moral beauty.

Let Susan flourish her fair arms,
And at your odd legs sneer and scoff;
But let her laugh, for you have charms
That nobody knows nothing of.

PAIN IN A PLEASURE-BOAT

A SEA ECLOGUE

'I apprehend you!'—*School of Reform.*

BOATMAN.

SHOVE off there!—ship the rudder, Bill—cast off! she 's under way!

MRS. F.

She 's under what?—I hope she 's not! good gracious, what a spray!

BOATMAN.

Run out the jib, and rig the boom! keep clear of those two brigs!

MRS. F.

I hope they don't intend some joke by running of their rigs!

BOATMAN.

Bill, shift them bags of ballast aft—she 's rather out of trim!

MRS. F.

.Great bags of stones! they're pretty things to help a boat to swim!

BOATMAN.

The wind is fresh—if she don't scud, it 's not the breeze's fault!

MRS. F.

Wind fresh, indeed! I never felt the air so full of salt!

BOATMAN.

That Schooner, Bill, harn't left the roads, with oranges and nuts!

MRS. F.

If seas have roads, they're very rough—I never felt such ruts!

BOATMAN.

It 's neap, ye see, she 's heavy lade, and couldn't pass the bar.

MRS. F.

The bar! what, roads with turnpikes too? I wonder where they are!

BOATMAN.

Ho! brig ahoy! hard up! hard up! that lubber cannot steer!

MRS. F.

Yes, yes,—hard up upon a rock! I know some danger 's near!
Lord, there 's a wave! it 's coming in! and roaring like a bull!

BOATMAN.

Nothing, Ma'am, but a little slop! go large, Bill! keep her full!

MRS. F.

What, keep her full! what daring work! when full, she must go down!

BOATMAN.

Why, Bill, it lulls! ease off a bit—it 's coming off the town!
Steady your helm! we'll clear the *Pint!* lay right for yonder pink!

MRS. F.

Be steady—well, I hope they can! but they've got a pint of drink!

BOATMAN.

Bill, give that sheet another haul—she'll fetch it up this reach.

MRS. F.

I'm getting rather pale, I know, and they see it by that speech!
I wonder what it is, now, but——I never felt so queer!

BOATMAN.

Bill, mind your luff—why Bill, I say, she 's yawing—keep her near!

MRS. F.

Keep near! we're going further off; the land 's behind our backs.

BOATMAN.

Be easy, Ma'am, it 's all correct, that 's only 'cause we tacks:
We shall have to beat about a bit,—Bill, keep her out to sea.

MRS. F.

Beat who about? keep who at sea?—how black they look at me!

BOATMAN.

It 's veering round—I knew it would! off with her head! stand by! 29

MRS. F.

Off with her head! whose? where? what with?—an axe I seem to spy!

BOATMAN.

She can't not keep her own, you see; we shall have to pull her in!

MRS. F.

They'll drown me, and take all I have! my life 's not worth a pin!

BOATMAN.

Look out you know, be ready, Bill—just when she takes the sand!

MRS. F.

The sand—O Lord! to stop my mouth! how every thing is plann'd!

BOATMAN.

The handspike, Bill—quick, bear a hand! now Ma'am, just step ashore!

MRS. F.

What! ain't I going to be kill'd—and welter'd in my gore?
Well, Heaven be praised! but I'll not go a sailing any more!

LITERARY AND LITERAL

THE March of Mind upon its mighty stilts,
(A spirit by no means to fasten mocks on,)
In travelling through Berks, Beds, Notts, and Wilts,
Hants—Bucks, Herts, Oxon,
Got up a thing our ancestors ne'er thought on,
A thing that, only in our proper youth,
We should have chuckled at—in sober truth.
A Conversazione at Hog's Norton!

A place whose native dialect, somehow,
Has always by an adage been affronted,
And that it is all *gutturals*, is now
Taken for grunted.

Conceive the snoring of a greedy swine,
The slobbering of a hungry Ursine Sloth—
If you have ever heard such creature dine—
And—for Hog's Norton, make a mix of both!—

O shades of Shakspeare! Chaucer! Spenser!
Milton! Pope! Gray! Warton!
O Colman! Kenny! Planché! Poole! Peake!
Pocock! Reynolds! Morton!
O Grey! Peel! Sadler! Wilberforce! Burdett!
Hume! Wilmot Horton!
Think of your prose and verse, and worse—delivered in
Hog's Norton!—

The founder of Hog's Norton Athenæum
Framed her society
With some variety
From Mr. Roscoe's Liverpool museum;
Not a mere pic-nic, for the mind's repast,
But tempting to the solid knife-and-forker,
It held its sessions in the house that last
Had killed a porker.

It chanced one Friday,
One Farmer Grayley stuck a very big hog,
A perfect Gog or Magog of a pig-hog,
Which made of course a literary high day,——
Not that our Farmer was a man to go
With literary tastes—so far from suiting 'em,
When he heard mention of Professor *Crowe*,
Or Lalla-*Rookh*, he always was for shooting 'em!
In fact in letters he was quite a log,
With him great Bacon
Was literally taken,
And Hogg—the Poet—nothing but a Hog!
As to all others on the list of Fame,
Although they were discuss'd and mention'd daily,
He only recognised one classic name,
And thought that *she* had hung herself—*Miss Baillie!*

To balance this, our Farmer's only daughter
Had a great taste for the Castalian water—
A Wordsworth worshipper—a Southey wooer—
(Though men that deal in water-colour cakes
May disbelieve the fact—yet nothing 's truer)
She got the *blues*
The more she dipped and dabbled in the *Lakes*.

The secret truth is, Hope, the old deceiver,
At future Authorship was apt to hint,
Producing what some call the *Type-us* Fever,
Which means a burning to be seen in print.

Of learning's laurels—Miss Joanna Baillie—
Of Mrs. Hemans—Mrs. Wilson—daily
Dreamt Anne Priscilla, Isabella Grayley;
And Fancy hinting that she had the better
Of L. E. L. by one initial letter,
She thought the world would quite enraptur'd see

'LOVE LAYS AND LYRICS
BY
A. P. I. G.'

Accordingly, with very great propriety,
She joined the H. N. B. and double S.,
That is,—Hog's Norton Blue Stocking Society;
And saving when her Pa his pigs prohibited,
Contributed
Her pork and poetry towards the mess.

This feast, we said, one Friday was the case,
When farmer Grayley—from Macbeth to quote—
Screwing his courage to the 'sticking place,'
Stuck a large knife into a grunter's throat:—
A kind of murder that the law's rebuke
Seldom condemns by shake of its peruke,
Showing the little sympathy of *big-wigs*
With *pig-wigs!*

The swine—poor wretch!—with nobody to speak for it,
And beg its life, resolved to have a squeak for it;
So—like the fabled swan—died singing out,
And, thus, there issued from the farmer's yard
A note that notified without a card,
An invitation to the evening rout.

And when the time came duly,—'At the close of
The day,' as Beattie has it, 'when the ham—'
Bacon, and pork were ready to dispose of,
And pettitoes and chit'lings too, to cram,—
Walked in the H. N. B. and double S.'s
All in appropriate and swinish dresses,
For lo! it is a fact, and not a joke,
Although the Muse might fairly jest upon it,
They came—each 'Pig-faced Lady,' in that bonnet
We call *a poke.*

The Members all assembled thus, a rare woman
At pork and poetry was chosen *chairwoman* ;—
In fact, the bluest of the Blues, Miss Ikey,
Whose whole pronunciation was so piggy,
She always named the authoress of ' *Psyche* '—
As Mrs. *Tiggey !*

And now arose a question of some moment,—
What author for a lecture was the richer,
Bacon or Hogg ? there were no votes for Beaumont,
But some for *Flitcher* ;
While others, with a more sagacious reasoning,
Proposed another work,
And thought their pork
Would prove more relishing from Thomson's Season-ing !

But, practised in Shakspearian readings daily,—
O ! Miss Macaulay ! Shakspeare at Hog's Norton !—
Miss Anne Priscilla Isabella Grayley
Selected *him* that evening to snort on.
In short, to make our story not a big tale,
Just fancy her exerting
Her talents, and converting
The Winter's Tale to something like a pig-tale !
Her sister auditory,
All sitting round, with grave and learned faces,
Were very plauditory,
Of course, and clapped her at the proper places ;
Till fanned at once by fortune and the Muse,
She thought herself the blessedest of Blues.
But Happiness, alas ! has blights of ill,
And Pleasure's bubbles in the air explode ;—
There is no travelling through life but still
The heart will meet with breakers on the road !

With that peculiar voice
Heard only from Hog's Norton throats and noses,
Miss G., with Perdita, was making choice
Of buds and blossoms for her summer posies,
When coming to that line, where Proserpine
Lets fall her flowers from the wain of Dis ;
Imagine this—
Uprose on his hind legs old Farmer Grayley,
Grunting this question for the club's digestion,
' Do *Dis's Waggon* go from the Ould Bäaley ? '

SONNET

TO LORD WHARNCLIFFE, ON HIS GAME BILL

I'm fond of partridges, I'm fond of snipes,
I'm fond of black cocks, for they're very good cocks—
I'm fond of wild ducks, and I'm fond of woodcocks,
And grouse that set up such strange moorish pipes.
I'm fond of pheasants with their splendid stripes—
I'm fond of hares, whether from Whig or Tory—
I'm fond of capercailzies in their glory,—
Teal, widgeons, plovers, birds in all their types:
All these are in your care, Law-giving Peer,
And when you next address your Lordly Babel,
Some clause put in your Bill, precise and clear,
With due and fit provision to enable
A man that holds all kinds of game so dear
To keep, like Crockford, a good Gaming Table.

LITERARY REMINISCENCES

'Dornton & Co. may challenge the world, the house of Hope perhaps excepted.'—*Road to Ruin.*

Time was, I sat upon a lofty stool,
At lofty desk, and with a clerkly pen
Began each morning, at the stroke of ten,
To write in Bell & Co.'s commercial school;
In Warnford Court, a shady nook and cool,
The favourite retreat of merchant men;
Yet would my quill turn vagrant even then,
And take stray dips in the Castalian pool.
Now double entry—now a flowery trope—
Mingling poetic honey with trade wax—
Blogg, Brothers—Milton—Grote and Prescott—Pope—
Bristles—and Hogg—Glyn Mills and Halifax—
Rogers—and Towgood—Hemp—the Bard of Hope—
Barilla—Byron—Tallow—Burns—and Flax!

ODE TO PERRY

THE INVENTOR OF THE PATENT PERRYAN PEN

'In this good work, Penn appears the greatest, usefullest of God's instruments. Firm and unbending when the exigency requires it—soft and yielding when rigid inflexibility is not a desideratum,—fluent and flowing at need, for eloquent rapidity—slow and retentive in cases of deliberation—never spluttering or by amplification going wide of the mark—never splitting, if it can be helped, with any one, but ready to wear itself out rather in their service—all things as it were with all men.—ready to embrace the hand of Jew, Christian, or Mahometan,—heavy with the German, light with the Italian, oblique with the English, upright with the Roman, backward in coming forward with the Hebrew,—in short, for flexibility, amiability, constitutional durability, general ability, and universal utility, it would be hard to find a parallel to the great Penn.'

Perry's Characteristics of a Settler.

I

O! PATENT, Pen-inventing Perrian Perry!
Friend of the Goose and Gander,
That now unplucked of their quill-feathers wander,
Cackling, and gabbling, dabbling, making merry,
About the happy Fen,
Untroubled for one penny-worth of pen,
For which they chant thy praise all Britain through,
From Goose-Green unto Gander-Cleugh!—

II

Friend to all Author-kind—
Whether of Poet or of Proser,—
Thou art composer unto the composer
Of pens,—yea patent vehicles for Mind
To carry it on jaunts, or more extensive
*Perry*grinations through the realms of Thought;
Each plying from the Comic to the Pensive,
An Omnibus of intellectual sort!

III

Modern Improvements in their course we feel;
And while to iron-railroads heavy wares,
Dry goods, and human bodies, pay their fares,
Mind flies on steel,
To Penrith, Penrhyn, even to Penzance.
Nay, penetrates, perchance,
To Pennsylvania, or, without rash vaunts,
To where the Penguin haunts!

IV

In times bygone, when each man cut his quill,
With little Perryan skill,
What horrid, awkward, bungling tools of trade
Appear'd the writing implements home-made!
What Pens were sliced, hew'd, hack'd, and haggled out,
Slit or unslit, with many a various snout,
Aquiline, Roman, crooked, square, and snubby,
Stumpy and stubby;
Some capable of ladye-billets neat,
Some only fit for Ledger-keeping Clerk,
And some to grub down Peter Stubbs his mark,
Or smudge through some illegible receipt;
Others in florid caligraphic plans,
Equal to Ships, and wiggy Heads, and Swans!

V

To try in any common inkstands, then,
With all their miscellaneous stocks,
To find a decent pen,
Was like a dip into a lucky box:

You drew,—and got one very curly,
And split like endive in some hurly-burly;
The next, unslit, and square at end, a spade;
The third, incipient pop-gun, not yet made;
The fourth a broom; the fifth of no avail,
Turn'd upwards, like a rabbit's tail;
And last, not least, by way of a relief,
A stump that Master Richard, James, or John,
Had tried his candle-cookery upon,
Making 'roast-beef!'

VI

Not so thy Perryan Pens!
True to their M's and N's,
They do not with a wizzing zig-zag split,
Straddle, turn up their noses, sulk, and spit,
Or drop large dots,
Huge fullstop blots,
Where even semicolons were unfit.
They will not frizzle up, or, broom-like, drudge
In sable sludge—
Nay, bought at proper 'Patent Perryan' shops,
They write good grammar, sense, and mind their stops;
Compose both prose and verse, the sad or merry—
For when the Editor, whose pains compile
The grown-up Annual, or the Juvenile,
Vaunteth his articles, not women's, men's,
But lays 'by the most celebrated Pens,'
What means he but thy Patent Pens, my Perry?

VII

Pleasant they are to feel! 70
So firm! so flexible! composed of steel
So finely temper'd—fit for tenderest Miss
To give her passion breath,
Or Kings to sign the warrant stern of death—
But their supremest merit still is this,
Write with them all your days,
Tragedy, Comedy, all kinds of plays—
(No Dramatist should ever be without 'em)—
And, just conceive the bliss,—
There is so little of the goose about 'em, 80
One 's safe from any hiss!

VIII

Ah! who can paint that first great awful night,
Big with a blessing or a blight,
When the poor Dramatist, all fume and fret,
Fuss, fidget, fancy, fever, funking, fright,
Ferment, fault-fearing, faintness—more f's yet:
Flush'd, frigid, flurried, flinching, fitful, flat,—
Add famish'd, fuddled, and fatigued, to that;
Funeral, fate-foreboding—sits in doubt,
Or rather doubt with hope, a wretched marriage, 90
To see his Play upon the stage come out;
No stage to him! it is Thalia's carriage,
And he is sitting on the spikes behind it,
Striving to look as if he didn't mind it!

IX

Witness how Beazley vents upon his hat
His nervousness, meanwhile his fate is dealt:
He kneads, moulds, pummels it, and sits it flat,
Squeezes and twists it up, until the felt
That went a Beaver in, comes out a Rat!
Miss Mitford had mis-givings, and in fright,
Upon Rienzi's night,
Gnaw'd up one long kid glove, and all her bag,
Quite to a rag.
Knowles has confess'd he trembled as for life,
Afraid of his own 'Wife;'
Poole told me that he felt a monstrous pail
Of water backing him, all down his spine,—
'The ice-brook's temper'—pleasant to the chine!—
For fear that Simpson and his Co. should fail.
Did Lord Glengall not frame a mental pray'r,
Wishing devoutly he was Lord knows-where?
Nay, did not Jerrold, in enormous drouth,
While doubtful of Nell Gwynne's eventful luck,
Squeeze out and suck
More oranges with his one fevered mouth,
Than Nelly had to hawk from North to South?
Yea, Buckstone, changing colour like a mullet,
Refused, on an occasion, once, twice, thrice,
From his best friend, an ice,
Lest it should hiss in his own red-hot gullet.

X

Doth punning Peake not sit upon the points
Of his own jokes, and shake in all his joints,
During their trial?
'Tis past denial.
And does not Pocock, feeling, like a peacock,
All eyes upon him turn to very meacock?
And does not Planché, tremulous and blank,
Meanwhile his personages tread the boards,
Seem goaded by sharp swords,
And call'd upon himself to 'walk the plank'?
As for the Dances, Charles and George to boot
What have they more
Of ease and rest, for sole of either foot,
Than bear that capers on a hotted floor?

XI

Thus pending—does not Mathews, at sad shift
For voice, croak like a frog in waters fenny?—
Serle seem upon the surly seas adrift?
And Kenny think he 's going to Kilkenny?—
Haynes Bayly feel Old ditto, with the note
Of Cotton in his ear, a mortal grapple
About his arms, and Adam's apple
Big as a fine Dutch codling in his throat?
Did Rodwell, on his chimney-piece, desire
Or not to take a jump into the fire?
Did Wade feel as composed as music can?
And was not Bernard his own Nervous Man?

Lastly, don't Farley, a bewildered elf,
Quake at the Pantomime he loves to cater,
And ere its changes ring, transform himself ?—
A frightful mug of human delf ?
A spirit-bottle—empty of 'the cratur'?
A leaden-platter ready for the shelf ?
A thunderstruck dumb-waiter ?

XII

To clench the fact,
Myself, once guilty, of one small rash act,
Committed at the Surrey
Quite in a hurry,
Felt all this flurry,
Corporal worry,
And spiritual scurry,
Dram-devil—attic curry !
All going well,
From prompter's bell,
Until befel
A hissing at some dull imperfect dunce—
There 's no denying,
I felt in all four elements at once !
My head was swimming, while my arms were flying,
My legs for running—all the rest was frying !

XIII

Thrice welcome, then, for this peculiar use
Thy pens so innocent of goose !
For this shall Dramatists, when they make merry,
Discarding Port and Sherry,
Drink—' Perry ! '
Perry, whose fame, pennated, is let loose
To distant lands,
Perry, admitted on all hands,
Text, running, German, Roman,
For Patent Perryans approach'd by no man !
And when, ah me ! far distant be the hour !
Pluto shall call thee to his gloomy bow'r,
Many shall be thy pensive mourners, many !
And Penury itself shall club its penny,
To raise thy monument in lofty place ;
Higher than York's, or any son of War ;
Whilst Time all meaner effigies shall bury,
On due pentagonal base,
Shall stand the Parian, Perryan, perri-wig'd Perry,
Perch'd on the proudest peak of Penman Mawr !

THE UNDYING ONE

'He shall not die.'—*Uncle Toby.*

I

Of all the verses, grave or gay,
That ever wiled an hour,
I never knew a mingled lay
At once so sweet and sour,
As that by Ladye Norton spun,
And christen'd ' The Undying One.'

II

I'm very certain that she drew
A portrait, when she penn'd
That picture of a perfect Jew,
Whose days will never end :
I'm sure it means my Uncle Lunn,
For he is an Undying One.

III

These twenty years he 's been the same
And may be twenty more ;
But Memory's Pleasures only claim
His features for a score ;
Yet in that time the change is none—
The image of th' Undying One !

IV

They say our climate's damp and cold,
And lungs are tender things ;
My uncle 's much abroad and old,
But when ' King Cole ' he sings,
A Stentor's voice, enough to stun,
Declares him an Undying One.

V

Others have died from needle-pricks,
And very slender blows ;
From accidental slips or kicks,
Or bleedings at the nose ;
Or choked by grape-stone, or a bun—
But he is the Undying One !

VI

A soldier once, he once endur'd
A bullet in the breast—
It might have kill'd—but only cured
An asthma in the chest ;
He was not to be slain with gun,
For he is the Undying One.

VII

In water once too long he dived,
And all supposed him beat,
He seem'd so cold—but he revived
To have another heat,
Just when we thought his race was run,
And came in fresh—th' Undying One !

VIII

To look at Meux's once he went,
And tumbled in the vat—
And greater Jobs their lives have spent
In lesser boils than that,—
He left the beer quite underdone,
No bier to the Undying One !

IX

He 's been from strangulation black,
From bile, of yellow hue,
Scarlet from fever's hot attack,
From cholera morbus blue ;
Yet with these dyes—to use a pun—
He still is the Undying One.

X

He rolls in wealth, yet has no wife
His Three per Cents. to share ;
He never married in his life,
Or flirted with the fair ;
The sex he made a point to shun,
For beauty an Undying One.

XI

To judge him by the present signs,
The future by the past,
So quick he lives, so slow declines,
The Last Man won't be last,
But buried underneath a ton
Of mould by the Undying One !

XII

Next Friday week, his birth-day boast,
His ninetieth year he spends,
And I shall have his health to toast
Amongst expectant friends,
And wish—it really sounds like fun—
Long life to the Undying One !

COCKLE *v.* CACKLE

THOSE who much read advertisements and bills,
Must have seen puffs of Cockle's Pills,
Call'd Anti-bilious—
Which some Physicians sneer at, supercilious,
But which we are assured, if timely taken,
May save your liver and bacon;
Whether or not they really give one ease,
I, who have never tried,
Will not decide;
But no two things in union go like these—
Viz.—Quacks and Pills—save Ducks and Pease.
Now Mrs. W. was getting sallow,
Her lilies not of the white kind, but yellow,
And friends portended was preparing for
A human Pâté Périgord;
She was, indeed, so very far from well,
Her Son, in filial fear, procured a box
Of those said pellets to resist Bile's shocks—
And—tho' upon the ear it strangely knocks—
To save her by a Cockle from a shell!

But Mrs. W., just like Macbeth,
Who very vehemently bids us 'throw
Bark to the Bow-wows,' hated physic so,
It seem'd to share 'the bitterness of Death:'
Rhubarb—Magnesia—Jalap, and the kind—
Senna—Steel—Assa-fœtida, and Squills—
Powder or Draught—but least her throat inclined
To give a course to Boluses or Pills;
No—not to save her life, in lung or lobe,
For all her lights' or all her liver's sake,
Would her convulsive thorax undertake,
Only one little uncelestial globe!

'Tis not to wonder at, in such a case,
If she put by the pill-box in a place
For linen rather than for drugs intended—
Yet for the credit of the pills let 's say
After they thus were stow'd away,
Some of the linen mended;
But Mrs. W., by disease's dint,
Kept getting still more yellow in her tint,
When lo! her second son, like elder brother,
Marking the hue on the parental gills,
Brought a new charge of Anti-turmeric Pills,
To bleach the jaundiced visage of his Mother—
Who took them—in her cupboard—like the other.

'Deeper and deeper, still,' of course,
The fatal colour daily grew in force;
Till daughter W. newly come from Rome,
Acting the self-same filial, pillial, part,
To cure Mama, another dose brought home
Of Cockles;—not the Cockles of her heart!
These going where the others went before,
Of course she had a very pretty store;
And then—some hue of health her cheek adorning,
The Medicine so good must be,
They brought her dose on dose, which she
Gave to the up-stairs cupboard, 'night and morning.'
Till wanting room at last, for other stocks,
Out of the window one fine day she pitch'd
The pillage of each box, and quite enrich'd
The feed of Mister Burrell's hens and cocks,—
A little Barber of a by-gone day,
Over the way,
Whose stock in trade, to keep the least of shops,
Was one great head of Kemble,—that is, John,
Staring in plaster, with a *Brutus* on,
And twenty little Bantam fowls—with *crops*.

Little Dame W. thought when through the sash
She gave the physic wings,
To find the very things
So good for bile, so bad for chicken rash,
For thoughtless cock, and unreflecting pullet!
But while they gathered up the nauseous nubbles,
Each peck'd itself into a peck of troubles,
And brought the hand of Death upon its gullet.
They might as well have addled been, or ratted,
For long before the night—ah! woe betide
The Pills! each suicidal Bantam died
Unfatted!

Think of poor Burrell's shock,
Of Nature's debt to see his hens all payers,
And laid in death as Everlasting Layers,
With Bantam's small Ex-Emperor, the Cock,
In ruffled plumage and funereal hackle,
Giving, undone by Cockle, a last Cackle!
To see as stiff as stone his un'live stock,
It really was enough to move his block.
Down on the floor he dash'd, with horror big,
Mr. Bell's third wife's mother's coachman's wig;
And with a tragic stare like his own Kemble,
Burst out with natural emphasis enough,
And voice that grief made tremble,
Into that very speech of sad Macduff—

'What! all my pretty chickens and their dam,
At one fell swoop!—
Just when I'd bought a coop
To see the poor lamented creatures cram!'

After a little of this mood,
And brooding over the departed brood,
With razor he began to ope each craw,
Already turning black, as black as coals;
When lo! the undigested cause he saw—
'Pison'd by goles!'

To Mrs. W.'s luck a contradiction,
Her window still stood open to conviction;
And by short course of circumstantial labour,
He fix'd the guilt upon his adverse neighbour;—
Lord! how he rail'd at her: declaring now,
He'd bring an action ere next Term of Hilary,
Then, in another moment, swore a vow,
He'd make her do pill-penance in the pillory!
She, meanwhile distant from the dimmest dream
Of combating with guilt, yard-arm or arm-yard,
Lapp'd in a paradise of tea and cream;
When up ran Betty with a dismal scream—
'Here 's Mr. Burrell, ma'am, with all his farmyard!'
Straight in he came, unbowing and unbending,
With all the warmth that iron and a barber
Can harbour;
To dress the head and front of her offending,
The fuming phial of his wrath uncorking;
In short, he made her pay him altogether,
In hard cash, very *hard*, for ev'ry feather,
Charging, of course, each Bantam as a Dorking;
Nothing could move him, nothing make him supple,
So the sad dame unpocketing her loss,
Had nothing left but to sit hands across,
And see her poultry 'going down ten couple.'

Now birds by poison slain,
As venom'd dart from Indian's hollow cane,
Are edible; and Mrs. W.'s thrift,—
She had a thrifty vein,—
Destined one pair for supper to make shift,—
Supper as usual at the hour of ten:
But ten o'clock arrived and quickly pass'd,
Eleven—twelve—and one o'clock at last,
Without a sign of supper even then!
At length, the speed of cookery to quicken,
Betty was called, and with reluctant feet,
Came up at a white heat—
'Well, never I see chicken like them chicken!

My saucepans they have been a pretty while in 'em!
Enough to stew them, if it comes to that,
To flesh and bones, and perfect rags; but drat
Those Anti-biling Pills! there is no bile in 'em!'.

THE SWEEP'S COMPLAINT

'I like to meet a sweep—such as come forth with the dawn, or somewhat earlier, with their little professional notes, sounding like the *peep, peep*, of a young sparrow.'—*Essays of Elia.*

'A voice cried Sweep no more!
Macbeth hath murdered sweep.'—*Shakspeare.*

ONE morning ere my usual time
I rose, about the seventh chime,
When little stunted boys that climb
Still linger in the street;
And as I walked, I saw indeed
A sample of the sooty breed,
Though he was rather run to seed,
In height above five feet.
A mongrel tint he seem'd to take,
Poetic simile to make,
DAY through his MARTIN 'gan to break,
White overcoming jet.
From side to side he cross'd oblique,
Like Frenchman who has friends to seek,
And yet no English word can speak,
He walk'd upon the fret:
And while he sought the dingy job
His lab'ring breast appear'd to throb,
And half a hiccup half a sob
Betray'd internal woe.
To cry the cry he had by rote
He yearn'd, but law forbade the note,
Like Chanticleer with roupy throat,
He gaped—but not a crow!
I watch'd him, and the glimpse I snatch'd
Disclosed his sorry eyelids patch'd
With red, as if the soot had catch'd
That hung about the lid;
And soon I saw the tear-drop stray,
He did not care to brush away;
Thought I, the cause he will betray—
And thus at last he did.

Well, here 's a pretty go! here 's a Gagging Act, if ever there was a gagging!
But I'm bound the members as silenced us, in doing it had plenty of magging.
They had better send us all off, they had, to the School for the Deaf and Dumb,
To unlarn us our mother tongues, and to make signs and be regularly mum.
But they can't undo natur—as sure as ever the morning begins to peep,
Directly I open my eyes, I can't help calling out Sweep
As natural as the sparrows among the chimbley-pots that say Cheep!
For my own part I find my suppress'd voice very uneasy,
And comparable to nothing but having your tissue stopt when you are sneezy.
Well, it 's all up with us! tho' I suppose we mustn't cry all up.
Here 's a precious merry Christmas, I'm blest if I can earn either bit or sup!
If crying Sweep, of mornings, is going beyond quietness's border,
Them as pretends to be fond of silence oughtn't to cry hear, hear, and order, order,
I wonder Mr. Sutton, as we've sut-on too, don't sympathise with us
As a Speaker what don't speak, and that 's exactly our own cus.
God help us if we don't not cry, how are we to pursue our callings?
I'm sure we're not half so bad as other businesses with their bawlings.

For instance, the general postmen, that at six o'clock go about ringing,
And wake up all the babbies that their mothers have just got to sleep with singing.
Greens oughtn't to be cried no more than blacks—to do the unpartial job,
If they bring in a Sooty Bill, they ought to have brought in a Dusty Bob.
Is a dustman's voice more sweet than ourn, when he comes a seeking arter the cinders,
Instead of a little boy, like a blackbird in spring, singing merrily under your windows?
There 's the omnibus cads as plies in Cheapside, and keeps calling out Bank and City;
Let his Worship, the Mayor, decide if our call of Sweep is not just as pretty.
I can't see why the Jews should be let go about crying Old Close thro' their hooky noses,
And Christian laws should be ten times more hard than the old stone laws of Moses.
Why isn't the mouths of the muffin-men compell'd to be equally shut?
Why, because Parliament members eat muffins, but they never eat no sut.
Next year there won't be any May-day at all, we shan't have no heart to dance,
And Jack in the Green will go in black like mourning for our mischance,
If we live as long as May, that 's to say, through the hard winter and pinching weather,
For I don't see how we're to earn enough to keep body and soul together.
I only wish Mr. Wilberforce, or some of them that pities the niggers,
Would take a peep down in our cellars, and look at our miserable starving figures,
A-sitting idle on our empty sacks, and all ready to eat each other,
And a brood of little ones crying for bread to a heart-breaking Father and Mother.
They haven't a rag of clothes to mend, if their mothers had thread and needles,
But crawl naked about the cellars, poor things, like a swarm of common black beadles.
If they'd only inquired before passing the Act, and taken a few such peeps,
I don't think that any real gentleman would have set his face against sweeps.
Climbing 's an ancient respectable art, and if History 's of any vally,
Was recommended by Queen Elizabeth to the great Sir Walter Raleigh,
When he wrote on a pane of glass how I'd climb, if the way I only knew,
And she writ beneath, if your heart 's afeard, don't venture up the flue.
As for me, I was always loyal and respected all powers that are higher,
But how can I now say God save the King, if I an't to be a Cryer?
There 's London milk, that 's one of the cries, even on Sunday the law allows,
But ought black sweeps, that are human beasts, to be worser off than black cows?
Do *we* go calling about, when it 's church time, like the noisy Billingsgate vermin,
And disturb the parson with 'All alive O!' in the middle of a funeral sermon?
But the fish won't keep, not the mackerel won't, is the cry of the Parliament elves,
Every thing, except the sweeps I think, is to be allowed to keep themselves!

Lord help us! what 's to become of us if we mustn't cry no more?
We shan't do for black mutes to go a standing at a death's door.
And we shan't do to emigrate, no not even to the Hottentot nations,
For as time wears on, our black will wear off, and then think of our situations!
And we should not do, in lieu of black-a-moor footmen, to serve ladies of quality nimbly,
For when we were drest in our sky-blue and silver, and large frills, all clean and neat, and white silk stockings, if they pleased to desire us to sweep the hearth, we couldn't resist the chimbley.

THE SUB-MARINE

It was a brave and jolly wight,
His cheek was baked and brown,
For he had been in many climes
With captains of renown,
And fought with those who fought so well
At Nile and Camperdown.

His coat it was a soldier coat,
Of red with yellow faced,
But (merman-like) he look'd marine
All downward from the waist;
His trowsers were so wide and blue,
And quite in sailor taste!

He put the rummer to his lips,
And drank a jolly draught;
He raised the rummer many times—
And ever as he quaff'd,
The more he drank, the more the ship
Seem'd pitching fore and aft!

The ship seem'd pitching fore and aft,
As in a heavy squall;
It gave a lurch and down he went,
Head-foremost in his fall!
Three times he did not rise, alas!
He never rose at all!

But down he went, right down at once,
Like any stone he dived,
He could not see, or hear, or feel—
Of senses all deprived!
At last he gave a look around
To see where he arrived!

And all that he could see was green,
Sea-green on every hand!
And then he tried to sound beneath,
And all he felt was sand!
There he was fain to lie, for he
Could neither sit nor stand!

And lo! above his head there bent
A strange and staring lass!
One hand was in her yellow hair,
The other held a glass;
A mermaid she must surely be
If ever mermaid was!

Her fish-like mouth was open'd wide,
Her eyes were blue and pale,
Her dress was of the ocean green,
When ruffled by a gale;
Thought he 'beneath that petticoat
She hides a salmon-tail!'

She look'd as siren ought to look,
A sharp and bitter shrew,
To sing deceiving lullabies
For mariners to rue,—
But when he saw her lips apart,
It chill'd him through and through!

With either hand he stopp'd his ears
Against her evil cry;
Alas, alas, for all his care,
His doom it seem'd to die,
Her voice went ringing through his head,
It was so sharp and high!

He thrust his fingers farther in
  At each unwilling ear,
But still, in very spite of all,
  The words were plain and clear;
'I can't stand here the whole day long
  To hold your glass of beer!'

With open'd mouth and open'd eyes,
  Up rose the Sub-marine,
And gave a stare to find the sands
  And deeps where he had been:
There was no siren with her glass!
  No waters ocean-green!

The wet deception from his eyes
  Kept fading more and more,
He only saw the bar-maid stand
  With pouting lip before—
The small green parlour of The Ship,
  And little sanded floor!

DOG-GREL VERSES, BY A POOR BLIND

'Hark! hark! the dogs do bark,
The beggars are coming . . .'—*Old Ballad.*

Oh what shall I do for a dog?
  Of sight I have not got a particle,
    Globe, Standard, or Sun,
    Times, Chronicle—none
Can give *me* a good leading article.

A Mastiff once led me about,
  But people appear'd so to fear him—
    I might have got pence
    Without his defence,
But Charity would not come near him.

A Blood-hound was not much amiss,
  But instinct at last got the upper;
    And tracking Bill Soames,
    And thieves to their homes,
I never could get home to supper.

A Fox-hound once served me as guide,
  A good one at hill and at valley;
    But day after day
    He led me astray,
To follow a milk-woman's tally.

A Turnspit once did me good turns
  At going, and crossing, and stopping;
    Till one day his breed
    Went off at full speed,
To spit at a great fire in Wapping.

A Pointer once pointed my way,
  But did not turn out quite so pleasant;
    Each hour I'd a stop
    At a Poulterer's shop
To point at a very high pheasant.

A Pug did not suit me at all,
  The feature unluckily rose up;
    And folks took offence
    When offering pence,
Because of his turning his nose up.

A Butcher once gave me a dog,
  That turn'd out the worst one of any;
    A Bull dog's own pup,
    I got a toss up,
Before he had brought me a penny.

My next was a Westminster Dog,
  From Aistrop the regular cadger;
    But, sightless, I saw
    He never would draw
A blind man so well as a badger.

A greyhound I got by a swop,
  But, Lord! we soon came to divorces;
    He treated my strip
    Of cord like a slip,
And left me to go my own courses.

A poodle once tow'd me along,
  But always we came to one harbour;
    To keep his curls smart,
    And shave his hind part,
He constantly call'd on a barber.

My next was a Newfoundland brute,
  As big as a calf fit for slaughter;
    But my old cataract
    So truly he back'd
I always fell into the water.

I once had a sheep-dog for guide,
His worth did not value a button ;
I found it no go,
A Smithfield Ducrow,
To stand on four saddles of mutton.

My next was an Esquimaux dog,
A dog that my bones ache to talk on,
For picking his ways
On cold frosty days
He pick'd out the slides for a walk on.

Bijou was a lady-like dog,
But vex'd me at night not a little,
When tea-time was come
She would not go home,
Her tail had once trail'd a tin kettle.

I once had a sort of a Shock,
And kiss'd a street post like a brother,
And lost every tooth
In learning this truth—
One blind cannot well lead another.

A terrier was far from a trump,
He had one defect, and a thorough,
I never could stir,
'Od rabbit the cur !
Without going into the Borough.

My next was Dalmatian, the dog !
And led me in danger, oh crikey !
By chasing horse heels,
Between carriage wheels,
Till I come upon boards that were spiky.

The next that I had was from Cross,
And once was a favourite spaniel
With Nero, now dead,
And so I was led
Right up to his den, like a Daniel.

A mongrel I tried, and he did,
As far as the profit and lossing,
Except that the kind
Endangers the blind,
The breed is so fond of a crossing.

A setter was quite to my taste,
In alleys or streets broad or narrow,
Till one day I met
A very dead set,
At a very dead horse in a barrow.

I once had a dog that went mad,
And sorry I was that I got him ;
It came to a run,
And a man with a gun
Pepper'd *me* when he ought to have shot him.

My profits have gone to the dogs,
My trade has been such a deceiver,
I fear that my aim
Is a mere losing game,
Unless I can find a Retriever.

THE KANGAROOS

A FABLE

A PAIR of married kangaroos
(The case is oft a human one too)
Were greatly puzzled once to choose
A trade to put their eldest son to :
A little brisk and busy chap,
As all the little K.'s just then are—
About some two months off the lap,—
They're not so long in arms as men are.

A twist in each parental muzzle
Betray'd the hardship of the puzzle—
So much the flavour of life's cup
Is framed by early wrong or right,
And Kangaroos we know are quite
Dependent on their 'rearing up.'
The question, with its ins and outs,
Was intricate and full of doubts ;

And yet they had no squeamish carings
For trades unfit or fit for gentry,
Such notion never had an entry,
For they had no armorial bearings.
Howbeit they're not the last on earth
That might indulge in pride of birth;
Who'er has seen their infant young
Bob in and out their mother's pokes,
Would own, with very ready tongue,
They are not born like common folks.
Well, thus the serious subject stood,
It kept the old pair watchful nightly,
Debating for young hopeful's good,
That he might earn his livelihood,
And go through life (like them) uprightly.
Arms would not do at all; no, marry,
In that line all his race miscarry;
And agriculture was not proper,
Unless they meant the lad to tarry
For ever as a mere clod-hopper.
He was not well cut out for preaching,
At least in any striking style:
And as for being mercantile—
He was not form'd for over-reaching.

The law—while there still fate ill-starr'd him:
And plainly from the bar debarr'd him:
A doctor—who would ever fee him?
In music he could scarce engage,
And as for going on the stage,
In tragic socks I think I see him!

He would not make a rigging-mounter;
A haberdasher had some merit,
But there the counter still ran counter,
For just suppose
A lady chose
To ask him for a yard of ferret!

A gardener digging up his beds,
The puzzled parents shook their heads.

'A tailor would not do because—'
They paused and glanced upon his paws.

Some parish post,—though fate should place it
Before him, how could he embrace it?

In short, each anxious Kangaroo
Discuss'd the matter through and through;
By day they seem'd to get no nearer,
'Twas posing quite—
And in the night
Of course they saw their way no clearer!
At last thus musing on their knees—
Or hinder elbows if you please—
It came—no thought was ever brighter!
In weighing every why and whether,
They jump'd upon it both together—
'Let 's make the imp a *short-hand writer!*'

MORAL.

I wish all human parents so
Would argue what their sons are fit for;
Some would-be critics that I know
Would be in trades they have more wit for.

ODE FOR THE NINTH OF NOVEMBER

O LUD! O Lud! O Lud!
I mean of course that venerable town,
Mention'd in stories of renown,
Built formerly of mud;—
O Lud, I say, why didst thou e'er
Invent the office of a Mayor,
An office that no useful purpose crowns,
But to set Aldermen against each other,
That should be Brother unto Brother,
Sisters at least, by virtue of their gowns?

But still if one must have a Mayor
To fill the Civic Chair,
O Lud, I say,
Was there no better day
To fix on, than November Ninth so shivery
And dull for showing off the Livery's livery?
Dimming, alas!
The Brazier's brass,
Soiling th' Embroiderers and all the Saddlers,
Sopping the Furriers,
Draggling the Curriers,
And making Merchant Tailors dirty paddlers;
Drenching the Skinners' Company to the skin,
Making the crusty Vintner chiller,
And turning the Distiller
To cold without instead of warm within;—
Spoiling the bran-new beavers
Of Wax-chandlers and Weavers,
Plastering the Plasterers and spotting Mercers,
Hearty November-cursers—
And showing Cordwainers and dapper Drapers
Sadly in want of brushes and of scrapers;
Making the Grocers' Company not fit
For company a bit;
Dyeing the Dyers with a dingy flood,
Daubing incorporated Bakers,
And leading the Patten-makers
Over their very pattens in the mud,—
O Lud! O Lud! O Lud!

'This is a sorry sight,'
To quote Macbeth—but oh, it grieves me quite,
To see your wives and Daughters in their plumes—
White plumes not white—
Sitting at open windows catching rheums,
Not 'Angels ever bright and fair,'
But angels ever brown and sallow,
With eyes—you cannot see above one pair,
For city clouds of black and yellow—
And artificial flowers, rose, leaf, and bud,
Such sable lilies
And grim daffodillies,
Drooping, but not for drought, O Lud!
O Lud!

I may as well, while I'm inclined,
Just go through all the faults I find:
O Lud! then, with a better air, say June,
Could'st thou not find a better tune
To sound with trumpets, and with drums,
Than 'See the Conquering Hero comes,'
When he who comes ne'er dealt in blood?
Thy May'r is not a War Horse, Lud,
That ever charged on Turk or Tartar,
And yet upon a march you strike
That treats him like—
A little French if I may martyr—
Lewis Cart-Horse or Henry Carter!

O Lud! I say
Do change your day
To some time when your Show can really show;
When silk can seem like silk, and gold can glow.
Look at your Sweepers, how they shine in May!
Have it when there 's a sun to gild the coach,
And sparkle in tiara—bracelet—brooch—

Diamond—or paste—of sister, mother, daughter;
When grandeur really may be grand—
But if thy pageant 's thus obscured by land—
O Lud! it 's ten times worse upon the water!
Suppose, O Lud, to show its plan,
I call, like Blue Beard's wife, to sister Anne,
Who 's gone to Beaufort Wharf with niece and aunt,
To see what she can see—and what she can't;
Chewing a saffron bun by way of cud,
To keep the fog out of a tender lung,
While perch'd in a verandah nicely hung
Over a margin of thy own black mud,
O Lud!

Now Sister Anne, I call to thee,
Look out and see:
Of course about the bridge you view them rally
And sally,
With many a wherry, sculler, punt, and cutter;
The Fishmongers' grand boat, but not for butter,
The Goldsmith's glorious galley;
Of course you see the Lord Mayor's coach aquatic,
With silken banners that the breezes fan,
In gold all glowing,
And men in scarlet rowing,
Like Doge of Venice to the Adriatic;
Of course you see all this, O Sister Anne?

'No, I see no such thing!
I only see the edge of Beaufort Wharf,
With two coal lighters fasten'd to a ring;
And, dim as ghosts,
Two little boys are jumping over posts;
And something, farther off,
That 's rather like the shadow of a dog,
And all beyond is fog.
If there be anything so fine and bright,
To see it I must see by second sight.
Call this a Show? It is not worth a pin!
I see no barges row,
No banners blow;
The Show is merely a gallanty-show,
Without a lamp or any candle in.'

But sister Anne, my dear,
Although you cannot see, you still may hear?
Of course you hear, I'm very sure of that,
The 'Water Parted from the Sea,' in C,
Or 'Where the Bee sucks,' set in B;
Or Huntsman's chorus from the Freyschutz frightful,
Or Handel's Water Music in A flat.
Oh music from the water comes delightful!
It sounds as nowhere else it can:
You hear it first
In some rich burst,
Then faintly sighing,
Tenderly dying,
Away upon the breezes, Sister Anne.

'There is no breeze to die on;
And all their drums and trumpets, flutes and harps,
Could never cut their way with ev'n three sharps
Through such a fog as this, you may rely on.
I think, but am not sure, I hear a hum,
Like a very muffled double drum,
And then a something faintly shrill,
Like Bartlemy Fair's old buz at Pentonville.

And now and then I hear a pop,
As if from Pedley's Soda Water shop.
I'm almost ill with the strong scent of mud,
And, not to mention sneezing,
My cough is, more than usual, teasing;
I really fear that I have chill'd my blood,
O Lud! O Lud! O Lud! O Lud! O Lud!'

SONNET

THE sky is glowing in one ruddy sheet;—
A cry of fire! resounds from door to door;
And westward still the thronging people pour;—
The turncock hastens to F. P. 6 feet,
And quick unlocks the fountains of the street;
While rumbling engines, with increasing roar,
Thunder along to luckless Number Four,
Where Mr. Dough makes bread for folks to eat.
And now through blazing frames, and fiery beams,
The Globe, the Sun, the Phœnix, and what not,
With gushing pipes throw up abundant streams,
On burning bricks, and twists, on rolls—too hot—
And scorching loaves,—as if there were no shorter
And cheaper way of making toast and-water!

RONDEAU

(EXTRACTED FROM A WELL-KNOWN ANNUAL)

O CURIOUS reader, didst thou ne'er
Behold a worshipful Lord May'r
Seated in his great civic chair
So dear?

Then cast thy longing eyes this way,
It is the ninth November day,
And in his new-born state survey
One here!

To rise from little into great
Is pleasant; but to sink in state
From high to lowly is a fate
Severe.

Too soon his shine is overcast,
Chill'd by the next November blast;
His blushing honours only last
One year!

He casts his fur and sheds his chains,
And moults till not a plume remains—
The next impending May'r distrains
His gear.

He slips like water through a sieve—
Ah, could his little splendour live
Another twelvemonth—he would give
One ear!

SYMPTOMS OF OSSIFICATION

'An indifference to tears, and blood, and human suffering, that could only belong to a *Boney-parte*.'—*Life of Napoleon.*

TIME was, I always had a drop
For any tale or sigh of sorrow;
My handkerchief I used to sop
Till often I was forced to borrow;
I don't know how it is, but now
My eyelids seldom want a drying;
The doctors, p'rhaps, could tell me how—
I fear my heart is ossifying!

O'er Goethe how I used to weep,
With turnip cheeks and nose of scarlet,
When Werter put himself to sleep
With pistols kiss'd and clean'd by Charlotte;
Self-murder is an awful sin,
No joke there is in bullets flying,
But now at such a tale I grin—
I fear my heart is ossifying!

The Drama once could shake and thrill
My nerves, and set my tears a stealing,
The Siddons then could turn at will
Each plug upon the main of feeling;
At Belvidera now I smile,
And laugh while Mrs. Haller's crying;
'Tis odd, so great a change of style—
I fear my heart is ossifying!

That heart was such—some years ago,
To see a beggar quite would shock it,
And in his hat I used to throw
The quarter's savings of my pocket:
I never wish—as I did *then*!—
The means from my own purse supplying,
To turn them all to gentlemen—
I fear my heart is ossifying!

We've had some serious things of late,
Our sympathies to beg or borrow,
New melo-drames, of tragic fate,
And acts, and songs, and tales of sorrow;
Miss Zouch's case, our eyes to melt,
And sundry actors sad good-bye-ing,
But Lord!—so little have I felt,
I'm sure my heart is ossifying!

THE POACHER

A SERIOUS BALLAD

'But a bold pheasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroyed can never be supplied.'—*Goldsmith.*

BILL BLOSSOM was a nice young man,
And drove the Bury coach;
But bad companions were his bane,
And egg'd him on to poach.

They taught him how to net the birds,
And how to noose the hare;
And with a wiry terrier,
He often set a snare.

Each 'shiny night' the moon was bright,
To park, preserve, and wood
He went, and kept the game alive,
By killing all he could.

Land-owners, who had rabbits, swore
That he had this demerit—
Give him an inch of warren, he
Would take a yard of ferret.

At partridges he was not nice ;
And many, large and small,
Without Hall's powder, without lead,
Were sent to Leaden-Hall.

He did not fear to take a deer
From forest, park, or lawn ;
And without courting lord or duke,
Used frequently to *fawn*.

Folks who had hares discovered snares—
His course they could not stop :
No barber he, and yet he made
Their hares a perfect crop.

To pheasant he was such a foe,
He tried the keepers' nerves ;
They swore he never seem'd to have
Jam satis of *preserves*.

The Shooter went to beat, and found
No sporting worth a pin,
Unless he tried the *covers* made
Of silver, plate, or tin.

In Kent the game was little worth,
In Surrey not a button ;
The Speaker said he often tried
The *Manors* about *Sutton*.

No county from his tricks was safe ;
In each he tried his lucks,
And when the keepers were in *Beds*,
He often was at *Bucks*.

And when he went to *Bucks*, alas !
They always came to *Herts* ;
And even *Oxon* used to wish
That he had his deserts.

But going to his usual *Hants*,
Old *Cheshire* laid his plots :
He got entrapp'd by legal *Berks*,
And lost his life in *Notts*.

I CANNOT BEAR A GUN

'Timidity is generally reckoned an essential attribute of the fair sex, and this absurd notion gives rise to more false starts, than a race for the Leger. Hence screams at mice, fits at spiders, faces at toads, jumps at lizards, flights from daddy longlegs, panics at wasps, *sauve qui peut* at sight of a gun. Surely, when the military exercise is made a branch of education at so many ladies' academies, the use of the musket would only be a judicious step further in the march of mind. I should not despair, in a month's practice, of making the most timid British female fond of small-arms.'—*Hints by a Corporal.*

It can't be minced, I'm quite convinced
All girls are full of flam,
Their feelings fine and feminine
Are nothing else but sham.
On all their tricks I need not fix,
I'll only mention one,
How many a Miss will tell you this,
'I cannot bear a gun ! '

There 's cousin Bell can't 'bide the smell
Of powder—horrid stuff !
A single pop will make her drop,
She shudders at a puff.
My Manton near, with aspen fear
Will make her scream and run :
'It 's always so, you brute, you know
I cannot bear a gun ! '

About my flask I must not ask,
I must not wear a belt,
I must not take a punch to make
My pellets, card or felt ;
And if I just allude to dust,
Or speak of number one,
'I beg you'll not—don't talk of shot,
I cannot bear a gun ! '

Percussion cap I dare not snap,
I may not mention Hall,
Or raise my voice for Mr. Joyce,
His wadding to recall;
At Hawker's book I must not look,
All shooting I must shun,
Or else—'It 's hard, you've no regard,
I cannot bear a gun!'

The very dress I wear no less
Must suit her timid mind,
A blue or black must clothe my back,
With swallow-tails behind;
By fustian, jean, or velveteen
Her nerves are overdone:
'Oh do not, John, put gaiters on,
I cannot bear a gun!'

Ev'n little James she snubs, and blames
His Lilliputian train,
Two inches each from mouth to breech,
And charged with half a grain—
His crackers stopp'd, his squibbing dropp'd,
He has no fiery fun,
And all thro' her, 'How dare you, Sir?
I cannot bear a gun!'

Yet Major Flint,—the Devil 's in't!
May talk from morn to night,
Of springing mines, and twelves and nines
And volleys left and right,
Of voltigeurs and tirailleurs,
And bullets by the ton:
She never dies of fright, and cries
'I cannot bear a gun!'

It stirs my bile to see her smile
At all his bang and whiz,
But if I talk of morning walk,
And shots as good as his,
I must not name the fallen game:
As soon as I've begun,
She 's in her pout, and crying out,
'I cannot bear a gun!'

Yet, underneath the rose, her teeth
Are false, to match her tongue:
Grouse, partridge, hares, she never spares,
Or pheasants, old or young—
On widgeon, teal, she makes a meal,
And yet objects to none:
'What have I got, it 's full of shot!
I cannot bear a gun!'

At pigeon-pie she is not shy,
Her taste it never shocks,
Though they should be from Battersea,
So famous for blue rocks;
Yet when I bring the very thing
My marksmanship has won,
She cries, 'Lock up that horrid cup,
I cannot bear a gun!'

Like fool and dunce I got her once
A box at Drury Lane,
And by her side I felt a pride
I ne'er shall feel again:
To read the bill it made her ill,
And this excuse she spun,
'Der Freyschütz, oh, seven shots! you know,
I cannot bear a gun!'

Yet at a hint from Major Flint,
Her very hands she rubs,
And quickly drest in all her best,
Is off to Wormwood Scrubbs.
The whole review she sits it through,
With noise enough to stun,
And never winks, or even thinks,
'I cannot bear a gun!'

She thus may blind the Major's mind
In mock-heroic strife,
But let a bout at war break out,
And where 's the soldier's wife,
To take his kit and march a bit
Beneath a broiling sun?
Or will she cry, 'My dear, good-bye,
I cannot bear a gun!'

If thus she doats on army coats,
And regimental cuffs,
The yeomanry might surely be
Secure from her rebuffs;
But when I don my trappings on,
To follow Captain Dunn,
My carbine's gleam provokes a scream,
'I cannot bear a gun!'

It can't be minced, I'm quite convinced,
  All girls are full of flam,
Their feelings fine, and feminine,
  Are nothing else but sham ;
On all their tricks I need not fix,
  I'll only mention one,
How many a Miss will tell you this,
  'I cannot bear a gun!'

TRIMMER'S EXERCISE

FOR THE USE OF CHILDREN

HERE, come, Master Timothy Todd,
  Before we have done you'll look grimmer,
You've been spelling some time for the rod,
  And your jacket shall know I'm a Trimmer.

You don't know your A from your B,
  So backward you are in your Primer:
Don't kneel—you shall go on *my* knee,
  For I'll have you to know I'm a Trimmer.

This morning you hinder'd the cook,
  By melting your dumps in the skimmer ;
Instead of attending your book,—
  But I'll have you to know I'm a Trimmer.

To-day, too, you went to the pond,
  And bathed, though you are not a swimmer ;
And with parents so doting and fond—
  But I ll have you to know I'm a Trimmer.

After dinner you went to the wine,
  And help'd yourself—yes, to a brimmer ;
You couldn't walk straight in a line,
  But I'll make you to know I'm a Trimmer.

You kick little Tomkins about,
  Because he is slighter and slimmer;
Are the weak to be thump'd by the stout ?
  But I'll have you to know I'm a Trimmer.

Then you have a sly pilfering trick,
  Your school-fellows call you the nimmer,—
I will cut to the bone if you kick !
  For I'll have you to know I'm a Trimmer.

To-day you made game at my back,
  You think that my eyes are grown dimmer,
But I've watch'd you, I've got a sly knack !
  And I'll have you to know I'm a Trimmer.

Don't think that my temper is hot,
  It 's never beyond a slow simmer ;
I'll teach you to call me Dame Trot,
  But I'll have you to know I'm a Trimmer.

Miss Edgeworth, or Mrs. Chapone,
  Might melt to behold your tears glimmer ;
Mrs. Barbauld would let you alone,
  But I'll have you to know I'm a Trimmer.

THE FOX AND THE HEN

A FABLE

'Speaking within *compass*, as to fabulousness I prefer *Southcote* to *Northcote*.'—*Pigrogromitus*.

ONE day, or night, no matter where or when,
Sly Reynard, like a foot-pad, laid his pad
Right on the body of a speckled Hen,
Determined upon taking all she had;
And like a very bibber at his bottle,
Began to draw the claret from her throttle;
Of course it put her in a pretty pucker,
And with a scream as high
As she could cry,
She call'd for help—she had enough of sucker.

Dame Partlet's scream
Waked, luckily, the house-dog from his dream,
And, with a savage growl
In answer to the fowl,
He bounded forth against the prowling sinner,
And, uninvited, came to the Fox Dinner.

Sly Reynard, heedful of the coming doom,
Thought, self-deceived,
He should not be perceived,
Hiding his *brush* within a neighbouring *broom*;
But quite unconscious of a Poacher's snare,
And caught in copper noose,
And looking like a goose,
Found that his fate had 'hung upon a *hare*;'
His tricks and turns were render'd of no use to him,
And, worst of all, he saw old surly Tray
Coming to play
Tray-Deuce with him.

Tray, an old Mastiff bred at Dunstable,
Under his Master, a most special constable,
Instead of killing Reynard in a fury,
Seized him for legal trial by a Jury;
But Juries—Æsop was a sheriff then—
Consisted of twelve Brutes and not of Men.

But first the Elephant sat on the body—
I mean the Hen—and proved that she was dead,
To the veriest fool's head
Of the Booby and the Noddy.
And then the Owl was call'd—for, mark,
The Owl can witness in the dark.
To make the evidence more plain,
The Lynx connected all the chain.
In short there was no quirk or quibble
At which a legal Rat could nibble;
The Culprit was as far beyond hope's bounds,
As if the Jury had been *packed*—of hounds.
Reynard, however, at the utmost nick,
Is seldom quite devoid of shift and trick;
Accordingly our cunning Fox,
Through certain influence, obscurely channel'd,
A friendly Camel got into the box,
When 'gainst his life the Jury was impanel'd.

Now, in the Silly Isles such is the law,
If Jurors should withdraw,
They are to have no eating and no drinking,
Till all are starved into one way of thinking.

Thus Reynard's Jurors, who could not agree,
Were lock'd up strictly, without bit or mummock,
Till every Beast that only had *one* stomach,
Bent to the Camel, who was blest with *three*.
To do them justice, they debated
From four till ten, while dinner waited,
When thirst and hunger got the upper,
And each inclined to mercy, and hot supper:

'Not guilty' was the word, and Master Fox
Was freed to murder other hens and cocks.

MORAL.

What moral greets us by this tale's assistance
But that the Solon is a merry Solon,
Who makes the full stop of a Man's existence
Depend upon a *Colon*?

THE COMET

AN ASTRONOMICAL ANECDOTE

'I cannot fill up a blank better than with a short history of this selfsame *Star*ling.'—*Sterne's Sentimental Journey.*

AMONGST professors of astronomy,
Adepts in the celestial economy,
The name of H******l 's very often cited;
And justly so, for he is hand and glove
With ev'ry bright intelligence above;
Indeed, it was his custom so to stop,
Watching the stars upon the house's top,
That once upon a time he got beknighted.

In his observatory thus coquetting
With Venus—or with Juno gone astray,
All sublunary matters quite forgetting
In his flirtations with the winking stars,
Acting the spy—it might be upon Mars—
A new André;
Or, like a Tom of Coventry, sly peeping,
At Dian sleeping;
Or ogling through his glass
Some heavenly lass
Tripping with pails along the Milky Way;
Or looking at that Wain of Charles the Martyr's:—
Thus he was sitting, watchman of the sky,
When lo! a something with a tail of flame
Made him exclaim,
'*My* stars!'—he always puts that stress on *my*—
'*My* stars and garters!'

'A comet, sure as I'm alive!
A noble one as I should wish to view;
It can't be Halley's though, *that* is not due
Till eighteen thirty-five.
Magnificent!—how fine his fiery trail!
Zounds! 'tis a pity, though, he comes unsought—
Unask'd—unreckon'd,—in no human thought—
He ought—he ought—he ought
To have been caught
With scientific salt upon his tail!'

'I look'd no more for it, I do declare,
Than the Great Bear!
As sure as Tycho Brahe is dead,
It really enter'd in my head,

No more than Berenice's Hair!
Thus musing, Heaven's Grand Inquisitor
Sat gazing on the uninvited visitor
Till John, the serving-man, came to the upper
Regions, with 'Please your Honour, come to supper.'

'Supper! good John, to-night I shall not sup
Except on that phenomenon—look up!'
'Not sup!' cried John, thinking with consternation
That supping on a *star* must be *star*vation,
Or ev'n to batten
On Ignes Fatui would never fatten,
His visage seem'd to say,—that very odd is,—
But still his master the same tune ran on,
'I can't come down,—go to the parlour, John,
And say I'm supping with the heavenly bodies.'

'The heavenly bodies!' echoed John, 'Ahem!'
His mind still full of famishing alarms,
''Zooks, if your Honour sups with *them*,
In helping, somebody must make long arms!'
He thought his master's stomach was in danger,
But still in the same tone replied the Knight,
'Go down, John, go, I have no appetite,
Say I'm engaged with a celestial stranger.'—

Quoth John, not much au fait in such affairs,
'Wouldn't the stranger take a bit downstairs?'

'No,' said the master, smiling, and no wonder,
At such a blunder,
'The stranger is not quite the thing you think,
He wants no meat or drink,
And one may doubt quite reasonably whether
He has a mouth,
Seeing his head and tail are join'd together,
Behold him,—there he is, John, in the South.'

John look'd up with his portentous eyes,
Each rolling like a marble in its socket,
At last the fiery tad-pole spies,
And, full of Vauxhall reminiscence, cries,
'A rare good rocket!'

'A what! A rocket, John! Far from it!
What you behold, John, is a comet;
One of those most eccentric things
That in all ages
Have puzzled sages
And frighten'd kings;
With fear of change that flaming meteor, John,
Perplexes sovereigns, throughout its range'—
'Do he?' cried John,
'Well, let him flare on,
I haven't got no sovereigns to change!'

LOVE AND LUNACY

THE Moon—who does not love the silver moon,
In all her fantasies and all her phases?
Whether full-orb'd in the nocturnal noon,
Shining in all the dewdrops on the daisies,
To light the tripping Fairies in their mazes,
Whilst stars are winking at the pranks of Puck;
Or huge and red, as on brown sheaves she gazes;
Or new and thin, when coin is turn'd for luck;—
Who will not say that Dian is a Duck?

But, oh! how tender, beautiful, and sweet,
When in her silent round, serene, and clear,
By assignation loving fancies meet,
To recompense the pangs of absence drear!
So Ellen, dreaming of Lorenzo, dear,
But distant from the city mapp'd by Mogg,
Still saw his image in that silver sphere,
Plain as the Man with lantern, bush, and dog,
That used to set our ancestors a-gog.

And so she told him in a pretty letter,
That came to hand exactly as Saint Meg's
Was striking ten—eleven had been better;
For then he might have eaten six more eggs,
And both of the bedevill'd turkey-legs,
With relishes from East, West, North, and South,
Draining, beside, the teapot to the dregs;
Whereas a man, whose heart is in his mouth,
Is rather spoilt for hunger and for drouth.

And so the kidneys, broiling hot, were wasted;
The brawn—it never enter'd in his thought;
The grated Parmesan remain'd untasted;
The potted shrimps were left as they were bought,
The capelings stood as merely good for nought,
The German sausage did not tempt him better,
Whilst Juno, licking her poor lips, was taught
There 's neither bone nor skin about a letter,
Gristle, nor scalp, that one can give a setter.

Heav'n bless the man who first devised a mail!
Heav'n bless that public pile which stands concealing
The Goldsmith's front with such a solid veil!
Heav'n bless the Master, and Sir Francis Freeling,

The drags, the nags, the leading or the wheeling,
The whips, the guards, the horns, the coats of scarlet,
The boxes, bags, those evening bells a-pealing!
Heav'n bless, in short, each posting thing, and varlet,
That helps a Werter to a sigh from Charlotte.

So felt Lorenzo as he oped the sheet,
Where, first, the darling signature he kiss'd,
And then, recurring to its contents sweet
With thirsty eyes, a phrase I must enlist,
He *gulp'd* the words to hasten to their gist;
In mortal ecstacy his soul was bound—
When, lo! with features all at once a-twist,
He gave a whistle, wild enough in sound
To summon Faustus's Infernal Hound!

Alas! what little miffs and tiffs in love,
A snubbish word, or pouting look mistaken,
Will loosen screws with sweethearts hand and glove,
Oh! love, rock firm when chimney-pots were shaken,
A pettish breath will into huffs awaken,
To spit like hump-back'd cats, and snarling Towzers!
Till hearts are wreck'd and founder'd, and forsaken,
As ships go to Old Davy, Lord knows how, sirs,
While heav'n is blue enough for Dutchmen's trowsers!

'The moon 's at full, love, and I think of you'—
Who would have thought that such a kind P.S.
Could make a man turn white, then red, then blue,
Then black, and knit his eyebrows and compress
His teeth, as if about to effervesce
Like certain people when they lose at whist!
So look'd the chafed Lorenzo, ne'ertheless,
And, in a trice, the paper he had kiss'd
Was crumpled like a snowball in his fist!

Ah! had he been less versed in scientifics,
More ignorant, in short, of what is what;
He ne'er had flared up in such calorifics;
But he *would* seek societies, and trot
To Clubs—Mechanics' Institutes—and got
With Birkbeck—Bartley—Combe—George Robins—Rennie,
And other lecturing men. And had he not
That work, of weekly parts, which sells so many,
The Copper-bottomed Magazine—or 'Penny'?

But, of all learned pools whereon, or in,
Men dive like dabchicks, or like swallows skim,
Some hardly damp'd, some wetted to the skin,
Some drown'd like pigs when they attempt to swim,

Astronomy was most Lorenzo's whim,
('Tis studied by a Prince amongst the Burmans);
He loved those heavenly bodies which, the Hymn
Of Addison declares, preach solemn sermons,
While waltzing on their pivots like young Germans.

Night after night, with telescope in hand,
Supposing that the night was fair and clear,
Aloft, on the house-top, he took his stand,
Till he obtained to know each twinkling sphere
Better, I doubt, than Milton's 'Starry Vere;'
Thus, reading thro' poor Ellen's fond epistle,
He soon espied the flaw—the lapse so sheer
That made him raise his hair in such a bristle,
And like the Boatswain of the Storm-Ship whistle.

'The moon 's at full, love, and I think of thee,'—
'Indeed! I'm very much her humble debtor,
But not the moon-calf she would have me be,
Zounds! does she fancy that I know no better?'
Herewith, at either corner of the letter
He gave a most ferocious, rending, pull;—
'O woman! woman! that no vows can fetter,
A moon to stay for three weeks at the full!
By Jove; a very pretty cock-and-bull!

'The moon at full! 'twas very finely reckon'd!
Why so she wrote me word upon the first—
The twelfth, and now upon the twenty-second—
Full!—yes—it must be full enough to burst!
But let her go—of all vile jilts the worst'—
Here with his thumbs he gave contemptuous snaps,
Anon he blubber'd like the child that 's nurs'd,
And then he hit the table frightful raps,
And stamp'd till he had broken both his straps.

The moon 's at full—and I am in her thought—
No doubt: I do believe it in my soul!'
Here he threw up his head, and gave a snort
Like a young horse first harness'd to a pole:
The moon is full—aye, so is this d—d bowl!'
And, grinning like the sourest of curmudgeons,
Globe—water—fishes—he dash'd down the whole,
Strewing the carpet with the gasping gudgeons;
Men do the strangest things in such love-dudgeons.

'I fill her thoughts—her memory's vice-gerent?
No, no,—some paltry puppy—three weeks old—
And round as Norval's shield'—thus incoherent
His fancies grew as he went on to scold;

So stormy waves are into breakers roll'd,
Work'd up at last to mere chaotic wroth—
This—that—heads—tails—thoughts jumbled uncontroll'd
As onions, turnips, meat, in boiling broth,
By turns bob up, and splutter in the froth.

'Fool that I was to let a baby face—
A full one—like a hunter's—round and red—
Ass that I am, to give her more a place
Within this heart'—and here he struck his head.
''Sdeath are the Almanack-compilers dead?
But no—'tis all an artifice—a trick,
Some newer face—some dandy under-bred—
Well—be it so—of all the sex I'm sick!'
Here Juno wonder'd why she got a kick.

'"The moon is full"—where 's her infernal scrawl?
"And you are in my thought: that silver ray
Will ever your dear image thus recall"—
My image? Mine! She'd barter it away
For Pretty Poll's on an Italian's tray!
Three weeks, full weeks,—it is too plain—too bad—
Too gross and palpable! Oh cursed day!
My senses have not crazed—but if they had—
Such moons would worry a Mad Doctor mad!

'Oh Nature! wherefore did you frame a lip
So fair for falsehood? Wherefore have you drest
Deceit so angel-like?' With sudden rip
He tore six new buff buttons from his vest,
And groped with hand impetuous at his breast,
As if some flea from Juno's fleecy curls
Had skipp'd to batten on a human chest,
But no—the hand comes forth, and down it hurls
A lady's miniature beset with pearls.

Yet long upon the floor it did not tarry,
Before another outrage could be plann'd:
Poor Juno, who had learn'd to fetch and carry,
Pick'd up and brought it to her master's hand,
Who seized it, and the mimic feature scann'd;
Yet not with the old loving ardent drouth,
He only saw in that fair face, so bland,
Look how he would at it, east, west, north, south,
A moon, a full one, with eyes, nose, and mouth.

'I'll go to her,'—herewith his hat he touch'd,
And gave his arm a most heroic brandish;
'But no—I'll write'—and here a spoon he clutch'd,
And ramm'd it with such fury in the standish,

A sable flood, like Niger the outlandish,
Came rushing forth—Oh Antics and Buffoons!
Ye never danced a caper so ran-dan-dish;
He jump'd, thump'd—tore—swore, more than ten dragoons
At all nights, noons, moons, spoons, and pantaloons!

But soon ashamed, or weary, of such dancing,
Without a Collinet's or Weippert's band,
His rampant arms and legs left off their prancing,
And down he sat again, with pen in hand,
Not fiddle-headed, or King's-pattern grand,
But one of Bramah's patent Caligraphics;
And many a sheet it spoil'd before he plann'd
A likely letter. Used to pure seraphics,
Philippics sounded strangely after Sapphics.

Long while he rock'd like Yankee in his chair,
Staring as he would stare the wainscot through,
And then he thrust his fingers in his hair,
And set his crest up like a cockatoo;
And trampled with his hoofs, a mere Yahoo:
At last, with many a tragic frown and start,
He penn'd a billet, very far from doux,
'Twas sour, severe—but think of a man's smart
Writing with lunar caustic on his heart!

The letter done and closed, he lit his taper,
And sealing, as it were, his other mocks,
He stamp'd a grave device upon the paper,
No Cupid toying with his Psyche's locks,
But some stern head of the old Stoic stocks—
Then, fiercely striding through the staring streets,
He dropt the bitter missive in a box,
Beneath the cakes, and tarts, and sugar'd treats,
In Mrs. Smelling's window-full of sweets.

Soon sped the letter—thanks to modern plans,
Our English mails run little in the style
Of those great German wild-beast caravans,
Eil-wagens—tho' they do not 'go like *ile*,'—
But take a good twelve minutes to the mile—
On Monday morning, just at ten o'clock,
As Ellen humm'd 'The Young May Moon' the while,
Her ear was startled by that double knock
Which thrills the nerves like an electric shock!

Her right hand instantly forgot its cunning,
And down into the street it dropt, or flung,
Right on the hat and wig of Mr. Gunning,
The jug that o'er her ten-week-stocks had hung;

Then down the stairs by twos and threes she sprung,
And through the passage like a burglar darted.
Alas! how sanguine are the fond and young—
She little thought, when with the coin she parted,
She paid a sixpence to be broken-hearted!

Too dear at any price—had she but paid
Nothing and taken discount, it was dear;
Yet, worthless as it was, the sweet-lipped maid
Oft kissed the letter in her brief career
Between the lower and the upper sphere,
Where, seated in a study bistre-brown,
She tried to pierce a mystery as clear
As *that* I saw once puzzling a young clown—
'Reading Made Easy,' but turned upside down.

Yet Ellen, like most misses in the land,
Had sipped sky blue, through certain of her teens,
At one of those establishments which stand
In highways, byeways, squares, and village greens;
'Twas called 'The Grove,'—a name that always means
Two poplars stand like sentries at the gate—
Each window had its close Venetian screens
And Holland blind, to keep in a cool state
The twenty-four Young Ladies of Miss Bate.

But when the screens were left unclosed by chance,
The blinds not down, as if Miss B. were dead,
Each upper window to a passing glance
Revealed a little dimity white bed;
Each lower one a cropp'd or curly head;
And thrice a week, for soul's and health's economies,
Along the road the twenty-four were led,
Like coupled hounds, whipped in by two she-dominies
With faces rather graver than Melpomene's.

And thus their studies they pursued:—On Sunday,
Beef, collects, batter, texts from Dr. Price;
Mutton, French, pancakes, grammar—of a Monday;
Tuesday—hard dumplings, globes, Chapone's Advice;
Wednesday—fancy-work, rice-milk (no spice);
Thursday—pork, dancing, currant-bolsters, reading;
Friday—beef, Mr. Butler, and plain rice;
Saturday—scraps, short lessons and short feeding,
Stocks, back-boards, hash, steel-collars, and good breeding.

From this repertory of female learning,
Came Ellen once a quarter, always fatter!
To gratify the eyes of parents yearning.
'Twas evident in bolsters, beef, and batter,

Hard dumplings, and rice-milk, she did not smatter,
But heartily, as Jenkins says, 'demollidge;'
But as for any learning, not to flatter,
As often happens when girls leave their college,
She had done nothing but grow out of knowledge.

At Long Division sums she had no chance,
And History was quite as bad a balk;
Her French it was too small for Petty France,
And Priscian suffered in her English talk:
Her drawing might be done with cheese or chalk;
As for the globes—the use of the terrestrial
She knew when she went out to take a walk,
Or take a ride; but, touching the celestial,
Her knowledge hardly soared above the bestial.

Nothing she learned of Juno, Pallas, Mars;
Georgium, for what she knew, might stand for Burgo,
Sidus, for Master: then, for northern stars,
The Bear she fancied did in sable fur go,
The Bull was Farmer Giles's bull, and, ergo,
The Ram the same that butted at her brother;
As for the twins, she only guessed that Virgo,
From coming after them, must be their mother;
The Scales weighed soap, tea, figs, like any other.

As ignorant as donkeys in Gallicia,
She thought that Saturn, with his Belt, was but
A private, may be, in the Kent Militia;
That Charles's Wain would stick in a deep rut,
That Venus was a real West-End slut—
Oh, Gods and Goddesses of Greek Theogony!
That Berenice's Hair would curl and cut,
That Cassiopeia's Chair was good Mahogany,
Nicely french-polished,—such was her cosmogony!

Judge, then, how puzzled by the scientifics
Lorenzo's letter came now to dispense;
A lizard, crawling over hieroglyphics,
Knows quite as much of their Egyptian sense;
A sort of London fog, opaque and dense,
Hung over verbs, nouns, genitives, and datives;
In vain she pored and pored, with eyes intense,
As well is known to oyster-operatives,
Mere looking at the shells won't open natives.

Yet mixed with the hard words, so called, she found
Some easy ones that gave her heart the staggers;
Words giving tongue against her, like a hound
At picking out a fault—words speaking daggers.

The very letters seemed, in hostile swaggers,
To lash their tails, but not as horses do,
Nor like the tails of spaniels, gentle waggers,
But like the lion's, ere he tears in two
A black, to see if he is black all through.

With open mouth, and eyeballs at full stretch,
She gazed upon the paper sad and sorry,
No sound—no stir—quite petrified, poor wretch!
As when Apollo, in old allegory,
Down-stooping like a falcon, made his quarry
Of Niobe, just turned to Purbeck stone;
In fact, since Cupid grew into a worry,
Judge if a suing lover, let alone
A lawyer, ever wrote in such a tone.

'Ellen, I will no longer call you mine,
That time is past, and ne'er can come again;
However other lights undimmed may shine,
And undiminishing, one truth is plain,
Which I, alas! have learned,—that love can wane.
The dream is pass'd away, the veil is rent,
Your heart was not intended for my reign;
A sphere so full, I feel, was never meant
With one poor man in it to be content.

'It must, no doubt, be pleasant beyond measure,
To wander underneath the whispering bough
With Dian, a perpetual round of pleasure.
Nay, fear not,—I absolve of every vow,—
Use,—use your own celestial pleasure now,
Your apogee and perigee arrange.
Herschel might aptly stare and wonder how,
To me that constant disk has nothing strange—
A counterfeit is sometimes hard to change.

'Oh Ellen! I once little thought to write
Such words unto you, with so hard a pen;
Yet outraged love will change its nature quite,
And turn like tiger hunted to its den—
How Falsehood trips in her deceits on men!
And stands abash'd, discover'd, and forlorn!
Had it been only cusp'd—but gibbous—then
It had gone down—but Faith drew back in scorn,
And would not swallow it—without a horn!

'I am in occultation,—that is plain:
My culmination 's past,—that 's quite as clear.
But think not I will suffer your disdain
To hang a lunar rainbow on a tear.

Whate'er my pangs, they shall be buried here;
No murmur,—not a sigh,—shall thence exhale:
Smile on,—and for your own peculiar sphere
Choose some eccentric path,—you cannot fail,
And pray stick on a most portentous tail!

'Farewell! I hope you are in health and gay;
For me, I never felt so well and merry—
As for the bran-new idol of the day,
Monkey or man, I am indifferent—very!
Nor e'en will ask who is the Happy Jerry;
My jealousy is dead, or gone to sleep,
But let me hint that you will want a wherry,
Three weeks' spring-tide, and not a chance of neap,
Your parlours will be flooded six feet deep!

'Oh Ellen! how delicious was that light
Wherein our plighted shadows used to blend,
Meanwhile the melancholy bird of night—
No more of that—the lover 's at an end.
Yet if I may advise you, as a friend,
Before you next pen sentiments so fond,
Study your cycles—I would recommend
Our Airy—and let South be duly conn'd,
And take a dip, I beg, in the great Pond.

'Farewell again! it is farewell for ever!
Before your lamp of night be lit up thrice,
I shall be sailing, haply, for Swan River,
Jamaica, or the Indian land of rice,
Or Boothia Felix—happy clime of ice!
For Trebizond, or distant Scanderoon,
Ceylon, or Java redolent of spice,
Or settling, neighbour of the Cape baboon,
Or roaming o'er—The Mountains of the Moon!

'What matters where? my world no longer owns
That dear meridian spot from which I dated
Degrees of distance, hemispheres, and zones,
A globe all blank and barren and belated.
What matters where my future life be fated?
With Lapland hordes, or Koords or Afric peasant,
A squatter in the western woods located,
What matters where? My bias, at the present,
Leans to the country that reveres the Crescent!

'Farewell! and if for ever, fare thee well!
As wrote another of my fellow-martyrs:
I ask no sexton for his passing-bell,
I do not ask your tear-drops to be starters,

However I may die, transfix'd by Tartars,
By Cobras poisoned, by Constrictors strangled,
By shark or cayman snapt above the garters,
By royal tiger or Cape lion mangled,
Or starved to death in the wild woods entangled,

'Or tortured slowly at an Indian stake,
Or smother'd in the sandy hot simoom,
Or crush'd in Chili by earth's awful quake,
Or baked in lava, a Vesuvian tomb,
Or dirged by syrens and the billows' boom,
Or stiffen'd to a stock mid Alpine snows,
Or stricken by the plague with sudden doom,
Or suck'd by Vampyres to a last repose,
Or self-destroy'd, impatient of my woes:

'Still fare you well, however I may fare,
A fare perchance to the Lethean shore,
Caught up by rushing whirlwinds in the air,
Or dash'd down cataracts with dreadful roar:
Nay, this warm heart, once yours unto the core,
This hand you should have claim'd in church or minster,
Some cannibal may gnaw'—she read no more—
Prone on the carpet fell the senseless spinster,
Losing herself, as 'twere, in Kidderminster!

Of course of such a fall the shock was great,
In rush'd the father, panting from the shop,
In rush'd the mother, without cap or tête,
Pursued by Betty Housemaid with her mop;
The cook to change her apron did not stop,
The charwoman next scrambled up the stair,—
All help to lift, to haul, to seat, to prop,
And then they stand and smother round the chair,
Exclaiming in a chorus, 'Give her air!'

One sears her nostrils with a burning feather,
Another rams a phial up her nose;
A third crooks all her finger-joints together,
A fourth rips up her laces and her bows,
While all by turns keep trampling on her toes,
And, when she gasps for breath, they pour in plump
A sudden drench that down her thorax goes,
As if in fetching her—some wits so jump—
She must be fetch'd with water like a pump!

No wonder that thus drench'd, and wrench'd, and gall'd,
As soon as possible, from syncope's fetter
Her senses had the sense to be recall'd,
'I'm better—that will do—indeed I'm better,'

She cried to each importunate besetter;
Meanwhile, escaping from the stir and smother,
The prudent parent seized the lover's letter,
(Daughters should have no secrets with a Mother)
And read it thro' from one end to the other.

From first to last, she never skipp'd a word—
For young Lorenzo of all youths was one
So wise, so good, so moral she averr'd,
So clever, quite above the common run—
She made him sit by her, and call'd him son,
No matrimonial suit, e'en Duke's or Earl's,
So flatter'd her maternal feelings—none!
For mothers always think young men are pearls
Who come and throw themselves before their girls.

And now, at warning signal from her finger,
The servants most reluctantly withdrew,
But list'ning on the stairs contrived to linger;
For Ellen, gazing round with eyes of blue,
At last the features of her parent knew,
And, summoning her breath and vocal pow'rs,
'Oh, mother!' she exclaimed—'Oh, is it true—
Our dear Lorenzo'—the dear name drew show'rs—
'*Ours*,' cried the mother, 'pray don't call him ours!

'I never liked him, never, in my days!'
('Oh yes—you did'—said Ellen with a sob,)
'There always *was* a something in his ways—'
('So sweet—so kind,' said Ellen, with a throb,)
'His very face was what I call a snob,
And, spite of West-end coats and pantaloons,
He had a sort of air of the swell mob;
I'm sure when he has come of afternoons
To tea, I've often thought—I'll watch my spoons!'

'The spoons!' cried Ellen, almost with a scream,
'Oh cruel—false as cruel—and unjust!
He that once stood so high in your esteem!'
'He!' cried the dame, grimacing her disgust,
'I like him?—yes—as any body must
An infidel that scoffs at God and Devil:
Didn't he bring you Bonaparty's bust?
Lord! when he calls I hardly can be civil—
My favourite was always Mr. Neville.

'Lorenzo?—I should like, of earthly things,
To see him hanging forty cubits high;
Doesn't he write like Captain Rocks and Swings?
Nay, in this very letter bid you try

To make yourself particular, and tie
A tail on—a prodigious tail!—Oh, daughter!
And don't he ask you down his area—fie!
And recommend to cut your being shorter,
With brick-bats round your neck in ponds of water?'

Alas! to think how readers thus may vary
A writer's sense!—What mortal would have thought
Lorenzo's hint about Professors Airy
And Pond to such a likeness could be brought!
Who would have dreamt the simple way he taught
To make a comet of poor Ellen's moon,
Could furnish forth an image so distraught,
As Ellen, walking Regent Street at noon,
Tail'd—like a fat Cape sheep, or a racoon!

And yet, whate'er absurdity the brains
May hatch, it ne'er wants wet-nurses to suckle it;
Or dry ones, like a hen, to take the pains
To lead the nudity abroad, and chuckle it;
No whim so stupid but some fool will buckle it
To jingle bell-like on his empty head,
No mental mud—but some will knead and knuckle it,
And fancy they are making fancy-bread;—
No ass has written, but some ass has read.

No dolts could lead if others did not follow 'em.
No Hahnémann could give decillionth drops,
If any man could not be got to swallow 'em;
But folly never comes to such full stops.
As soon, then, as the Mother made such swaps
Of all Lorenzo's meanings, heads and tails,
The Father seized upon her malaprops—
'My girl down areas—of a night! 'Ods nails!
I'll stick the scoundrel on his area-rails!

'I will!—as sure as I was christen'd John!
A girl—well born—and bred,—and school'd at Ditton—
Accomplish'd—handsome—with a tail stuck on!
And chuck'd—Zounds!—chuck'd in horseponds like a kitten;
I wish I had been by when that was written!'—
And doubling to a fist each ample hand,
The empty air he boxed with, a-la-Bitton,
As if in training for a fight, long plann'd,
With Nobody—for love—at No Man's Land!

'I'll pond—I'll tail him!'—In a voice of thunder
He recommenced his fury and his fuss,
Loud, open-mouth'd, and wedded to his blunder,
Like one of those great guns that end in buss.

'I'll teach him to write ponds and tails to us!'
But while so menacing this-that-and-t'others,
His wife broke in with certain truths, as thus:
'Men are not women—fathers can't be mothers,—
Females are females'—and a few such others.

So saying, with rough nudges, willy-nilly,
She hustled him outside the chamber-door,
Looking, it must be own'd, a little silly;
And then she did as the Carinthian boor
Serves (Goldsmith says) the traveller that 's poor:
Id est, she shut him in the outer space,
With just as much apology—no more—
As Boreas would present in such a case,
For slamming the street door right in your face.

And now, the secrets of the sex thus kept,
What passed in that important tête-à-tete
'Twixt dam and daughter, nobody except
Paul Pry, or his Twin Brother, could narrate—
So turn we to Lorenzo, left of late,
In front of Mrs. Snelling's sugar'd snacks,
In such a very waspish stinging state—
But now at the Old Dragon, stretch'd on racks,
Fretting, and biting down his nails to tacks;

Because that new fast four-inside—the Comet,
Instead of keeping its appointed time,
Had deviated some few minutes from it,
A thing with all astronomers a crime,
And he had studied in that lore sublime;
Nor did his heat get any less or shorter
For pouring upon passion's unslaked lime
A well-grown glass of Cogniac and water,
Mix'd stiff as starch by the Old Dragon's daughter.

At length, 'Fair Ellen' sounding with a flourish,
The Comet came all bright, bran new, and smart;
Meanwhile the melody conspired to nourish
The hasty spirit in Lorenzo's heart,
And soon upon the roof he 'topped his part.'
Which never had a more impatient man on,
Wishing devoutly that the steeds would start
Like lightning greased,—or, as at Ballyshannon
Sublimed, 'greased lightning shot out of a cannon.'

For, ever since the letter left his hand,
His mind had been in vacillating motion,
Dodge-dodging like a fluster'd crab on land,
That cannot ask its way, and has no notion

If right or left leads to the German Ocean—
Hatred and Love by turns enjoy'd monopolies,
Till, like a Doctor following his own potion,
Before a learned pig could spell Acropolis,
He went and booked himself for our metropolis.

'Oh, for a horse,' or rather four,—'with wings!'
For so he put the wish into the plural—
No relish he retained for country things,
He could not join felicity with rural,
His thoughts were all with London and the mural,
Where architects—not paupers—heap and *pile* stones;
Or with the horses' muscles, called the crural,
How fast they could macadamize the milestones
Which pass'd as tediously as gall or bile stones.

Blind to the picturesque, he ne'er perceived
In Nature one artistical fine stroke;
For instance, how that purple hill relieved
The beggar-woman in the gipsy-poke,
And how the red cow carried off her cloak;
Or how the aged horse, so gaunt and grey,
Threw off a noble mass of beech and oak!
Or, how the tinker's ass, beside the way,
Came boldly out from a white cloud—to bray!

Such things have no delight for worried men,
That travel full of care and anxious smart:
Coachmen and horses, are your artists then;
Just try a team of draughtsmen with the Dart,
Take Shee, for instance, Etty, Jones, and Hart,
Let every neck be put into its noose,
Then tip 'em on the flank to make 'em start,
And see how they will draw!—Four screws let loose
Would make a difference—or I'm a goose!

Nor cared he more about the promised crops,
If oats were looking up, or wheat was laid,
For flies in turnips, or a blight in hops,
Or how the barley prosper'd or decay'd;
In short, no items of the farming trade,
Peas, beans, tares, 'taters, could his mind beguile;
Nor did he answer to the servant maid,
That always asked at every other mile,
'Where do we change, Sir?' with her sweetest smile.

Nor more he listened to the Politician,
Who lectured on his left, a formal prig,
Of Belgium's, Greece's, Turkey's sad condition,
Not worth a cheese, an olive, or a fig;

Nor yet unto the critic, fierce and big,
Who, holding forth, all lonely, in his glory,
Called one a sad bad Poet—and a Whig,
And one, a first-rate proser—and a Tory;
So critics judge, now, of a song or story.

Nay, when the coachman spoke about the 'Leger,
Of Popsy, Mopsy, Bergamotte, and Civet,
Of breeder, trainer, owner, backer, hedger,
And nags as right, or righter than a trivet,
The theme his crack'd attention could not rivet;
Though leaning forward to the man of whips,
He seem'd to give an ear,—but did not give it,
For Ellen's moon (that saddest of her slips)
Would not be hidden by a 'new Eclipse.'

If any thought e'er flitted in his head
Belonging to the sphere of Bland and Crocky,
It was to wish the team all thorough-bred,
And every buckle on their backs a jockey:
When spinning down a steep descent, or rocky,
He never watch'd the wheel, and long'd to lock it;
He liked the bolters that set off so cocky:
Nor did it shake a single nerve or shock it,
Because the Comet raced against the Rocket.

Thanks to which rivalry, at last the journey
Finish'd an hour and a quarter under time,
Without a case for surgeon or attorney,
Just as St. James's rang its seventh chime,
And now, descending from his seat sublime,
Behold Lorenzo, weariest of wights,
In that great core of brick, and stone, and lime,
Call'd England's Heart—but which, as seen of nights,
Has rather more th' appearance of its lights.

Away he scudded—elbowing, perforce,
Thro' cads, and lads, and many a Hebrew worrier,
With fruit, knives, pencils,—all dirt cheap of course,
Coachmen, and hawkers, of the Globe and 'Currier;'
Away!—the cookmaid is not such a skurrier,
When, fit to split her gingham as she goes,
With six just striking on the clock to hurry her,
She strides along with one of her three beaux,
To get well placed at 'Ashley's'—now Ducrow's.

'I wonder if her moon is full to-night!'
He mutter'd, jealous as a Spanish Don,
When, lo!—to aggravate that inward spite,
In glancing at a board he spied thereon

A play-bill for dramatic folks to con,
In letters such as those may read, who run,
' " KING JOHN "—oh yes,—I recollect King John !
" My Lord, they say five moons "—*five* moons !—well done !
I wonder Ellen was content with one !

' Five moons—all full !—and all at once in heav'n !
She should have lived in that prolific reign ! '
Here he arrived in front of number seven,
Th' abode of all his joy and all his pain ;
A sudden tremor shot through every vein,
He wish'd he'd come up by the heavy waggon,
And felt an impulse to turn back again,
Oh, that he ne'er had quitted the Old Dragon !
Then came a sort of longing for a flagon.

His tongue and palate seem'd so parch'd with drouth,—
The very knocker fill'd his soul with dread,
As if it had a living lion's mouth,
With teeth so terrible, and tongue so red,
In which he had engaged to put his head.
The bell-pull turn'd his courage into vapour,
As though 't would cause a shower-bath to shed
Its thousand shocks, to make him sigh and caper—
He look'd askance, and did not like the scraper.

' What business have I here ? (he thought) a dunce
A hopeless passion thus to fan and foster,
Instead of putting out its wick at once ;
She 's gone—it 's very evident I've lost her,—
And to the wanton wind I should have toss'd her—
Pish ! I will leave her with her moon, at ease,
To toast and eat it, like a single Gloster,
Or cram some fool with it, as good green cheese,
Or make a honey-moon, if so she please.

' Yes—here I leave her,' and as thus he spoke,
He plied the knocker with such needless force,
It almost split the panel of sound oak ;
And then he went as wildly through a course
Of ringing, till he made abrupt divorce
Between the bell and its dumbfounded handle ;
Whilst up ran Betty, out of breath and hoarse,
And thrust into his face her blown-out candle,
To recognise the author of such scandal.

Who, presto ! cloak, and carpet-bag to boot,
Went stumbling, rumbling, up the dark one pair,
With other noise than his whose ' very foot
Had music in't as he came up the stair : '

And then with no more manners than a bear,
His hat upon his head, no matter how,
No modest tap his presence to declare,
He bolted in a room, without a bow,
And there sat Ellen, with a marble brow!

Like fond Medora, watching at her window,
Yet not of any Corsair bark in search—
The jutting lodging-house of Mrs. Lindo,
'The Cheapest House in Town' of Todd and Sturch,
The private house of Reverend Doctor Birch,
The public-house, closed nightly at eleven,
And then that house of prayer, the parish church,
Some roofs, and chimneys, and a glimpse of heaven,
Made up the whole look-out of Number Seven.

Yet something in the prospect so absorbed her,
She seemed quite drowned and dozing in a dream;
As if her own belov'd full moon still orb'd her,
Lulling her fancy in some lunar scheme,
With lost Lorenzo, may be, for its theme—
Yet when Lorenzo touch'd her on the shoulder,
She started up with an abortive scream,
As if some midnight ghost, from regions colder,
Had come within his bony arms to fold her.

'Lorenzo!'—'Ellen!'—then came 'Sir!' and 'Madam!'
They tried to speak, but hammer'd at each word,
As if it were a flint for great Mac Adam;
Such broken English never else was heard,
For like an aspen leaf each nerve was stirr'd,
A chilly tremor thrill'd them through and through,
Their efforts to be stiff were quite absurd,
They shook like jellies made without a due
And proper share of common joiner's glue.

'Ellen! I'm come—to bid you—fare—farewell'
They thus began to fight their verbal duel;
'Since some more hap—hap—happy man must dwell—'
'Alas—Loren—Lorenzo!—cru—cru—cruel!'
For so they split their words like grits for gruel.
At last the Lover, as he long had plann'd,
Drew out that once inestimable jewel,
Her portrait, which was erst so fondly scann'd,
And thrust poor Ellen's face into her hand.

'There—take it, Madam—take it back I crave,
The face of one—but I must now forget her,
Bestow it on whatever hapless slave
Your art has last enticed into your fetter—

And there are your epistles—there! each letter!
I wish no record of your vow's infractions,
Send them to South—or Children—you had better—
They will be novelties—rare benefactions
To shine in Philosophical Transactions!

'Take them—pray take them—I resign them quite!
And there 's the glove you gave me leave to steal—
And there 's the handkerchief, so pure and white
Once sanctified by tears, when Miss O'Neill—
But no—you did not—cannot—do not feel
A Juliet's faith, that time could only harden!
Fool that I was, in my mistaken zeal!
I should have led you,—by your leave and pardon—
To Bartley's Orrery, not Covent Garden!

'And here 's the birth-day ring—nor man nor devil
Should once have torn it from my living hand,
Perchance 'twill look as well on Mr. Neville;
And that—and that is all—and now I stand
Absolved of each dissever'd tie and band—
And so farewell, till Time's eternal sickle
Shall reap our lives; in this, or foreign land
Some other may be found for truth to stickle
Almost as fair—and not so false and fickle!'

And there he ceased: as truly it was time,
For of the various themes that left his mouth,
One half surpass'd her intellectual climb:
She knew no more than the old Hill of Howth
About that 'Children of a larger growth,'
Who notes proceedings of the F. R. S.'s;
Kit North, was just as strange to her as South,
Except the south the weathercock expresses,
Nay, Bartley's Orrery defied her guesses.

Howbeit some notion of his jealous drift
She gather'd from the simple outward fact,
That her own lap contained each slighted gift;
Though quite unconscious of his cause to act
So like Othello, with his face unblack'd;
'Alas!' she sobbed, 'your cruel course I see,
These faded charms no longer can attract;
Your fancy palls, and you would wander free,
And lay your own apostacy on me!

'*I*, false!—unjust Lorenzo!—and to *you!*
Oh, all ye holy gospels that incline
The soul to truth, bear witness I am true!
By all that lives, of earthly or divine—

So long as this poor throbbing heart is mine—
I false!—the world shall change its course as soon!
True as the streamlet to the stars that shine—
True as the dial to the sun at noon,
True as the tide to "yonder blessed moon"!'

And as she spoke, she pointed through the window,
Somewhere above the houses' distant tops,
Betwixt the chimney-pots of Mrs. Lindo,
And Todd and Sturch's cheapest of all shops
For ribbons, laces, muslins, silks, and fops;—
Meanwhile, as she upraised her face so Grecian,
And eyes suffused with scintillating drops,
Lorenzo looked, too, o'er the blinds venetian,
To see the sphere so troubled with repletion.

'The Moon!' he cried, and an electric spasm
Seem'd all at once his features to distort,
And fix'd his mouth, a dumb and gaping chasm—
His faculties benumb'd and all amort—
At last his voice came, of most shrilly sort,
Just like a sea-gull's wheeling round a rock—
'Speak!—Ellen!—is your sight indeed so short!
The Moon!—Brute! savage that I am, and block!
The Moon! (O, ye Romantics, what a shock!)
Why, that 's the new Illuminated Clock!'

THOSE EVENING BELLS

'I'D BE A PARODY'

THOSE Evening Bells, those Evening Bells,
How many a tale their music tells,
Of Yorkshire cakes and crumpets prime,
And letters only just in time!—

The Muffin-boy has pass'd away,
The Postman gone—and I must pay,
For down below Deaf Mary dwells,
And does not hear those Evening Bells.

And so 'twill be when she is gone,
That tuneful peal will still ring on,
And other maids with timely yells
Forget to stay those Evening Bells.

LINES TO A FRIEND AT COBHAM

'Tis pleasant, when we've absent friends,
Sometimes to hob and nob 'em
With Memory's glass—at such a pass,
Remember me at Cobham!

Have pigs you will, and sometimes kill,
But if you sigh and sob 'em,
And cannot eat your home-grown meat,
Remember me at Cobham!

Of hen and cock, you'll have a stock,
And death will oft unthrob 'em,—
A country chick is good to pick—
Remember me at Cobham!

Some orchard trees of course you'll lease,
And boys will sometimes rob 'em,
A friend (you know) before a foe—
Remember me at Cobham!

You'll sometimes have wax-lighted rooms,
And friends of course to mob 'em;
Should you be short of such a sort,
Remember me at Cobham!

THE QUAKERS' CONVERSAZIONE

I

SONNET

BY R. M.

How sweet thus clad, in Autumn s mellow Tone,
With serious Eye, the russet Scene to view!
No Verdure decks the Forest, save alone
The sad green Holly, and the olive Yew.
The Skies, no longer of a garish Blue,
Subdued to Dove-like Tints, and soft as Wool,
Reflected show their slaty Shades anew
In the drab Waters of the clayey Pool.
Meanwhile yon Cottage Maiden wends to School,
In Garb of Chocolate so neatly drest,
And Bonnet puce, fit object for the Tool,
And chasten'd Pigments, of our Brother West;
Yea, all is silent, sober, calm, and cδol,
Save gaudy Robin with his crimson Breast.

II

LINES ON THE CELEBRATION OF PEACE

BY DORCAS DOVE

AND is it thus ye welcome Peace!
From Mouths of forty-pounding Bores?
Oh cease, exploding Cannons, cease!
Lest Peace, affrighted, shun our shores!

Not so the quiet Queen should come;
But like a Nurse to still our Fears,
With Shoes of List, demurely dumb,
And Wool or Cotton in her Ears!

She asks for no triumphal Arch;
No steeples for their ropy Tongues;
Down, Drumsticks, down, She needs no March,
Or blasted Trumps from brazen Lungs.

She wants no Noise of Mobbing Throats
To tell that She is drawing nigh:
Why this Parade of scarlet Coats,
When War has closed his bloodshot Eye?

Returning to Domestic Loves,
When war has ceased with all its Ills,
Captains should come like sucking Doves,
With Olive Branches in their Bills.

No need there is of vulgar Shout,
Bells, Cannons, Trumpets, Fife, and Drum,
And Soldiers marching all about,
To let Us know that Peace is come.

Oh mild should be the Signs and meek,
Sweet Peace's Advent to proclaim!
Silence her noiseless Foot should speak,
And Echo should repeat the same.

Lo! where the Soldier walks, alas!
With Scars received on foreign Grounds;
Shall we consume in coloured Glass
The Oil that should be pour'd in Wounds?

The bleeding Gaps of War to close,
Will whizzing Rocket-Flight avail?
Will Squibs enliven Orphans' Woes?
Or Crackers cheer the Widow's Tale?

THE LAMENT OF TOBY, THE LEARNED PIG

'A little learning is a dangerous thing.'—*Pope.*

O HEAVY day! oh day of woe!
To misery a poster,
Why was I ever farrow'd—why
Not spitted for a roaster?

In this world, pigs, as well as men,
Must dance to fortune's fiddlings,
But must I give the classics up,
For barley-meal and middlings?

Of what avail that I could spell
And read, just like my betters,
If I must come to this at last,
To litters, not to letters?

O, why are pigs made scholars of?
It baffles my discerning,
What griskins, fry, and chitterlings
Can have to do with learning.

Alas! my learning once drew cash,
But public fame 's unstable,
So I must turn a pig again,
And fatten for the table.

To leave my literary line
My eyes get red and leaky;
But Giblett doesn't want me *blue*,
But red and white, and streaky.

Old Mullins used to cultivate
My learning like a gard'ner;
But Giblett only thinks of lard,
And not of Doctor Lardner.

He does not care about my brain
The value of two coppers,
All that he thinks about my head
Is, how I'm off for choppers.

Of all my literary kin
A farewell must be taken.
Goodbye to the poetic Hogg!
The philosophic Bacon!

Day after day my lessons fade,
My intellect gets muddy;
A trough I have, and not a desk,
A sty—and not a study!

Another little month, and then
My progress ends, like Bunyan's;
The seven sages that I loved
Will be chopp'd up with onions!

Then over head and ears in brine
They'll souse me, like a salmon,
My mathematics turn'd to brawn,
My logic into gammon.

My Hebrew will all retrograde,
Now I'm put up to fatten,
My Greek, it will all go to grease;
The Dogs will have my Latin!

Farewell to Oxford!—and to Bliss!
To Milman, Crowe, and Glossop,—
I now must be content with chats,
Instead of learned gossip!

Farewell to 'Town!' farewell to 'Gown!'
I've quite outgrown the latter,—
Instead of Trencher-cap my head
Will soon be in a platter!

O why did I at Brazen-Nose
Rout up the roots of knowledge?
A butcher that can't read will kill
A pig that 's been to college!

For sorrow I could stick myself,
But conscience is a clasher;
A thing that would be rash in man
In me would be a rasher!

One thing I ask—when I am dead,
And past the Stygian ditches—
And that is, let my schoolmaster
Have one of my two flitches:

'Twas he who taught my letters so
I ne'er mistook or miss'd 'em,
Simply by *ringing* at the nose,
According to *Bell's* system.

TO A BAD RIDER

I

WHY, Mr. Rider, why
Your nag so ill indorse, man?
To make observers cry,
You're mounted, but no horseman?

II

With elbows out so far,
This thought you can't debar me—
Though no Dragoon—Hussar—
You're surely of the army!

III

I hope to turn M.P.
You have not any notion,
So awkward you would be
At 'seconding a motion!'

MY SON AND HEIR

I

My mother bids me bind my heir,
But not the trade where I should bind;
To place a boy—the how and where—
It is the plague of parent-kind!

II

She does not hint the slightest plan,
Nor what indentures to indorse;
Whether to bind him to a man,—
Or, like Mazeppa, to a horse.

III

What line to choose of likely rise,
To something in the Stocks at last,—
'Fast bind, fast find,' the proverb cries,
I find I cannot bind so fast!

IV

A Statesman James can never be;
A Tailor?—there I only learn
His chief concern is cloth, and he
Is always cutting his concern.

V

A Seedsman?—I'd not have him so;
A Grocer's plum might disappoint;
A Butcher?—no, not that—although
I hear 'the times are out of joint!'

VI

Too many of all trades there be,
Like Pedlars, each has such a pack;
A merchant selling coals?—we see
The buyer send to cellar back.

VII

A Hardware dealer?—that might please,
But if his trade's foundation leans
On spikes and nails, he won't have ease
When he retires upon his means.

VIII

A Soldier?—there he has not nerves,
A Sailor seldom lays up pelf:
A Baker?—no, a baker serves,
His customer before himself.

IX

Dresser of hair?—that 's not the sort;
A Joiner jars with his desire—
A Churchman?—James is very short,
And cannot to a church aspire.

X

A Lawyer?—that 's a hardish term!
A Publisher might give him ease,
If he could into Longman's firm,
Just plunge at once 'in medias Rees.'

XI

A shop for pot, and pan, and cup,
Such brittle Stock I can't advise;
A Builder running houses up,
Their gains are stories—may be lies!

XII

A Coppersmith I can't endure—
Nor petty Usher A, B, C-ing;
A Publican, no father sure
Would be the author of his being!

XIII

A Paper-maker?—come he must
To rags before he sells a sheet—
A Miller?—all his toil is just
To make a meal—he does not eat.

XIV

A Currier?—that by favour goes—
A Chandler gives me great misgiving—
An Undertaker?—one of those
That do not hope to get their living!

XV

Three Golden Balls?—I like them not;
An Auctioneer I never did—
The victim of a slavish lot,
Obliged to do as he is bid!

XVI

A Broker watching fall and rise
Of Stock?—I'd rather deal in stone,—
A Printer ?—there his toils comprise
Another's work beside his own.

XVII

A Cooper ?—neither I nor Jim
Have any taste or turn for that—
A Fish retailer ?—but with him,
One part of trade is always flat.

XVIII

A Painter ?—long he would not live,—
An Artist 's a precarious craft—
In trade Apothecaries give,
But very seldom take, a draught.

XIX

A Glazier ?—what if he should smash!
A Crispin he shall not be made—
A Grazier may be losing cash,
Although he drives ' a roaring trade.'

XX

Well, something must be done! to look
On all my little works around—
James is too big a boy, like book
To leave upon the shelf unbound.

XXI

But what to do ?—my temples ache
From evening's dew till morning's pearl,
What course to take my boy to make—
O could I make my boy—a girl!

POEMS FROM 'UP THE RHINE'

(1840)

TO *****

I GAZE upon a city,
A city new and strange;
Down many a wat'ry vista
My fancy takes a range;
From side to side I saunter,
And wonder where I am;—
And can *you* be in England,
And I at Rotterdam!

Before me lie dark waters,
In broad canals and deep,
Whereon the silver moonbeams
Sleep, restless in their sleep:
A sort of vulgar Venice
Reminds me where I am,—
Yes, yes, you are in England,
And I'm at Rotterdam.

Tall houses with quaint gables,
Where frequent windows shine,
And quays that lead to bridges,
And trees in formal line,
And masts of spicy vessels,
From distant Surinam,
All tell me you're in England,
And I'm in Rotterdam.

Those sailors,—how outlandish
The face and garb of each!
They deal in foreign gestures,
And use a foreign speech;
A tongue not learned near Isis,
Or studied by the Cam,
Declares that you're in England,
But I'm at Rotterdam.

And now across a market
My doubtful way I trace,
Where stands a solemn statue,
The Genius of the place;
And to the great Erasmus
I offer my salaam,—
Who tells me you're in England,
And I'm at Rotterdam.

The coffee-room is open,
I mingle in its crowd;
The dominoes are rattling,
The hookahs raise a cloud;
A flavour, none of Fearon's,
That mingles with my dram,
Reminds me you're in England,
But I'm in Rotterdam.

Then here it goes, a bumper,—
The toast it shall be mine,
In Schiedam, or in Sherry,
Tokay, or Hock of Rhine,—
It well deserves the brightest
Where sunbeam ever swam,—
'The girl I love in England,'
I drink at Rotterdam!

[YE TOURISTS AND TRAVELLERS]

Ye Tourists and Travellers, bound to the Rhine,
Provided with passport, that requisite docket,
First listen to one little whisper of mine—
Take care of your pocket!—take care of your pocket!

Don't wash or be shaved—go like hairy wild men,
Play dominoes, smoke, wear a cap and smock-frock it,
But if you speak English, or look it, why then
Take care of your pocket!—take care of your pocket!

You'll sleep at great inns, in the smallest of beds,
Find charges as apt to mount up as a rocket,
With thirty per cent. as a tax on your heads,
Take care of your pocket!—take care of your pocket!

You'll see old Cologne,—not the sweetest of towns,—
Wherever you follow your nose you will shock it;
And you'll pay your three dollars to look at three crowns,
Take care of your pocket!—take care of your pocket!

You'll count Seven Mountains, and see Roland's Eck,
Hear legends veracious as any by Crockett;
But oh! to the tone of romance what a check,
Take care of your pocket!—take care of your pocket!

Old Castles you'll see on the vine-covered hill,—
Fine ruins to rivet the eye in its socket—
Once haunts of Baronial Banditti, and still
Take care of your pocket!—take care of your pocket!

You'll stop at Coblenz, with its beautiful views,
But make no long stay with your money to stock it,
Where Jews are all Germans, and Germans all Jews,
Take care of your pocket!—take care of your pocket!—

A Fortress you'll see, which, as people report,
Can never be captured, save famine should block it—
Ascend Ehrenbreitstein—but that 's not their *forte*,
Take care of your pocket!—take care of your pocket!

You'll see an old man who'll let off an old gun,
And Lurley, with her hurly-burly, will mock it;
But think that the words of the echo thus run—
Take care of your pocket!—take care of your pocket!

You'll gaze on the Rheingau, the soil of the Vine!
Of course you will freely Moselle it and Hock it—
P'raps purchase some pieces of Humbugheim wine—
Take care of your pocket!—take care of your pocket!

Perchance you will take a frisk off to the Baths—
Where some to their heads hold a pistol and cock it;
But still mind the warning, wherever your paths,
Take care of your pocket!—take care of your pocket!

And Friendships you'll swear, most eternal of pacts,
Change rings, and give hair to be put in a locket;
But still, in the most sentimental of acts,
Take care of your pocket!—take care of your pocket!

In short, if you visit that stream or its shore,
Still keep at your elbow one caution to knock it,
And where Schinderhannes was Robber of yore,—
Take care of your pocket!—take care of your pocket!

TO *****

WITH A FLASK OF RHINE WATER

THE old Catholic City was still,
In the Minster the vespers were sung,
And, re-echoed in cadences shrill,
The last call of the trumpet had rung:
While, across the broad stream of the Rhine,
The full Moon cast a silvery zone;
And, methought, as I gazed on its shine,
'Surely that is the Eau de Cologne.'

I inquired not the place of its source,
If it ran to the east or the west;
But my heart took a note of its course
That it flow'd towards Her I love best—
That it flowed towards Her I love best,
Like those wandering thoughts of my own,
And the fancy such sweetness possess'd,
That the Rhine seemed all Eau de Cologne!

THE ROMANCE OF COLOGNE

'TIS even—on the pleasant banks of Rhine
The thrush is singing, and the dove is cooing,—
A Youth and Maiden on the turf recline
Alone—And he is wooing.

Yet wooes in vain, for to the voice of love
No kindly sympathy the Maid discovers,
Though round them both, and in the air above,
The tender Spirit hovers!

Untouch'd by lovely Nature and her laws,
The more he pleads, more coyly she represses;—
Her lips denies, and now her hand withdraws,
Rejecting his caresses.

Fair is she as the dreams young Poets weave,
Bright eyes, and dainty lips, and tresses curly;
In outward loveliness a Child of Eve,
But cold as Nymph of Lurley!

The more Love tries her pity to engross,
The more she chills him with a strange behaviour;
Now tells her beads, now gazes on the Cross
And Image of the Saviour.

Forth goes the Lover with a farewell moan,
As from the presence of a thing inhuman;—
Oh! what unholy spell hath turn'd to stone
The young warm heart of Woman!

* * * * *

'Tis midnight—and the moonbeam, cold and wan,
On bower and river quietly is sleeping,
And o'er the corse of a self-murder'd man
The Maiden fair is weeping.

In vain she looks into his glassy eyes,
No pressure answers to her hand so pressing;
In her fond arms impassively he lies,
Clay-cold to her caressing.

Despairing, stunn'd, by her eternal loss,
She flies to succour that may best beseem her;
But, lo! a frowning Figure veils the Cross,
And hides the blest Redeemer!

With stern right hand it stretches forth a scroll,
Wherein she reads in melancholy letters,
The cruel fatal pact that placed her soul
And her young heart in fetters.

'Wretch! Sinner! Renegade! to truth and God,
Thy holy faith for human love to barter!'
No more she hears, but on the bloody sod
Sinks, Bigotry's last Martyr!

And side by side the hapless Lovers lie:
Tell me, harsh Priest! by yonder tragic token,
What part hath God in such a Bond, whereby
Or hearts or vows are broken?

[EPIGRAM]

I LIKE your German singers well,
But hate them too, and for this reason,
Although they always sing in time,
They often sing quite out of season.

THE KNIGHT AND THE DRAGON

In the famous old times,
(Famed for chivalrous crimes)
As the legends of Rhineland deliver,
Once there flourish'd a Knight,
Who Sir Otto was hight,
On the banks of the rapid green river!

On the Drachenfels' crest
He had built a stone nest,
From which he pounced down like a vulture,
And with talons of steel,
Out of every man's meal
Took a very extortionate multure.

Yet he lived in good fame
With a nobleman's name,
As 'Your High-and-Well-Born' address'd daily—
Tho' Judge Park in his wig,
Would have deem'd him a prig,
Or a cracksman, if tried at th' Old Bailey.

It is strange—very strange!
How opinions will change!—
How Antiquity blazons and hallows
Both the man and the crime,
That a less lapse of time
Would commend to the hulks or the gallows!

Thus enthrall'd by Romance,
In a mystified trance,
E'en a young mild, and merciful Woman
Will recall with delight
The wild Keep, and its Knight,
Who was quite as much Tiger as Human!

Now it chanced on a day,
In the sweet month of May,
From his casement Sir Otto was gazing,
With his sword in the sheath,
At that prospect beneath,
Which our Tourists declare so amazing!

Yes—he gazed on the Rhine,
And its banks, so divine;
Yet with no admiration or wonder,
But the goût of a thief,
As a more modern Chief
Look'd on London, and cried 'What a plunder!'

From that river so fast,
From that champaign so vast,
He collected rare tribute and presents;
Water-rates from ships' loads,
Highway-rates on the roads,
And hard Poor-rates from all the poor Peasants!

When behold! round the base
Of his strong dwelling-place,
Only gain'd by most toilsome progression,
He perceived a full score
Of the rustics, or more,
Winding up in a sort of procession!

'Keep them out!' the Knight cried,
To the Warders outside—
But the Hound at his feet gave a grumble;
And in scrambled the knaves,
Like Feudality's slaves,
With all forms that are servile and humble.

'Now for boorish complaints!
Grant me patience, ye Saints!'
Cried the Knight, turning red as a mullet;
When the baldest old man
Thus his story began,
With a guttural croak in his gullet!

'Lord Supreme of our lives,
Of our daughters, our wives,
Our she-cousins, our sons, and their spouses,
Of our sisters and aunts,
Of the babies God grants,
Of the handmaids that dwell in our houses!

'Mighty master of all
We possess, great or small,
Of our cattle, our sows, and their farrows;
Of our mares and their colts,
Of our crofts, and our holts,
Of our ploughs, of our wains, and our harrows!

'Noble Lord of the soil,
Of its corn and its oil,
Of its wine, only fit for such gentles!
Of our cream and sour-kraut,
Of our carp and our trout,
Our black bread, and black puddings, and lentils!

'Sovran Lord of our cheese,
And whatever you please—
Of our bacon, our eggs, and our butter,
Of our backs and our polls,
Of our bodies and souls—
O give ear to the woes that we utter!

'We are truly perplex'd,
We are frighted and vex'd,
Till the strings of our hearts are all twisted;
We are ruin'd and curst
By the fiercest and worst
Of all Robbers that ever existed!'

'Now by Heav'n and this light!'
In a rage cried the Knight,
'For this speech all your bodies shall stiffen!
What! by Peasants miscall'd!'
Quoth the man that was bald,
'Not your Honour we mean, but a Griffin.

'For our herds and our flocks
He lays wait in the rocks,
And jumps forth without giving us warning;
Two poor wethers, right fat,
And four lambs after that,
Did he swallow this very May morning!'

Then the High-and-Well-Born
Gave a laugh as in scorn,
'Is the Griffin indeed such a glutton?
Let him eat up the rams,
And the lambs, and their dams—
If I hate any meat, it is mutton!'

'Nay, your Worship,' said then
The most bald of old men,
'For a sheep we would hardly thus cavil,
If the merciless Beast
Did not oftentimes feast
On the Pilgrims, and people that travel.'

'Feast on what?' cried the Knight,
Whilst his eye glisten'd bright
With the most diabolical flashes—
'Does the Beast dare to prey
On the road and high-way?
With our proper diversion that clashes!'

'Yea, 'tis so, and far worse,'
Said the Clown, 'to our curse;
For by way of a snack or a tiffin,
Every week in the year
Sure as Sundays appear,
A young Virgin is thrown to the Griffin!'

'Ha! Saint Peter! Saint Mark!'
Roar'd the Knight, frowning dark,
With an oath that was awful and bitter—
'A young Maid to his dish!
Why, what more could he wish,
If the Beast were High-Born, and a Ritter!

'Now by this our good brand,
And by this our right hand,
By the badge that is borne on our banners,
If we can but once meet
With the Monster's retreat,
We will teach him to poach on our Manors!'

Quite content with this vow,
With a scrape and a bow,
The glad Peasants went home to their flagons,
Where they tippled so deep,
That each clown in his sleep
Dreamt of killing a legion of Dragons!

Thus engaged, the bold Knight
Soon prepared for the fight
With the wily and scaly marauder;
But ere battle began,
Like a good Christian man,
First he put all his household in order.

'Double bolted and barr'd
Let each gate have a guard'—
(Thus his rugged Lieutenant was bidden)
'And be sure, without fault,
No one enters the vault
Where the Church's gold vessels are hidden.

'In the dark Oubliette,
Let yon Merchant forget
That he e'er had a bark richly laden—
And that desperate youth,
Our own rival forsooth!
Just indulge with a Kiss of the Maiden!

'Crush the thumbs of the Jew
With the vice and the screw,
Till he tells where he buried his treasure;
And deliver our word
To yon sullen caged Bird,
That to-night she must sing for our pleasure!'

Thereupon, cap-a-pee,
As a Champion should be,
With the bald-headed Peasant to guide him,
On his War-horse he bounds,
And then, whistling his hounds,
Prances off to what fate may betide him!

Nor too long do they seek,
Ere a horrible reek,
Like the fumes from some villanous tavern,
Sets the dogs on the snuff,
For they scent well enough
The foul Monster coil'd up in his cavern!

Then alighting with speed
From his terrified steed,
Which he ties to a tree for the present,
With his sword ready drawn,
Strides the Ritter High-born,
And along with him drags the scared Peasant!

'O Sir Knight, good Sir Knight!
I am near enough quite—
I have shown you the Beast and his grotto:'—
But before he can reach
Any farther in speech,
He is stricken stone-dead by Sir Otto!

Who withdrawing himself
To a high rocky shelf,
Sees the Monster his tail disentangle
From each tortuous coil,
With a sudden turmoil,
And rush forth the dead Peasant to mangle.

With his terrible claws,
And his horrible jaws,
He soon moulds the warm corse to a jelly;
Which he quickly sucks in
To his own wicked skin,
And then sinks at full stretch on his belly.

Then the Knight softly goes,
On the tips of his toes,
To the greedy and slumbering Savage,
And with one hearty stroke
Of his sword, and a poke,
Kills the Beast that had made such a ravage.

So, extended at length,
Without motion or strength,
That gorg'd Serpent they call the Constrictor,
After dinner, while deep
In lethargical sleep,
Falls a prey to his Hottentot victor.

'Twas too easy by half!'
Said the Knight with a laugh;
'But as nobody witness'd the slaughter,
I will swear, knock and knock,
By Saint Winifred's clock,
We were at it three hours and a quarter!'

Then he chopped off the head
Of the Monster, so dread,
Which he tied to his horse as a trophy;
And, with Hounds, by the same
Ragged path that he came,
Home he jogg'd proud as Sultan or Sophy!

Blessed Saints! what a rout
When the news flew about,
And the carcase was fetch'd in a waggon;
What an outcry rose wild
From man, woman, and child—
'Live Sir Otto, who vanquish'd the Dragon!'

All that night the thick walls
Of the Knight's feudal halls
Rang with shouts for the wine-cup and flagon;
Whilst the Vassals stood by,
And repeated the cry—
'Live Sir Otto, who vanquish'd the Dragon!'

The next night, and the next,
Still the fight was the text,
'Twas a theme for the Minstrels to brag on!
And the Vassals' hoarse throats
Still re-echoed the notes—
'Live Sir Otto, who vanquish'd the Dragon!'

There was never such work
Since the days of King Stork,
When he lived with the Frogs at free quarters!
Not to name the invites
That were sent down of-nights,
To the villagers' wives and their daughters!

It was feast upon feast,
For good cheers never ceased,
And a foray replenished the flagon;
And the Vassals stood by,
But more weak was the cry—
'Live Sir Otto, who vanquish'd the Dragon!'

Down again sank the sun,
Nor were revels yet done—
But as ev'ry mouth had a gag on,
Though the Vassals stood round,
Deuce a word or a sound
Of 'Sir Otto, who vanquish'd the Dragon!'

There was feasting aloft,
But, thro' pillage so oft,
Down below there was wailing and hunger;
And affection ran cold;
And the food of the old,
It was wolfishly snatch'd by the younger!

Mad with troubles so vast,
Where 's the wonder at last
If the Peasants quite alter'd their motto!
And with one loud accord
Cried out 'Would to the Lord,
That the Dragon had vanquish'd Sir Otto!'

OUR LADY'S CHAPEL

A LEGEND OF COBLENZ

WHOE'ER has crossed the Mósel Bridge,
And mounted by the fort of Kaiser Franz,
Has seen, perchance,
Just on the summit of St. Peter's ridge,
A little open Chapel to the right,
Wherein the tapers aye are burning bright:
So popular, indeed, this holy shrine,
At least among the female population,
By night, or at high noon, you see it shine,
A very Missal for *illumination!*

Yet, when you please, at morn or eve, go by
All other Chapels, standing in the fields,
Whose mouldy, wifeless, husbandry but yields
Beans, peas, potatoes, mangel-wurzel, rye,
And, lo! the Virgin, lonely, dark, and hush,
Without the glimmer of a farthing rush!

But on Saint Peter's Hill
The lights are burning, burning, burning still.
In fact, it is a pretty retail trade
To furnish forth the candles ready made;
And close beside the Chapel and the way,
A chandler, at her stall, sits day by day,
And sells, both long and short, the waxen tapers
Smarten'd with tinsel-foil and tinted papers.

To give of the mysterious truth an inkling,
Those who in this bright Chapel breathe a prayer
To 'Unser Frow,' and burn a taper there,
Are said to get a husband in a twinkling:
Just as she-glowworms, if it be not scandal,
Catch partners with *their* matrimonial candle.

How kind of blessed Saints in heav'n—
Where none in marriage, we are told, are giv'n—
To interfere below in making matches,
And help old maidens to connubial catches!
The truth is, that instead of looking smugly
(At least, so whisper wags satirical)
The votaries are all so old and ugly,
No man could fall in love but by a miracle!

However, that such waxen gifts and vows
Are sometimes for the purpose efficacious,
In helping to a spouse,
Is vouch'd for by a story most veracious.

A certain Woman, tho' in name a wife,
Yet doom'd to lonely life,
Her truant husband having been away
Nine years, two months, a week, and half a day,—
Without remembrances by words or deeds,—
Began to think she had sufficient handle
To talk of widowhood and burn her weeds,
Of course with a wax-candle.
Sick, single-handed with the world to grapple,
Weary of solitude, and spleen, and vapours,
Away she hurried to Our Lady's Chapel,
Full-handed with *two* tapers—
And pray'd as she had never pray'd before,
To be a bonâ fide wife once more.—
'Oh holy Virgin! listen to my prayer!
And for sweet mercy, and thy sex's sake,
Accept the vows and offerings I make—
Others set up one light, but here 's *a pair!*'

Her pray'r, it seem'd, was heard;
For in three little weeks, exactly reckon'd,
As blithe as any bird,
She stood before the Priest with Hans the Second;—
A fact that made her gratitude so hearty,
To 'Unser Frow,' and her propitious shrine,
She sent two waxen candles superfine,
Long enough for a Lapland evening party!

Rich was the Wedding Feast and rare—
What sausages were there!
Of sweets and sours there was a perfect glut:
With plenteous liquors to wash down good cheer;
Brantwein, and Rhum, Kirsch-wasser, and Krug Bier,
And wine so *sharp* that ev'ry one was *cut*.
Rare was the feast—but rarer was the quality
Of mirth, of smoky-joke, and song, and toast,—
When just in all the middle of their jollity—
With bumpers fill'd to Hostess and to Host,
And all the unborn branches of their house,
Unwelcome and unask'd, like Banquo's Ghost,
In walk'd the long-lost Spouse!

What pen could ever paint
The hubbub when the Hubs were thus confronted!
The bridesmaids fitfully began to faint;
The bridesmen stared—some whistled and some grunted:
Fierce Hans the First look'd like a boar that 's hunted;
Poor Hans the Second like a suckling calf:
Meanwhile, confounded by the double miracle,
The two-fold Bride sobb'd out, with tears hysterical,
'Oh Holy Virgin, you're too good—*by half!*'

MORAL.

Ye Coblenz maids, take warning by the rhyme,
And as our Christian laws forbid polygamy
For fear of bigamy,
Only light up *one* taper at a time.

LOVE LANGUAGE OF A MERRY YOUNG SOLDIER

'Ach Gretchen, mein Täubchen.'

O GRETEL, my Dove, my heart's Trumpet,
My Cannon, my Big Drum, and also my Musket,
O hear me, my mild little Dove,
In your still little room.

Your portrait, my Gretel, is always on guard,
Is always attentive to Love's parole and watchword;
Your picture is always going the rounds,
My Gretel, I call at every hour!

My heart's Knapsack is always full of you;
My looks they are quartered with you;
And when I bite off the top end of a cartridge
Then I think that I give you a kiss.

You alone are my Word of Command and orders,
Yea my Right-face, Left Face, Brown Tommy, and wine,
And at the word 'Shoulder Arms!'
Then I think you say 'Take me in your arms.'

Your eyes sparkle like a Battery,
Yea they wound like Bombs and Grenades;
As black as Gunpowder is your hair,
Your hand as white as Parading breeches!

Yes, you are the Match and I am the Cannon;
Have pity, my love, and give quarter,
And give the word of command 'Wheel round
Into my heart's Barrack Yard.'

WHIMSICALITIES: A PERIODICAL GATHERING

(1844)

ANACREONTIC

FOR THE NEW YEAR

COME, fill up the Bowl, for if ever the glass
  Found a proper excuse or fit season,
For toasts to be honour'd, or pledges to pass,
  Sure, this hour brings an exquisite reason:
For hark! the last chime of the dial has ceased,
  And Old Time, who his leisure to cozen,
Had finish'd the Months, like the flasks at a feast,
  Is preparing to tap a fresh dozen!
Hip! Hip! and Hurrah!

Then fill, all ye Happy and Free, unto whom
  The past year has been pleasant and sunny;
Its months each as sweet as if made of the bloom
  Of the thyme whence the bee gathers honey—
Days ushered by dew-drops, instead of the tears,
  Maybe, wrung from some wretcheder cousin—
Then fill, and with gratitude join in the cheers
  That triumphantly hail a fresh dozen!
Hip! Hip! and Hurrah!

And ye, who have met with Adversity's blast,
  And been bow'd to the earth by its fury;
To whom the Twelve Months, that have recently pass'd,
  Were as harsh as a prejudiced jury,—
Still, fill to the Future! and join in our chime,
  The regrets of remembrance to cozen,
And having obtained a New Trial of Time,
  Shout in hopes of a kindlier dozen!
Hip! Hip! and Hurrah!

A MORNING THOUGHT

No more, no more will I resign
  My couch so warm and soft,
To trouble trout with hook and line,
  That will not spring aloft.

With larks appointments one may fix
  To greet the dawning skies,
But hang the getting up at six,
  For fish that will not *rise !*

NO!

No sun—no moon !
  No morn—no noon—
No dawn—no dusk—no proper time
    of day—
  No sky—no earthly view—
  No distance looking blue—
No road—no street—no ' t'other side
    the way '—
  No end to any Row—
  No indications where the Cres-
    cents go—
  No top to any steeple—
No recognitions of familiar people—
  No courtesies for showing 'em—
  No knowing 'em !—
No travelling at all—no locomotion,

No inkling of the way—no notion—
  ' No go '—by land or ocean—
  No mail—no post—
No news from any foreign coast—
No Park—no Ring—no afternoon
    gentility—
  No company—no nobility.—
No warmth, no cheerfulness, no health-
    ful ease,
  No comfortable feel in any mem-
    ber—
No shade, no shine, no butterflies, no
    bees,
  No fruits, no flowers, no leaves, no
    birds,——
  November !

TO MY DAUGHTER

ON HER BIRTHDAY

DEAR Fanny ! nine long years ago,
While yet the morning sun was low,
And rosy with the Eastern glow
  The landscape smil'd—
Whilst low'd the newly-waken'd
    herds—
Sweet as the early song of birds,
I heard those first, delightful words,
  ' Thou hast a Child ! '

Along with that uprising dew
Tears glisten'd in my eyes, though few,
To hail a dawning quite as new
  To me, as Time :

It was not sorrow—not annoy—
But like a happy maid, though coy,
With grief-like welcome even Joy
  Forestalls its prime.

So mayst thou live, dear ! many
    years,
In all the bliss that life endears,
Not without smiles, nor yet from tears
  Too strictly kept :
When first thy infant littleness
I folded in my fond caress,
The greatest proof of happiness
  Was this—I wept.

EPIGRAM

ON MRS. PARKES'S PAMPHLET

SUCH strictures as these
Could a learned Chinese
Only read on some fine afternoon,
He would cry with pale lips,
'We shall have an Eclipse
For a Dragon has seized on the Moon!'

THE FORGE

A ROMANCE OF THE IRON AGE

'Who 's here, beside foul weather?'—*King Lear.*

'Mine enemy's dog, though he had bit me,
Should have stood that night against my fire.'—*Cordelia.*

PART I

LIKE a dead man gone to his shroud,
The sun has sunk in a coppery cloud,
And the wind is rising squally and loud
With many a stormy token,—
Playing a wild funereal air,
Through the branches bleak, bereaved and bare,
To the dead leaves dancing here and there—
In short, if the truth were spoken,
It 's an ugly night for anywhere,
But an awful one for the Brocken!

For oh! to stop
On that mountain top,
After the dews of evening drop,
Is always a dreary frolic—
Then what must it be when nature groans,
And the very mountain murmurs and moans
As if it writhed with the cholic—
With other strange supernatural tones,
From wood, and water, and echoing stones,
Not to forget unburied bones—
In a region so diabolic!

A place where he whom we call old Scratch,
By help of his Witches—a precious batch—
Gives midnight concerts and sermons,
In a Pulpit and Orchestra built to match,
A plot right worthy of him to hatch,
And well adapted, he knows, to catch
The musical, mystical Germans!

However it 's quite
As wild a night
As ever was known on that sinister height
Since the Demon-Dance was morriced—
The earth is dark, and the sky is scowling,
And the blast through the pines is howling and growling,
As if a thousand wolves were prowling
About in the old BLACK FOREST!

Madly, sadly, the Tempest raves
Through the narrow gullies and hollow caves,

And bursts on the rocks in windy waves,
Like the billows that roar
On a gusty shore
Mourning over the mariners' graves—
Nay, more like a frantic lamentation
From a howling set
Of demons met
To wake a dead relation.

Badly, madly, the vapours fly
Over the dark distracted sky,
At a pace that no pen can paint!
Black and vague like the shadows of dreams,
Scudding over the moon that seems,
Shorn of half her usual beams,
As pale as if she would faint!

The lightning flashes,
The thunder crashes,
The trees encounter with horrible clashes,
While rolling up from marish and bog,
Rank and rich,
As from Stygian ditch,
Rises a foul sulphureous fog,
Hinting that Satan himself is agog,—
But leaving at once this heroical pitch,
The night is a very bad night in which
You wouldn't turn out a dog.

Yet ONE there is abroad in the storm,
And whenever by chance
The moon gets a glance,
She spies the Traveller's lonely form,
Walking, leaping, striding along,
As none can do but the super-strong;
And flapping his arms to keep him warm,
For the breeze from the North is a regular starver,
And to tell the truth,
More keen, in sooth,
And cutting than any German carver!

However, no time it is to lag,
And on he scrambles from crag to crag,
Like one determined never to flag—
Now weathers a block
Of jutting rock,
With hardly room for a toe to wag;
But holding on by a timber snag,
That looks like the arm of a friendly hag;
Then stooping under a drooping bough,
Or leaping over some horrid chasm,
Enough to give any heart a spasm!
And sinking down a precipice now,
Keeping his feet the deuce knows how,
In spots whence all creatures would keep aloof,
Except the Goat, with his cloven hoof,
Who clings to the shallowest ledge as if
He grew like the weed on the face of the cliff!

So down, still down, the Traveller goes,
Safe as the Chamois amid his snows,
Though fiercer than ever the hurricane blows,
And round him eddy, with whirl and whizz,
Tornadoes of hail, and sleet, and rain,
Enough to bewilder a weaker brain,
Or blanch any other visage than his,
Which spite of lightning, thunder, and hail,
The blinding sleet and the freezing gale,
And the horrid abyss,
If his foot should miss,
Instead of tending at all to pale,
Like cheeks that feel the chill of affright—
Remains—the very reverse of white!

His heart is granite—his iron nerve
Feels no convulsive twitches;
And as to his foot, it does not swerve,
Tho' the Screech-Owls are flitting about him that serve
For parrots to Brocken Witches!

Nay, full in his very path he spies
The gleam of the Wehr Wolf's horrid eyes;

But if his members quiver—
It is not for *that*—no, it is not for *that*—
Nor rat,
Nor cat,
As black as your hat,
Nor the snake that hiss'd, nor the toad that spat,
Nor glimmering candles of dead men's fat,
Nor even the flap of the Vampire Bat,
No anserine skin would rise thereat,
It 's the cold that makes *Him* shiver!

So down, still down, through gully and glen,
Never trodden by foot of men,
Past the Eagle's nest, and the She-Wolf's den,
Never caring a jot how steep
Or how narrow the track he has to keep,
Or how wide and deep
An abyss to leap,
Or what may fly, or walk, or creep,
Down he hurries through darkness and storm,
Flapping his arms to keep him warm—
Till threading many a pass abhorrent,
At last he reaches the mountain gorge,
And takes a path along by a torrent—
The very identical path, by St. George!
Down which young Fridolin went to the Forge,
With a message meant for his own death-warrant!

Young Fridolin! young Fridolin!
So free from sauce, and sloth, and sin,
The best of pages
Whatever their ages,
Since first that singular fashion came in—
Not he like those modern and idle young gluttons
With little jackets, so smart and spruce,
Of Lincoln green, sky-blue, or puce—
And a little gold lace you may introduce—
Very showy, but as for use,
Not worth so many buttons!

Young Fridolin! young Fridolin!
Of his duty so true a fulfiller—
But here we need no farther go
For whoever desires the Tale to know,
May read it all in Schiller.

Faster now the Traveller speeds,
Whither his guiding beacon leads,
For by yonder glare
In the murky air,
He knows that the Eisen Hutte is there!
With its sooty Cyclops, savage and grim,
Hosts, a guest had better forbear,
Whose thoughts are set upon dainty fare—
But stiff with cold in every limb,
The Furnace Fire is the bait for *Him!*

Faster and faster still he goes,
Whilst redder and redder the welkin glows,
And the lowest clouds that scud in the sky
Get crimson fringes in flitting by.
Till lo! amid the lurid light,
The darkest object intensely dark,
Just where the bright is intensely bright,
The Forge, the Forge itself is in sight,
Like the pitch-black hull of a burning bark,
With volleying smoke, and many a spark,
Vomiting fire, red, yellow, and white!

Restless, quivering tongues of flame!
Heavenward striving still to go,
While others, reversed in the stream below,

Seem seeking a place we will not name,
But well that Traveller knows the same,
Who stops and stands,
So rubbing his hands,
And snuffing the rare
Perfumes in the air,
For old familiar odours are there,
And then direct by the shortest cut,
Like Alpine Marmot, whom neither rut,
Rivers, rocks, nor thickets rebut,
Makes his way to the blazing Hut!

PART II

Idly watching the Furnace-flames,
The men of the stithy
Are in their smithy,
Brutal monsters, with bulky frames,
Beings Humanity scarcely claims,
But hybrids rather of demon race,
Unbless'd by the holy rite of grace,
Who never had gone by Christian names,
Mark, or Matthew, Peter, or James—
Naked, foul, unshorn, unkempt,
From touch of natural shame exempt,
Things of which Delirium has dreamt—
But wherefore dwell on these verbal sketches,
When traced with frightful truth and vigour,
Costume, attitude, face, and figure,
Retsch has drawn the very wretches!

However, there they lounge about,
The grim, gigantic fellows,
Hardly hearing the storm without,
That makes so very dreadful a rout,
For the constant roar
From the furnace door,
And the blast of the monstrous bellows,

Oh, what a scene
That Forge had been
For Salvator Rosa's study!
With wall, and beam, and post, and pin,
And those ruffianly creatures, like Shapes of Sin,
Hair, and eyes, and rusty skin,
Illumed by a light so ruddy
The Hut, and whatever there is therein,
Looks either red-hot or bloody!

And, oh! to hear the frequent burst
Of strange, extravagant laughter,
Harsh and hoarse,
And resounding perforce
From echoing roof and rafter!
Though curses, the worst
That ever were curst,
And threats that Cain invented the first,
Come growling the instant after!

But again the livelier peal is rung,
For the Smith-hight Salamander,
In the jargon of some Titanic tongue,
Elsewhere never said or sung,
With the voice of a Stentor in joke has flung
Some cumbrous sort
Of sledge-hammer retort
At Red Beard, the crew's commander.

Some frightful jest—who knows how wild,
Or obscene, from a monster so defiled,
And a horrible mouth, of such extent,
From flapping ear to ear it went,
And show'd such tusks whenever it smiled—
The very mouth to devour a child!

But fair or foul the jest gives birth
To another bellow of demon mirth,
That far outroars the weather,
As if all the Hyænas that prowl the earth
Had clubb'd their laughs together!

And lo! in the middle of all the din,
Not seeming to care a single pin,
For a prospect so volcanic,
A Stranger steps abruptly in,
Of an aspect rather Satanic:

And he looks with a grin, at those
Cyclops grim,
Who stare and grin again at him
With wondrous little panic.

Then up to the Furnace the Stranger
goes,
Eager to thaw his ears and nose,
And warm his frozen fingers and toes—
While each succeeding minute,
Hotter and hotter the Smithy grows,
And seems to declare,
By a fiercer glare,
On wall, roof, floor, and everywhere,
It knows the Devil is in it!

Still not a word
Is utter'd or heard,
But the beetle-brow'd Foreman nods
and winks,
Much as a shaggy old Lion blinks,
And makes a shift
To impart his drift
To a smoky brother, who, joining the
links,
Hints to a third the thing he thinks;
And whatever it be,
They all agree
In smiling with faces full of glee,
As if about to enjoy High Jinks.

What sort of tricks they mean to play
By way of diversion, who can say,
Of such ferocious and barbarous folk,
Who chuckled, indeed, and never
spoke
Of burning Robert the Jäger to coke,
Except as a capital practical joke!
Who never thought of Mercy, or
heard her,
Or any gentle emotion felt;
But hard as the iron they had to melt,
Sported with Danger and romp'd
with Murder!

Meanwhile the Stranger—
The Brocken Ranger,
Besides another and hotter post,
That renders him not averse to a
roast,—
Creeping into the Furnace almost,
Has made himself as warm as a toast—

When, unsuspicious of any danger,
And least of all of any such maggot
As treating his body like a faggot,
All at once he is seized and shoven
In pastime cruel,
Like so much fuel,
Headlong into the blazing oven!

In he goes! with a frightful shout
Mock'd by the rugged ruffianly band,
As round the Furnace mouth they
stand,
Bar, and shovel, and ladle in hand,
To hinder their Butt from crawling
out,
Who making one fierce attempt,
but vain,
Receives such a blow
From Red-Beard's crow
As crashes the skull and gashes the
brain,
And blind, and dizzy, and stunn'd
with pain,
With merely an interjectional 'oh!'
Back he rolls in the flames again.

'Ha! Ha! Ho! Ho!' That second
fall
Seems the very best joke of all,
To judge by the roar,
Twice as loud as before,
That fills the Hut, from the roof to the
floor,
And flies a league or two out of the
door,
Up the mountain and over the moor—
But scarcely the jolly echoes they
wake,
Have well begun
To take up the fun,
Ere the shaggy Felons have cause to
quake,
And begin to feel that the deed
they have done,
Instead of being a pleasant one,
Was a very great error—and no mis-
take.

For why?—in lieu
Of its former hue,
So natural, warm, and florid,

The Furnace burns of a brimstone blue,
And instead of the *couleur de rose* it threw,
With a cooler reflection,—justly due—
Exhibits each of the Pagan crew,
Livid, ghastly, and horrid!
But vainly they close their guilty eyes
Against prophetic fears;
Or with hard and horny palms devise
To dam their enormous ears—
There are sounds in the air,
Not here or there,
Irresistible voices everywhere,
No bulwarks can ever rebut,
And to match the screams,
Tremendous gleams,
Of Horrors that like the Phantoms of dreams
They see with their eyelids shut!
For awful coveys of terrible things,
With forked tongues and venomous stings,
On hagweed, broomsticks, and leathern wings,
Are hovering round the Hut!

Shapes, that within the focus bright
Of the Forge, are like shadows and blots;
But farther off, in the shades of night,
Clothed with their own phosphoric light,
Are seen in the darkest spots.

Sounds! that fill the air with noises,
Strange and indescribable voices,
From Hags, in a diabolical clatter—
Cats that spit curses, and apes that chatter
Scraps of cabalistical matter—
Owls that screech, and dogs that yell—
Skeleton hounds that will never be fatter—
All the domestic tribes of Hell,
Shrieking for flesh to tear and tatter,
Bones to shatter,
And limbs to scatter,
And who it is that must furnish the latter
Those blue-looking Men know well!

Those blue-looking men that huddle together,
For all their sturdy limbs and thews,
Their unshorn locks, like Nazarene Jews,
And buffalo beards, and hides of leather,
Huddled all in a heap together,
Like timid lamb, and ewe, and wether,
And as females say,
In a similar way,
Fit for knocking down with a feather!

In and out, in and out,
The gathering Goblins hover about,
Ev'ry minute augmenting the rout;
For like a spell
The unearthly smell
That fumes from the Furnace, chimney and mouth,
Draws them in—an infernal Legion—
From East, and West, and North, and South,
Like carrion birds from ev'ry region,
Till not a yard square
Of the sickening air
But has a Demon or two for its share,
Breathing fury, woe, and despair,
Never, never was such a sight!
It beats the very Walpurgis Night,
Display'd in the story of Doctor Faustus,
For the scene to describe
Of the awful tribe,
If we were *two* Göthe's, would quite exhaust us!

Suffice it, amid that dreary swarm,
There musters each foul repulsive form
That ever a fancy overwarm
Begot in its worst delirium;
Besides some others of monstrous size,
Never before revealed to eyes,
Of the genus Megatherium!

Meanwhile the demons, filthy and foul,
Gorgon, Chimera, Harpy, and Ghoul,
Are not contented to jibber and howl
As a dirge for their late commander;

But one of the bevy—witch or wizard,
Disguised as a monstrous flying lizard,
Springs on the grisly Salamander,
Who stoutly fights, and struggles, and kicks,
And tries the best of his wrestling tricks,
No paltry strife,
But for life, dear life.
But the ruthless talons refuse to unfix,
Till far beyond a surgical case,
With starting eyes, and black in the face,
Down he tumbles as dead as bricks!

A pretty sight for his mates to view!
Those shaggy murderers looking so blue,
And for him above all,
Red-bearded and tall,
With whom, at that very particular nick,
There is such an unlucky crow to pick,
As the one of iron that did the trick
In a recent bloody affair—
No wonder feeling a little sick,
With pulses beating uncommonly quick,
And breath he never found so thick,
He longs for the open air!

Three paces, or four,
And he gains the door;
But ere he accomplishes one,
The sound of a blow comes, heavy and dull,
And clasping his fingers round his skull,
However the deed was done,
That gave him that florid
Red gash on the forehead—
With a roll of the eyeballs perfectly horrid,
There 's a tremulous quiver,
The last death-shiver,
And Red-Beard's course is run!

Halloo! Halloo!
They have done for two!
But a heavyish job remains to do!

For yonder, sledge and shovel in hand,
Like elder Sons of Giant Despair,
A couple of Cyclops make a stand,
And fiercely hammering here and there,
Keep at bay the Powers of Air—
But desperation is all in vain!—
They faint—they choke,
For the sulphurous smoke
Is poisoning heart, and lung, and brain,
They reel, they sink, they gasp, they smother,
One for a moment survives his brother,
Then rolls a corpse across the other!

Halloo! Halloo!
And Hullabaloo!
There is only one more thing to do—
And seized by beak, and talon, and claw,
Bony hand, and hairy paw,
Yea, crooked horn, and tusky jaw,
The four huge Bodies are haul'd and shoven
Each after each in the roaring oven!

* * * * * *
* * * * * *

That Eisen Hutte is standing still,
Go to the Hartz whenever you will,
And there it is beside a hill,
And a rapid stream that turns many a mill;
The self-same Forge,—you'll know it at sight—
Casting upward, day and night,
Flames of red, and yellow, and white!
Ay, half a mile from the mountain gorge,
There it is, the famous Forge,
With its Furnace,—the same that blazed of yore,—
Hugely fed with fuel and ore;
But ever since that tremendous Revel,
Whatever Iron is melted therein,—
As Travellers know who have been to Berlin—
Is all *as black as the Devil!*

SONNET

THE world is with me, and its many cares,
Its woes—its wants—the anxious hopes and fears
That wait on all terrestrial affairs—
The shades of former and of future years—
Foreboding fancies, and prophetic tears,
Quelling a spirit that was once elate—
Heavens! what a wilderness the earth appears,
Where Youth, and Mirth, and Health are out of date!
But no—a laugh of innocence and joy
Resounds, like music of the fairy race,
And gladly turning from the world's annoy
I gaze upon a little radiant face,
And bless, internally, the merry boy
Who 'makes a *son-shine* in a shady-place.'

THE FLOWER

ALONE, across a foreign plain,
The Exile slowly wanders,
And on his Isle beyond the main
With sadden'd spirit ponders.

This lovely Isle beyond the sea,
With all its household treasures;
Its cottage homes, its merry birds,
And all its rural pleasures:

Its leafy woods, its shady vales,
Its moors, and purple heather;
Its verdant fields bedeck'd with stars
His childhood loves to gather:

When lo! he starts, with glad surprise,
Home-joys come rushing o'er him,
For 'modest, wee, and crimson-tipp'd,'
He spies the flower before him!

With eager haste he stoops him down,
His eyes with moisture hazy,
And as he plucks the simple bloom,
He murmurs, 'Lawk-a-daisy!'

EPIGRAM: ON THE ART UNIONS

THAT Picture-Raffles will conduce to nourish
Design, or cause good Colouring to flourish,
Admits of logic-chopping and wise sawing,
But surely Lotteries encourage Drawing!

A BLACK JOB

'No doubt the pleasure is as great,
Of being cheated as to cheat.'—*Hudibras.*

THE history of human-kind to trace,
Since Eve—the first of dupes—our doom unriddled,
A certain portion of the human race
Has certainly a taste for being diddled.

Witness the famous Mississippi dreams!
A rage that time seems only to redouble—
The Banks, Joint-Stocks, and all the flimsy schemes,
For rolling in Pactolian streams,
That cost our modern rogues so little trouble.
No matter what,—to pasture cows on stubble,
To twist sea-sand into a solid rope,
To make French bricks and fancy bread of rubble,
Or light with gas the whole celestial cope—
Only propose to blow a bubble,
And Lord! what hundreds will subscribe for soap!

Soap!—it reminds me of a little tale,
Tho' not a pig's, the hawbuck's glory,
When rustic games and merriment prevail—
But here 's my story:
Once on a time—no matter when—
A knot of very charitable men
Set up a Philanthropical Society,
Professing on a certain plan,
To benefit the race of man,
And in particular that dark variety,
Which some suppose inferior—as in vermin
The sable is to ermine,
As smut to flour, as coal to alabaster,
As crows to swans, as soot to driven snow,
As blacking, or as ink to 'milk below,'
Or yet a better simile to show,
As ragman's dolls to images in plaster!

However, as is usual in our city,
They had a sort of managing Committee,
A board of grave responsible Directors—
A Secretary, good at pen and ink—
A Treasurer, of course, to keep the chink,
And quite an army of Collectors!
Not merely male, but female duns,
Young, old, and middle-aged—of all degrees—
With many of those persevering ones,
Who mite by mite would beg a cheese!
And what might be their aim?
To rescue Afric's sable sons from fetters—
To save their bodies from the burning shame
Of branding with hot letters—
Their shoulders from the cowhide's bloody strokes,
Their necks from iron yokes?
To end or mitigate the ills of slavery,
The Planter's avarice, the Driver's knavery?
To school the heathen Negroes and enlighten 'em,
To polish up and brighten 'em,

And make them worthy of eternal bliss?
Why, no—the simple end and aim was this—
Reading a well-known proverb much amiss—
To wash and whiten 'em!

They look'd so ugly in their sable hides:
So dark, so dingy, like a grubby lot
Of sooty sweeps, or colliers, and besides,
However the poor elves
Might wash themselves
Nobody knew if they were clean or not—
On Nature's fairness they were quite a blot!
Not to forget more serious complaints
That even while they join'd in pious hymn,
So black they were and grim,
In face and limb,
They look'd like Devils, tho' they sang like Saints!
The thing was undeniable!
They wanted washing! not that slight ablution
To which the skin of the White Man is liable,
Merely removing transient pollution—
But good, hard, honest, energetic rubbing
And scrubbing,
Sousing each sooty frame from heels to head
With stiff, strong, saponaceous lather,
And pails of water—hottish rather,
But not so boiling as to turn 'em red!

So spoke the philanthropic man
Who laid, and hatch'd, and nursed the plan—
And oh! to view its glorious consummation!
The brooms and mops,
The tubs and slops,
The baths and brushes in full operation!

To see each Crow, or Jim, or John,
Go in a raven and come out a swan.
While fair as Cavendishes, Vanes, and Russells,
Black Venus rises from the soapy surge,
And all the little Niggerlings emerge
As lily-white as mussels.

Sweet was the vision—but alas!
However in prospectus bright and sunny,
To bring such visionary scenes to pass
One thing was requisite, and that was—money!
Money, that pays the laundress and her bills,
For socks and collars, shirts and frills,
Cravats and kerchiefs—money, without which
The negroes must remain as dark as pitch;
A thing to make all Christians sad and shivery,
To think of millions of immortal souls
Dwelling in bodies black as coals,
And living—so to speak—in Satan's livery!

Money—the root of evil,—dross, and stuff!
But oh! how happy ought the rich to feel,
Whose means enable them to give enough
To blanch an African from head to heel!
How blessed—yea thrice blessed—to subscribe
Enough to scour a tribe!
While he whose fortune was at best a brittle one,
Although he gave but pence, how sweet to know
He helped to bleach a Hottentot's great toe,
Or little one!

Moved by this logic, or appall'd,
To persons of a certain turn so proper,

The money came when call'd,
In silver, gold, and copper,
Presents from 'Friends to blacks,' or foes to whites,
'Trifles,' and 'offerings,' and 'widows' mites,'
Plump legacies, and yearly benefactions,
With other gifts
And charitable lifts,
Printed in lists and quarterly transactions.
As thus—Elisha Brettel,
An iron kettle.
The Dowager Lady Scannel,
A piece of flannel.
Rebecca Pope,
A bar of soap.
The Misses Howels,
Half-a-dozen towels.
The Master Rush's
Two scrubbing brushes.
Mr. T. Groom,
A stable broom,
And Mrs. Grubb,
A tub.

Great were the sums collected!
And great results in consequence expected.
But somehow, in the teeth of all endeavour,
According to reports
At yearly courts,
The Blacks, confound them! were as black as ever!

Yes! spite of all the water sous'd aloft,
Soap, plain and mottled, hard and soft,
Soda and pearlash, huckaback and sand,
Brooms, brushes, palm of hand,
And scourers in the office strong and clever,
In spite of all the tubbing, rubbing, scrubbing,
The routing and the grubbing,
The Blacks, confound them! were as black as ever!

In fact in his perennial speech,
The Chairman own'd the niggers did not bleach,
As he had hoped,
From being washed and soaped,
A circumstance he named with grief and pity;
But still he had the happiness to say,
For self and the Committee,
By persevering in the present way
And scrubbing at the Blacks from day to day,
Although he could not promise perfect white,
From certain symptoms that had come to light,
He hoped in time to get them gray!

Lull'd by this vague assurance,
The friends and patrons of the sable tribe
Continued to subscribe,
And waited, waited on with much endurance—
Many a frugal sister, thrifty daughter—
Many a stinted widow, pinching mother—
With income by the tax made somewhat shorter,
Still paid implicitly her crown per quarter,
Only to hear as ev'ry year came round,
That Mr. Treasurer had spent her pound;
And as she loved her sable brother,
That Mr. Treasurer must have another!

But, spite of pounds or guineas,
Instead of giving any hint
Of turning to a neutral tint,
The plaguy Negroes and their piccaninies
Were still the colour of the bird that caws—
Only some very aged souls
Showing a little gray upon their polls,
Like daws!

However, nothing dashed
By such repeated failures, or abash'd,
The Court still met;—the Chairman and Directors,
The Secretary, good at pen and ink,
The worthy Treasurer, who kept the chink,
And all the cash Collectors;
With hundreds of that class, so kindly credulous,
Without whose help, no charlatan alive,
Or Bubble Company could hope to thrive,
Or busy Chevalier, however sedulous—
Those good and easy innocents in fact,
Who willingly receiving chaff for corn,
As pointed out by Butler's tact,
Still find a secret pleasure in the act
Of being pluck'd and shorn!

However, in long hundreds there they were,
Thronging the hot, and close, and dusty court,
To hear once more addresses from the Chair,
And regular Report.
Alas! concluding in the usual strain,
That what with everlasting wear and tear,
The scrubbing-brushes hadn't got a hair—
The brooms—mere stumps—would never serve again—
The soap was gone, the flannels all in shreds,
The towels worn to threads,
The tubs and pails too shatter'd to be mended—
And what was added with a deal of pain,
But as accounts correctly would explain,
Tho' thirty thousand pounds had been expended—
The Blackamoors had still been wash'd in vain!

'In fact, the Negroes were as black as ink,
Yet, still as the Committee dared to think,
And hoped the proposition was not rash,
A rather free expenditure of cash—'
But ere the prospect could be made more sunny—
Up jump'd a little, lemon-coloured man,
And with an eager stammer, thus began,
In angry earnest, though it sounded funny:
'What! More subscriptions! No—no—no,—not I!
You have had time—time—time enough to try!
They won't come white! then why—why—why—why—why,
More money?'

'Why!' said the Chairman, with an accent bland,
And gentle waving of his dexter hand,
'Why must we have more dross, and dirt, and dust,
More filthy lucre, in a word, more gold—
The why, sir, very easily is told,
Because Humanity declares we must!
We've scrubb'd the Negroes till we've nearly killed 'em,
And finding that we cannot wash them white,
But still their nigritude offends the sight,
We mean to gild 'em!'

ON LIEUTENANT EYRE'S NARRATIVE OF THE DISASTERS AT CABUL

A SORRY tale of sorry plans,
Which this conclusion grants,
That Afghan clans had all the *Khans*
And we had all the can'ts.

EPIGRAM

ON A LATE CATTLE-SHOW IN SMITHFIELD

OLD Farmer Bull is taken sick,
Yet not with any sudden trick
Of fever, or his old dyspepsy;
But having seen the foreign stock,
It gave his system such a shock
He 's had a fit of *Cattle-epsy!*

MORE HULLAH-BALOO

'Loud as from numbers without number.'—*Milton.*
'You may do it extempore, for it is nothing but roaring.'—*Quince.*

AMONGST the great inventions of this age,
Which ev'ry other century surpasses,
Is one,—just now the rage,—
Call'd 'Singing for all Classes'—
That is, for all the British millions,
And billions,
And quadrillions,
Not to name *Quintilians*,
That now, alas! have no more ear than asses,
To learn to warble like the birds in June,
In time and tune,
Correct as clocks, and musical as glasses!

In fact, a sort of plan,
Including gentleman as well as yokel,
Public or private man,
To call out a militia,—only Vocal
Instead of Local,
And not designed for military follies,
But keeping still within the civil border,
To form with mouths in open order,
And sing in volleys.
Whether this grand harmonic scheme
Will ever get beyond a dream,
And tend to British happiness and glory,
Maybe no, and maybe yes,
Is more than I pretend to guess—
However, here 's my story.

In one of those small quiet streets,
Where business retreats,
To shun the daily bustle and the noise
The shoppy Strand enjoys,
But Law, Joint-Companies, and Life Assurance
Find past endurance—

In one of those back streets, to Peace so dear,
The other day a ragged wight
Began to sing with all his might,
'I have a silent sorrow here!'

The place was lonely; not a creature stirr'd
Except some little dingy bird;
Or vagrant cur that sniff'd along,
Indifferent to the Son of Song;
No truant errand-boy, or Doctor's lad,
No idle filch or lounging cad,
No Pots encumber'd with diurnal beer,
No printer's devil with an author's proof,
Or housemaid on an errand far aloof,
Linger'd the tatter'd melodist to hear—
Who yet, confound him! bawl'd as loud
As if he had to charm a London crowd,
Singing beside the public way,
Accompanied—instead of violin,
Flute, or piano, chiming in—
By rumbling cab, and omnibus, and dray,
A van with iron bars to play *staccato*,
Or engine *obligato*—
In short, without one instrument vehicular
(Not ev'n a truck, to be particular),
There stood the rogue and roar'd,
Unasked and unencored,
Enough to split the organs call'd auricular!

Heard in that quiet place,
Devoted to a still and studious race,
The noise was quite appalling!
To seek a fitting simile and spin it,
Appropriate to his calling,
His voice had all Lablache's *body* in it;
But oh! the scientific tone it lack'd,
And was in fact,
Only a forty-boatswain-power of bawling!—
'Twas said, indeed, for want of vocal *nous*,
The stage had banish'd him when he attempted it,—
For tho' his voice completely fill'd the house,
It also emptied it.
However, there he stood
Vociferous—a ragged don!
And with his iron pipes laid on,
A row to all the neighbourhood.

In vain were sashes closed
And doors, against the persevering Stentor,
Though brick, and glass, and solid oak opposed,
Th' intruding voice would enter,
Heedless of ceremonial or decorum,
Den, office, parlour, study, and sanctorum;
Where clients and attorneys, rogues, and fools,
Ladies, and masters who attended schools,
Clerks, agents, all provided with their tools,
Were sitting upon sofas, chairs, and stools,
With shelves, pianos, tables, desks, before 'em—
How it did bore 'em!

Louder and louder still,
The fellow sang with horrible good-will,
Curses both loud and deep his sole gratuities,
From scribes bewilder'd making many a flaw
In deeds of law
They had to draw;
With dreadful incongruities
In posting ledgers, making up accounts
To large amounts,
Or casting up annuities—
Stunn'd by that voice, so loud and hoarse,
Against whose overwhelming force
No in-voice stood a chance, of course!

The Actuary pshaw'd and 'pish'd,'
And knit his calculating brows, and wish'd
The singer 'a bad life'—a mental murther!
The Clerk, resentful of a blot and blunder,
Wish'd the musician further,
Poles distant—and no wonder!
For Law and Harmony tend far asunder—
The lady could not keep her temper calm,
Because the sinner did not sing a psalm—
The Fiddler, in the very same position
As Hogarth's chafed musician
(Such prints require but cursory reminders)
Came and made faces at the wretch beneath,
And wishing for his foe between his teeth,
(Like all impatient elves
That spite themselves)
Ground his own grinders.

But still with unrelenting note,
Though not a copper came of it, in verity,
The horrid fellow with the ragged coat
And iron throat,
Heedless of present honour and prosperity,
Sang like a Poet singing for posterity,
In penniless reliance—
And, sure, the most immortal Man of Rhyme
Never set Time
More thoroughly at defiance!

From room to room, from floor to floor,
From number One to Twenty-four
The Nuisance bellow'd, till all patience lost,
Down came Miss Frost,
Expostulating at her open door—
'Peace, monster, peace!
Where *is* the New Police!
I vow I cannot work, or read, or pray,
Don't stand there bawling, fellow, don't!
You really send my serious thoughts astray,
Do—there 's a dear good man—do go away.'
Says he, 'I won't!'

The spinster pull'd her door to with a slam,
That sounded like a wooden d——n,
For so some moral people, strictly loth
To swear in words, however up,
Will crash a curse in setting down a cup,
Or through a door post vent a banging oath—
In fact, this sort of physical transgression
Is really no more difficult to trace
Than in a given face
A very bad expression.

However, in she went,
Leaving the subject of her discontent
To Mr. Jones's clerk at Number Ten;
Who, throwing up the sash,
With accents rash,
Thus hail'd the most vociferous of men:
'Come, come, I say, old feller, stop your chant!
I cannot write a sentence—no one can't!
So just pack up your trumps,
And stir your stumps—'
Says he, 'I shan't!'

Down went the sash
As if devoted to 'eternal smash'
(Another illustration
Of acted imprecation),
While close at hand, uncomfortably near,
The independent voice, so loud and strong,
And clanging like a gong,
Roar'd out again the everlasting song,
'I have a silent sorrow here!'

The thing was hard to stand!
The Music-master could not stand it—
But rushing forth with fiddle-stick in hand,
As savage as a bandit,
Made up directly to the tatter'd man,
And thus in broken sentences began—
But playing first a prelude of grimace,
Twisting his features to the strangest shapes,
So that to guess his subject from his face,
He meant to give a lecture upon apes—

'Com—com—I say!
You go away!
Into two parts my head you split—
My fiddle cannot hear himself a bit,
When I do play—
You have no bis'ness in a place so still!
Can you not come another day?'
Says he—'I will.'

'No—no—you scream and bawl!
You must not come at all!
You have no rights, by rights, to beg—
You have not one off-leg—
You ought to work—you have not some complaint—
You are not crippled in your back or bones—
Your voice is strong enough to break some stones'—
Says he—'It ain't!'

'I say you ought to labour!
You are in a young case,
You have not sixty years upon your face,
To come and beg your neighbour,
And discompose his music with a noise
More worse than twenty boys—
Look what a street it is for quiet!
No cart to make a riot,
No coach, no horses, no postilion,
If you will sing, I say, it is not just,
To sing so loud.'—Says he, 'I MUST!
I'M SINGING FOR THE MILLION!'

ON A CERTAIN LOCALITY

OF public changes, good or ill,
I seldom lead the mooters,
But really Constitution Hill
Should change its name with Shooter's!

LAYING DOWN THE LAW

(ON THE CELEBRATED PICTURE SO CALLED)

—'I am Sir Oracle,
And when I ope my lips let no dog bark.'
Merchant of Venice.

'If thou wert born a Dog, remain so; but if thou wert born a Man, resume thy former shape.'—*Arabian Nights.*

A POODLE, Judge-like, with emphatic paw,
Dogmatically laying down the law,—
A batch of canine Counsel round the table,
Keen-eyed, and sharp of nose, and long of jaw,
At sight, at scent, at giving tongue, right able:—
O Edwin Landseer, Esquire, and R.A.,
Thou great Pictorial Esop, say,
What is the moral of this painted fable?

O say, accomplished Artist!
Was it thy purpose, by a scene so quizzical,
To read a wholesome lesson to the Chartist,
So over-partial to the means called Physical,
Sticks, staves, and swords, and guns, the tools of treason?
To show, illustrating the better course,
The very Brutes abandoning Brute Force,
The worry and the fight,
The bark and bite,
In which, says Dr. Watts, the dogs delight,
And lending shaggy ears to Law and Reason,
As utter'd in that Court of high antiquity
Where sits the Chancellor, supreme as Pope,
But works—so let us hope—
In equity, not iniquity?

Or was it but a speculation
On transmigration,
How certain of our most distinguish'd Daniels,
Interpreters of Law's bewildering book,
Would look
Transform'd to mastiffs, setters, hounds, and spaniels,
(As Bramins in their Hindoo code advance)
With that great lawyer of the Upper House
Who rules all suits by equitable *nous*,
Become—like vile Armina's spouse—
A Dog, called Chance? [1]
Methinks, indeed, I recognise
In those deep-set and meditative eyes
Engaged in mental puzzle,
And that portentous muzzle,
A celebrated Judge, too prone to tarry,
To hesitate on devious ins and outs,
And on preceding doubts to build *redoubts*
That regiments could not carry—
Prolonging even Law's delays, and still
Putting a skid upon the wheel up-hill,
Meanwhile the weary and desponding client
Seem'd—in the agonies of indecision—
In Doubting Castle, with that dreadful Giant
Described in Bunyan's Vision!

So slow, indeed, was justice in its ways,
Beset by more than customary clogs,
Going to law in those expensive days
Was much the same as going to the Dogs!
But, possibly, I err,
And that sagacious and judicial Creature,
So Chancellor-like in feature,
With ears so wig-like, and a cap of fur,
Looking as grave, responsible and sage,
As if he had the guardianship in fact,
Of all poor dogs, or crackt,
And puppies under age—
It may be that the Creature was not meant
Any especial Lord to represent,
Eldon, or Erskine, Cottenham or Thurlow,
Or Brougham (more like him whose potent jaw
Is holding forth the letter of the law),
Or Lyndhurst, after the vacation's furlough,
Presently sitting in the House of Peers,
On wool he sometimes wishes in his ears,
When touching Corn Laws, Taxes, or Tithe-piggery,
He hears a fierce attack,
And, sitting on his sack,
Listens in his great wig to greater Whiggery!

[1] See the story of Sidi Nouman, in the 'Arabian Nights.'

So, possibly, those others,
In coats so various, or sleek or rough,
Aim not at any of the legal brothers
Who wear the silken robe or gown of stuff.
Yet who that ever heard or saw
The Counsel sitting in that solemn Court,
Who, having passed the Bar, are safe in port,
Or those great Sergeants, learned in the Law,—
Who but must trace a feature now and then
Of those forensic men,
As good at finding heirs as any harriers,
Renown'd like greyhounds for long tales—indeed,
The Common Chancery reports to read
At worrying the ear as apt as terriers,—
Good at conveyance as the hairy carriers
That bear our gloves, umbrellas, hats, and sticks,
Books, baskets, bones, or bricks,
In Deeds of Trust as sure as Tray the trusty,—
Acute at sniffing flaws on legal grounds,
And lastly — well the catalogue it closes!—
Still following their predecessors' noses,
Through ways however dull or dusty,
As fond of hunting precedents, as hounds
Of running after foxes more than musty.

However slow or fast,
Full of urbanity, or supercilious,
In temper wild, serene, or atrabilious,
Fluent of tongue, or prone to legal saw,
The Dogs have got a Chancellor at last,
For Laying down the Law!
And never may the canine race regret it,
With whinings and repinings loud or deep,—
Ragged in coat, and shorten'd in their keep,
Worried by day, and troubled in their sleep,
With cares that prey upon the heart and fret it—
As human suitors have had cause to weep—
For what is Law, unless poor Dogs can get it
Dog-cheap?

EPIGRAM: THE SUPERIORITY OF MACHINERY

A MECHANIC his labour will often discard
If the rate of his pay he dislikes;
But a clock—and its *case* is uncommonly hard—
Will continue to work though it *strikes*.

A CUSTOM-HOUSE BREEZE

ONE day—no matter for the month or year,
A Calais packet, just come over,
And safely moor'd within the pier,
Began to land her passengers at Dover;
All glad to end a voyage long and rough,
And during which,
Through roll and pitch,
The Ocean-King had *sick*ophants enough!

Away as fast as they could walk or run,
Eager for steady rooms and quiet meals,
With bundles, bags, and boxes at their heels,
Away the passengers all went, but one,
A female, who from some mysterious check,
Still linger'd on the steamer's deck,
As if she did not care for land a tittle,
For horizontal rooms, and cleanly victual—
Or nervously afraid to put
Her foot
Into an Isle described as 'tight and little.'

In vain commissioner and touter,
Porter and waiter throng'd about her;
Boring, as such officials only bore—
In spite of rope and barrow, knot and truck,
Of plank and ladder, there she stuck,
She couldn't, no, she wouldn't go on shore.

'But ma'am,' the steward interfered,
'The wessel must be cleared.
You mustn't stay aboard, ma'am, no one don't!
It 's quite agin the orders so to do—
And all the passengers is gone but you.'
Says she, 'I cannot go ashore and won't!'
'You ought to!'
'But I can't!'
'You must!'
'I shan't!'

At last, attracted by the racket,
'Twixt gown and jacket,
The captain came himself, and cap in hand,
Begg'd very civilly to understand
Wherefore the lady could not leave the packet.

'Why then,' the lady whispered with a shiver,
That made the accents quiver,
'I've got some foreign silks about me pinn'd,
In short so many things, all contraband,
To tell the truth I am afraid to land,
In such a searching wind!'

PARTY SPIRIT

WHY did you not dine,' said a Lord to a Wit,
'With the Whigs, you political sinner?'
'Why really I meant, but had doubts how the *Pit*
Of my stomach would bear a Fox Dinner.'

ETCHING MORALISED

TO A NOBLE LADY

'To point a moral.'—*Johnson.*

FAIREST Lady and Noble, for once on a time,
Condescend to accept, in the humblest of rhyme,
And a style more of Gay than of Milton,
A few opportune verses design'd to impart
Some didactical hints in a Needlework Art,
Not described by the Countess of Wilton.

An Art not unknown to the delicate hand
Of the fairest and first in this insular land,
But in Patronage Royal delighting;
And which now your own feminine fantasy wins,
Tho' it scarce seems a lady-like work that begins
In a *scratching* and ends in a *biting!*

Yet oh! that the dames of the Scandalous School
Would but use the same acid, and sharp-pointed tool,
That are plied in the said operations—
Oh! would that our Candours on copper would sketch!
For the first of all things in beginning to etch
Are—good *grounds* for our representations.

Those protective and delicate coatings of wax,
Which are meant to resist the corrosive attacks
That would ruin the copper completely;
Thin cerements which whoso remembers the Bee
So applauded by Watts, the divine LL.D.,
Will be careful to spread very neatly.

For why? like some intricate deed of the law,
Should the ground in the process be left with a flaw,
Aquafortis is far from a joker;
And attacking the part that no coating protects,
Will turn out as distressing to all your *effects*
As a landlord who puts in a broker.

Then carefully spread the conservative stuff,
Until all the bright metal is cover'd enough,
To repel a destructive so active;
For in Etching, as well as in Morals, pray note
That a little raw spot, or a hole in a coat,
Your ascetics find vastly attractive.

Thus the ground being laid, very even and flat,
And then smoked with a taper, till black as a hat,
Still from future disasters to screen it,
Just allow me, by way of precaution, to state,
You must hinder the footman from changing your *plate*,
Nor yet suffer the butler to clean it.

Nay, the Housemaid, perchance, in her passion to scrub,
May suppose the dull metal in want of a rub,
Like the Shield which Swift's readers remember—
Not to mention the chance of some other mishaps,
Such as having your copper made up into caps
To be worn on the First of September.

But aloof from all damage by Betty or John,
You secure the veil'd surface, and trace thereupon
The design you conceive the most proper:
Yet gently, and not with a needle too keen,
Lest it pierce to the wax through the paper between,
And of course play Old Scratch with the copper.

So in worldly affairs, the sharp-practising man
Is not always the one who succeeds in his plan,
Witness Shylock's judicial exposure;
Who, as keen as his knife, yet with agony found,
That while urging his *point* he was losing his *ground*,
And incurring a fatal disclosure.

But, perhaps, without tracing at all, you may choose
To indulge in some little extempore views,
Like the older artistical people;
For example, a Corydon playing his pipe,
In a Low Country marsh, with a Cow after Cuyp,
And a Goat skipping over a steeple.

A wild Deer at a rivulet taking a sup,
With a couple of Pillars put in to fill up,
Like the columns of certain diurnals;
Or a very brisk sea, in a very stiff gale,
And a very Dutch boat, with a very big sail—
Or a bevy of Retzsch's Infernals.

Architectural study—or rich Arabesque—
Allegorical dream—or a view picturesque,

Near to Naples, or Venice, or Florence;
Or 'as harmless as lambs and as gentle as doves,'
A sweet family cluster of plump little Loves,
Like the Children by Reynolds or Lawrence.

But whatever the subject, your exquisite taste
Will ensure a design very charming and chaste,
Like yourself, full of nature and beauty—
Yet besides the *good points* you already reveal,
You will need a few others—of well-temper'd steel,
And especially form'd for the duty.

For suppose that the tool be imperfectly set,
Over many *weak lengths in your line* you will fret,
Like a pupil of Walton and Cotton,
Who remains by the brink of the water, agape,
While the jack, trout, or barbel, effects its escape
Thro' the gut or silk line being rotten.

Therefore, let the steel point be set truly and round,
That the finest of strokes may be even and sound,
Flowing glibly where fancy would lead 'em.
But alas! for the needle that fetters the hand,
And forbids even sketches of Liberty's land
To be drawn with the requisite freedom!

Oh! the botches I've seen by a tool of the sort,
Rather hitching than etching, and making, in short,
Such stiff, crabbed, and angular scratches,
That the figures seem'd statues or mummies from tombs,
While the trees were as rigid as bundles of brooms,
And the herbage like bunches of matches!

The stiff clouds as if carefully iron'd and starch'd,
While a cast-iron bridge, meant for wooden, o'er-arch'd
Something more like a road than a river.
Prythee, who in such characteristics could see
Any trace of the beautiful land of the free—
The Free-Mason—Free-Trader—Free-Liver!

But prepared by a hand that is skilful and nice,
The fine point glides along like a skate on the ice,
At the will of the Gentle Designer,
Who impelling the needle just presses so much,
That each line of her labour *the copper may touch*,
As if done by a penny-a-liner.

And behold! how the fast-growing images gleam!
Like the sparkles of gold in a sunshiny stream,
Till perplex'd by the glittering issue,
You repine for a light of a tenderer kind—
And in choosing a substance for making a blind,
Do not sneeze at the paper call'd *tissue*.

For, subdued by the sheet so transparent and white,
Your design will appear in a soberer light,
  And reveal its defects on inspection,
Just as Glory achieved, or political scheme,
And some more of our dazzling performances seem,
  Not so bright on a *cooler reflection.*

So the juvenile Poet with ecstasy views
His first verses, and dreams that the songs of his Muse
  Are as brilliant as Moore's and as tender—
Till some critical sheet scans the faulty design,
And alas! *takes the shine out of every line*
  That had form'd such a vision of splendour.

Certain objects, however, may come in your sketch,
Which, design'd by a hand unaccustom'd to etch,
  With a luckless result may be branded;
Wherefore add this particular rule to your code,
Let all vehicles take the *wrong* side of the road,
  And man, woman, and child, be *left-handed.*

Yet regard not the awkward appearance with doubt,
But remember how often mere blessings fall out,
  That at first seem'd no better than curses;
So, till *things take a turn*, live in hope, and depend
That whatever is wrong will come right in the end,
  And console you for all your *reverses.*

But of errors why speak, when for beauty and truth
Your free, spirited Etching is worthy, in sooth,
  Of that Club (may all honour betide it!)
Which, tho' dealing in copper, by genius and taste,
Has accomplish'd *a service of plate* not disgraced
  By the work of a Goldsmith beside it![1]

So your sketch superficially drawn on the plate,
It becomes you to fix in a permanent state,
  Which involves a precise operation,
With a keen biting fluid, which *eating its way*—
As in other professions is common they say—
  Has attain'd an artistical station.

And it 's, oh! that some splenetic folks I could name
If they *must* deal in acids would use but the same,
  In such innocent graphical labours!
In the place of the virulent spirit wherewith—
Like the polecat, the weasel, and things of that kith—
  They keep biting the backs of their neighbours!

But beforehand, with wax or the shoemaker's pitch,
You must build a neat dyke round the margin, in which

[1] 'The Deserted Village.' Illustrated by the Etching Club.

You may pour the dilute aquafortis.
For if raw, like a dram, it will shock you to trace
Your design with a horrible froth on its face,
Like a wretch in articulo mortis.

Like a wretch in the pangs that too many endure
From the use of *strong waters*, without any pure,
A vile practice, most sad and improper!
For, from painful examples, this warning is found,
That the raw burning spirit will *take up the ground*,
In the churchyard, as well as on copper!

But the Acid has duly been lower'd, and bites
Only just where the visible metal invites,
Like a nature inclined to meet troubles;
And behold! as each slender and glittering line
Effervesces, you trace the completed design
In an elegant bead-work of bubbles!

And yet constantly secretly eating its way,
The shrewd acid is making the substance its prey,
Like some sorrow beyond inquisition,
Which is gnawing the heart and the brain all the while
That the face is illumed by its cheerfullest smile,
And the wit is in bright ebullition.

But still stealthily feeding, the treacherous stuff
Has corroded and deepened some portions enough—
The pure sky, and the water so placid—
And these tenderer tints to defend from attack,
With some turpentine varnish and sooty lamp-black
You must *stop out* the ferreting acid.

But before with the varnishing brush you proceed,
Let the plate with cold water be thoroughly freed
From the other less innocent liquor—
After which, on whatever you want to protect,
Put a *coat* that will act to that very effect,
Like the black one which hangs on the Vicar.

Then the varnish well dried—urge the biting again,
But how long at its meal the *eau forte* may remain,
Time and practice alone can determine:
But of course not so long that the Mountain, and Mill,
The rude Bridge, and the Figures, whatever you will,
Are as black as the spots on your ermine.

It is true, none the less, that a dark-looking scrap,
With a sort of Blackheath, and Black Forest, mayhap,
Is consider'd as rather Rembrandty;
And that very black cattle and very black sheep,
A black dog, and a shepherd as black as a sweep,
Are the pets of some great Dilettante.

So with certain designers, one needs not to name,
All this life is a dark scene of sorrow and shame,
From our birth to our final adjourning—
Yea, this excellent earth and its glories, alack!
What with ravens, palls, cottons, and devils, as black
As a Warehouse for Family Mourning!

But before your own picture arrives at that pitch,
While the lights are still light, and the shadows, though rich,
More transparent than ebony shutters,
Never minding what Black-Arted critics may say,
Stop the biting, and pour the green fluid away,
As you please, into bottles or gutters.

Then removing the ground and the wax *at a heat*,
Cleanse the surface with oil, spermaceti or sweet,
For your hand a performance scarce proper—
So some careful professional person secure—
For the Laundress will not be a safe amateur—
To assist you in *cleaning the copper.*

And, in truth, 'tis a rather unpleasantish job,
To be done on a hot German stove, or a hob—
Though as sure of an instant forgetting
When—as after the dark clearing-off of a storm—
The fair Landscape shines out in a lustre as warm
As the glow of the sun in its setting!

Thus your Etching complete, it remains but to hint,
That with certain assistance from paper and print,
Which the proper Mechanic will settle,
You may charm all your Friends—without any sad tale
Of such perils and ills as beset Lady Sale—
With *a fine India Proof of your Metal.*

A REFLECTION

ON NEW YEAR'S EVE

'THOSE Evening Bells—those Evening Bells!'
How sweet they used to be, and dear!
When full of all that Hope foretells,
Their voice proclaim'd the new-born Year!

But ah! much sadder now I feel,
To hear that old melodious chime,
Recalling only how a *Peel*
Has tax'd *the comings-in of Time!*

SPRING

A NEW VERSION

'*Ham.* The air bites shrewdly—it is very cold.
Hor. It is a nipping and an eager air.'—*Hamlet.*

'COME, *gentle* Spring! ethereal *mildness* come!'
Oh! Thomson, void of rhyme as well as reason,
How couldst thou thus poor human nature hum?
There 's no such season.

The Spring! I shrink and shudder at her name!
For why, I find her breath a bitter blighter!
And suffer from her *blows* as if they came
From Spring the Fighter.

Her praises, then, let hardy poets sing,
And be her tuneful laureates and upholders,
Who do not feel as if they had a *Spring*
Pour'd down their shoulders!

Let others eulogise her floral shows,
From me they cannot win a single stanza,
I know her blooms are in full blow—and so 's
The Influenza.

Her cowslips, stocks, and lilies of the vale,
Her honey-blossoms that you hear the bees at,
Her pansies, daffodils, and primrose pale,
Are things I sneeze at!

Fair is the vernal quarter of the year!
And fair its early buddings and its blowings—
But just suppose Consumption's seeds appear
With other sowings!

For me, I find, when eastern winds are high,
A frigid, not a genial inspiration;
Nor can, like Iron-Chested Chubb, defy
An inflammation.

Smitten by breezes from the land of plague,
To me all vernal luxuries are fables,
Oh! where 's the *Spring* in a rheumatic leg,
Stiff as a table's?

I limp in agony,—I wheeze and cough;
And quake with Ague, that great Agitator;
Nor dream, before July, of leaving off
My Respirator.

What wonder if in May itself I lack
A peg for laudatory verse to hang on?—
Spring mild and gentle!—yes, as Spring-heeled Jack
To those he sprang on.

In short, whatever panegyrics lie
In fulsome odes too many to be cited,
The tenderness of Spring is all my eye,
And that is blighted!

A FIRST ATTEMPT IN RHYME

If I were used to writing verse,
And had a muse not so perverse,
But prompt at Fancy's call to spring
And carol like a bird in Spring;
Or like a Bee, in summer time,
That hums about a bed of thyme,
And gathers honey and delights
From ev'ry blossom where it 'lights;
If I, alas! had such a muse,
To touch the Reader or amuse,
And breathe the true poetic vein,
This page should not be fill'd in vain!
But ah! the pow'r was never mine
To dig for gems in Fancy's mine:
Or wander over land and main
To seek the Fairies' old domain—
To watch Apollo while he climbs
His throne in oriental climes;
Or mark the 'gradual dusky veil'
Drawn over Tempé's tuneful vale,
In classic lays remember'd long—
Such flights to bolder wings belong;
To Bards who on that glorious height,
Of sun and song, Parnassus hight,
Partake the fire divine that burns,
In Milton, Pope, and Scottish Burns,
Who sang his native braes and burns.

For me a novice strange and new,
Who ne'er such inspiration knew,
But weave a verse with travail sore,
Ordain'd to creep and not to soar,
A few poor lines alone I write,
Fulfilling thus a friendly rite,
Not meant to meet the Critic's eye,
For oh! to hope from such as I,
For anything that 's fit to read,
Were trusting to a broken reed!

1st of April, 1840. E. M. G.

EPIGRAM ON THE CHINESE TREATY

Our wars are ended—foreign battles cease,—
Great Britain owns an universal peace;
And Queen Victoria triumphs over all,
Still *'Mistress of herself' though China fall!*

THE SEASON

SUMMER 's gone and over!
Fogs are falling down;
And with russet tinges
Autumn 's doing brown.

Boughs are daily rifled
By the gusty thieves,
And the Book of Nature
Getteth short of leaves.

Round the tops of houses,
Swallows, as they flit,
Give, like yearly tenants,
Notices to quit.

Skies, of fickle temper,
Weep by turns, and laugh—
Night and Day together
Taking half-and-half.

So September endeth—
Cold, and most perverse—
But the month that follows
Sure will pinch us worse!

THE UNIVERSITY FEUD

A ROW AT THE OXFORD ARMS

'Glorious Apollo from on high beheld us.'—*Old Song.*

As latterly I chanced to pass
A Public House, from which, alas!
The Arms of Oxford dangle!
My ear was startled by a din,
That made me tremble in my skin,
A dreadful hubbub from within,
Of voices in a wrangle—
Voices loud, and voices high,
With now and then a party-cry,
Such as used in times gone by
To scare the British border;
When foes from North and South of Tweed—
Neighbours—and of Christian creed—
Met in hate to fight and bleed,
Upsetting Social Order.
Surpris'd I turn'd me to the crowd,
Attracted by that tumult loud,
And ask'd a gazer, beetle brow'd,
The cause of such disquiet.
When lo! the solemn-looking man,
First shook his head on Burleigh's plan,
And then, with fluent tongue, began
His version of the riot:

A row! why yes, a pretty row, you might hear from this to Garmany,
And what is worse, it 's all got up among the Sons of Harmony,
The more 's the shame for them as used to be in time and tune,
And all unite in chorus like the singing-birds in June!
Ah! many a pleasant chant I've heard in passing here along,
When Swiveller was President a-knocking down a song;
But Dick 's resign'd the post, you see, and all them shouts and hollers
Is 'cause two other candidates, some sort of larned scholars,
Are squabbling to be Chairman of the Glorious Apollers!

Lord knows their names, I'm sure I don't, no more than any yokel,
But I never heard of either as connected with the vocal;
Nay, some do say, although of course the public rumour varies,
They've no more warble in 'em than a pair of hen canaries;
Though that might pass if they were dabs at t'other sort of thing,
For a man may make a song, you know, although he cannot sing;

But lork! it 's many folk's belief they're only good at prosing,
For Catnach swears he never saw a verse of their composing;
And when a piece of poetry has stood its public trials,
If pop'lar, it gets printed off at once in Seven Dials,
And then about all sorts of streets, by every little monkey,
It 's chanted like the 'Dog's Meat Man,' or 'If I had a Donkey.'
Whereas, as Mr. Catnach says, and not a bad judge neither,
No ballad worth a ha'penny has ever come from either,
And him as writ 'Jim Crow,' he says, and got such lots of dollars,
Would make a better Chairman for the Glorious Apollers.

Howsomever that 's the meaning of the squabble that arouses
This neighbourhood, and quite disturbs all decent Heads of Houses,
Who want to have their dinners and their parties, as is reason,
In Christian peace and charity according to the season.
But from Number Thirty-Nine—since this electioneering job,
Ay, as far as Number Ninety, there 's an everlasting mob;
Till the thing is quite a nuisance, for no creature passes by,
But he gets a card, a pamphlet, or a summut in his eye;
And a pretty noise there is!—what with canvassers and spouters,
For in course each side is furnish'd with its backers and its touters;
And surely among the Clergy to such pitches it is carried,
You can hardly find a Parson to get buried or get married;
Or supposing any accident that suddenly alarms,
If you're dying for a surgeon, you must fetch him from the 'Arms':
While the Schoolmasters and Tooters are neglecting of their scholars,
To write about a Chairman for the Glorious Apollers.

Well, that, sir, is the racket; and the more the sin and shame
Of them that help to stir it up, and propagate the same;
Instead of vocal ditties, and the social flowing cup,—
But they'll be the House's ruin, or the shutting of it up,
With their riots and their hubbubs, like a garden full of bears,
While they've damaged many articles and broken lots of squares,
And kept their noble Club Room in a perfect dust and smother,
By throwing *Morning Heralds*, *Times*, and *Standards* at each other;
Not to name the ugly language Gemmen oughtn't to repeat,
And the names they call each other—for I've heard 'em in the street—
Such as Traitors, Guys, and Judases, and Vipers, and what not,
For Pasley and h s divers ain't so blowing-up a lot.
And then such awful swearing!—for there 's one of them that cusses
Enough to shock the cads that hang on opposition 'busses;
For he cusses every member that 's agin him at the poll,
As I wouldn't cuss a donkey, tho' it hasn't got a soul;
And he cusses all their families, Jack, Harry, Bob or Jim,
To the babby in the cradle, if they don't agree with him.
Whereby, altho' as yet they have not took to use their fives,
Or, according as the fashion is, to sticking with their knives,
I'm bound there'll be some milling yet, and shakings by the collars,
Afore they choose a Chairman for the Glorious Apollers!

To be sure it is a pity to be blowing such a squall,
Instead of clouds, and every man his song, and then his call—
And as if there wasn't Whigs enough and Tories to fall out,
Besides politics in plenty for our splits to be about,—
Why, a cornfield is sufficient, sir, as anybody knows,
For to furnish them in plenty who are fond of picking crows—
Not to name the Maynooth Catholics, and other Irish stews,
To agitate society and loosen all its screws;
And which all may be agreeable and proper to their spheres,—
But it 's not the thing for musicals to set us by the ears.
And as to College larning, my opinion for to broach,
And I've had it from my cousin, and he driv a college coach,
And so knows the University, and all as there belongs,
And he says that Oxford 's famouser for sausages than songs,
And seldom turns a poet out like Hudson that can chant,
As well as make such ditties as the Free and Easies want,
Or other Tavern Melodists I can't just call to mind—
But it 's not the classic system for to propagate the kind,
Whereby it so may happen as that neither of them Scholars
May be the proper Chairman for the Glorious Apollers!

For my part in the matter, if so be I had a voice,
It 's the best among the vocalists I'd honour with the choice;
Or a poet as could furnish a new Ballad to the bunch;
Or at any rate the surest hand at mixing of the punch;
'Cause why, the members meet for that and other tuneful frolics—
And not to say, like Muffincaps, their Catichiz and Collec's.
But you see them there Itinerants that preach so long and loud,
And always takes advantage like the prigs of any crowd,
Have brought their jangling voices, and as far as they can compass,
Have turn'd a tavern shindy to a seriouser rumpus,
And him as knows most hymns—altho' I can't see how it follers—
They want to be the Chairman of the Glorious Apollers!

Well, that 's the row—and who can guess the upshot after all?
Whether Harmony will ever make the 'Arms' her House of call,
Or whether this here mobbing—as some longish heads foretell it,
Will grow to such a riot that the Oxford Blues must quell it.
Howsomever, for the present, there 's no sign of any peace,
For the hubbub keeps a-growing, and defies the New Police;—
But if I was in the Vestry, and a leading sort of Man,
Or a Member of the Vocals, to get backers for my plan,
Why, I'd settle all the squabble in the twinkle of a needle,
For I'd have another candidate—and that 's the Parish Beadle,
Who makes such lots of Poetry, himself, or else by proxy,
And no one never has no doubts about his orthodoxy;
Whereby—if folks was wise—instead of either of them Scholars,
And straining their own lungs along of contradictious hollers,
They'll lend their ears to reason, and take my advice as follers,
Namely—Bumble for the Chairman of the Glorious Apollers!

ON THE PORTRAIT OF A LADY

TAKEN BY THE DAGUERREOTYPE

YES, there are her features! her brow, and her hair,
And her eyes, with a look so seraphic,
Her nose, and her mouth, with the smile that is there,
Truly caught by the Art Photographic!

Yet why should she borrow such aid of the skies,
When by many a bosom's confession,
Her own lovely face, and the light of her eyes,
Are sufficient to *make an impression?*

THE LEE SHORE

SLEET! and hail! and thunder!
And ye Winds that rave,
Till the sands thereunder
Tinge the sullen wave,—

Winds that, like a Demon,
Howl with horrid note
Round the toiling Seaman
In his tossing boat—

From his humble dwelling,
On the shingly shore,
Where the billows swelling
Keep such hollow roar—

From that weeping Woman,
Seeking with her cries,
Succour superhuman
From the frowning skies—

From the Urchin pining
For his Father's knee,
From the lattice shining
Drive him out to sea!

Let broad leagues dissever
Him from yonder foam—
O God! to think Man ever
Comes too near his Home.

EPIGRAM: ON THE DEPRECIATED MONEY

THEY may talk of the plugging and sweating
Of our coinage that 's minted of gold,
But to me it produces no fretting
Of its shortness of weight to be told:
All the sov'reigns I'm able to levy
As to lightness can never be wrong,
But must surely be some of the heavy,
For I never can carry them long.

THE TURTLES

A FABLE

'The rage of the vulture, the love of the turtle.'—*Byron.*

ONE day, it was before a civic dinner,
Two London Aldermen, no matter which,
Cordwainer, Girdler, Patten-maker, Skinner—
But both were florid, corpulent, and rich,
And both right fond of festive demolition,
Set forth upon a secret expedition.
Yet not, as might be fancied from the token,
To Pudding Lane, Pie Corner, or the Street
Of Bread, or Grub, or anything to eat,
Or Drink, as Milk, or Vintry, or Portsoken,
But eastward to that more aquatic quarter,
Where folks take water,
Or bound on voyages, secure a berth
For Antwerp or Ostend, Dundee or Perth,
Calais, Boulogne, or any Port on earth!

Jostled and jostling, through the mud,
Peculiar to the Town of Lud,
Down narrow streets and crooked lanes they dived,
Past many a gusty avenue, through which
Came yellow fog, and smell of pitch,
From barge, and boat, and dusky wharf derived;
With darker fumes, brought eddying by the draught,
From loco-smoko-motive craft;
Mingling with scents of butter, cheese, and gammons,
Tea, coffee, sugar, pickles, rosin, wax,
Hides, tallow, Russia-matting, hemp and flax,
Salt-cod, red-herrings, sprats, and kipper'd salmons,
Nuts, oranges, and lemons,
Each pungent spice, and aromatic gum,
Gas, pepper, soaplees, brandy, gin, and rum;
Alamode-beef and greens—the London soil—
Glue, coal, tobacco, turpentine and oil,
Bark, assafœtida, squills, vitriol, hops,
In short, all whiffs, and sniffs, and puffs, and snuffs,
From metals, minerals, and dyewood stuffs,
Fruits, victual, drink, solidities, or slops—
In flasks, casks, bales, trucks, waggons, taverns, shops,
Boats, lighters, cellars, wharfs, and warehouse-tops,
That, as we walk upon the river's ridge,
Assault the nose—below the bridge.

A walk, however, as tradition tells,
That once a poor blind Tobit used to choose,
Because, incapable of other views,
He met with 'such a sight of smells.'

But on, and on, and on,
In spite of all unsavoury shocks,
Progress the stout Sir Peter and Sir John,
Steadily steering ship-like for the docks—
And now they reach a place the Muse, unwilling,
Recalls for female slang and vulgar doing,
The famous gate of Billing,
That does not lead to cooing—
And now they pass that House that is so ugly

A Customer to people looking smug-
gl'y—
And now along that fatal Hill they pass
Where centuries ago an Oxford bled,
And prov'd—too late to save his life,
alas!—
That *he* was 'off his head.'

At last before a lofty brick-built pile
Sir Peter stopp'd, and with mysterious
smile
Tingled a bell that served to bring
The wire-drawn genius of the ring,
A species of commercial Samuel
Weller—
To whom Sir Peter—tipping him a
wink,
And something else to drink—
'Show us the cellar.'

Obsequious bowed the man, and led
the way
Down sundry flights of stairs, where
windows small,
Dappled with mud, let in a dingy ray—
A dirty tax, if they were tax'd at all.
At length they came into a cellar
damp,
With venerable cobwebs fringed
around,
A cellar of that stamp
Which often harbours vintages re-
nown'd,
The feudal Hock, or Burgundy the
courtly,
With sherry, brown or golden,
Or port, so olden,
Bereft of body 'tis no longer portly—
But old or otherwise—to be vera-
cious—
That cobwebb'd cellar, damp, and
dim, and spacious,
Held nothing crusty—but crus-
taceous.

Prone, on the chilly floor,
Five splendid Turtles—such a five!
Natives of some West Indian shore,
Were flapping all alive,
Late landed from the Jolly Planter's
yawl—

A sight whereon the dignitaries fix'd
Their eager eyes, with ecstasy unmix'd,
Like fathers that behold their infants
crawl,
Enjoying every little kick and
sprawl.
Nay—far from fatherly the thoughts
they bred,
Poor loggerheads from far Ascension
ferried!
The Aldermen too plainly wish'd them
dead
And Aldermanbury'd!

'There!' cried Sir Peter, with an air
Triumphant as an ancient victor's,
And pointing to the creatures rich and
rare,
'There 's picters!'
'Talk of Olympic Games! They're
not worth mention;
The real prize for wrestling is when
Jack,
In Providence or Ascension,
Can throw a lively turtle on its back!'

'Aye!' cried Sir John, and with a
score of nods,
Thoughtful of classical symposium,
'There 's food for Gods!
There 's nectar! there 's ambrosium!
There 's food for Roman Emperors to
eat—
Oh, there had been a treat
(Those ancient names will sometimes
hobble us)
For Helio-gobble-us!'

'There were a feast for Alexander's
Feast!
The real sort—none of your mock or
spurious!'
And then he mention'd Aldermen de-
ceased,
And 'Epicurius,'
And how Tertullian had enjoy'd such
foison;
And speculated on that *verdigrease*
That isn't poison.

'Talk of your Spring, and verdure,
and all that!

Give *me* green fat!
As for your Poets with their groves of myrtles
And billing turtles,
Give me, for poetry, them Turtles there,
A-billing in a bill of fare!'

'Of all the things I ever swallow—
Good, well-dressed turtle beats them hollow—
It almost makes me wish, I vow,
To have *two* stomachs, like a cow!'
And lo! as with the cud, an inward thrill
Upheaved his waistcoat and disturb'd his frill,
His mouth was oozing and he work'd his jaw—
'I almost think that I could eat one raw!'

And thus, as 'inward love breeds outward talk,'
The portly pair continued to discourse;
And then—as Gray describes of life's divorce—
With 'longing lingering look' prepared to walk,—
Having thro' one delighted sense at least,
Enjoy'd a sort of Barmecidal feast,
And with prophetic gestures, strange to see,
Forestall'd the civic Banquet yet to be,
Its callipash and callipee!
A pleasant prospect—but alack!
Scarcely each Alderman had turn'd his back,
When seizing on the moment so propitious,
And having learn'd that they were so delicious
To bite and sup,
From praises so high-flown and injudicious,—
And nothing could be more pernicious!
The Turtles fell to work, and ate each other up!

MORAL

Never, from folly or urbanity,
Praise people thus profusely to their faces,
Till quite in love with their own graces,
They're eaten up by vanity!

EPIGRAM

THREE traitors, Oxford—Francis—Bean,
Have missed their wicked aim;
And may all shots against the Queen,
In future do the same:
For why, I mean no turn of wit,
But seriously insist
That if Her Majesty were *hit*
No one would be so *miss'd*.

MISCELLANEOUS UNCOLLECTED POEMS

(1821–1845)

TO HOPE

O! TAKE, young Seraph, take thy harp,
And play to me so cheerily;
For grief is dark, and care is sharp,
And life wears on so wearily.
O! take thy harp!

Oh! sing as thou wert wont to do,
When, all youth's sunny season long,
I sat and listen'd to thy song,
And yet 'twas ever, ever new.—
With magic in each heav'n-tun'd string,
The future bliss thy constant theme.
Oh then each little woe took wing
Away, like phantoms of a dream;
As if each sound,
That flutter'd round,
Had floated over Lethe's stream!

By all those bright and happy hours
We spent in life's sweet eastern bow'rs,
Where thou would'st sit and smile, and show,
Ere buds were come—where flow'rs would blow,
And oft anticipate the rise
Of life's warm sun that scal'd the skies,
By many a story of love and glory,
And friendships promis'd oft to me,
By all the faith I lent to thee,

Oh! take, young Seraph, take thy harp,
And play to me so cheerily;
For grief is dark, and care is sharp,
And life wears on so wearily.
O! take thy harp!

Perchance the strings will sound less clear,
That long have lain neglected by
In sorrow's misty atmosphere—
It ne'er may speak as it hath spoken,
Such joyous notes so brisk and high;
But are its golden cords all broken?
Are there not some, though weak and low,
To play a lullaby to woe?

But thou can'st sing of love no more,
For Celia show'd that dream was vain—
And many a fancied bliss is o'er,
That comes not e'en in dreams again.
Alas! alas!
How pleasures pass,
And leave thee now no subject, save
The peace and bliss beyond the grave!—
Then be thy flight among the skies;
Take, then, Oh! take the skylark's wing,

And leave dull earth, and heav'nward rise
O'er all its tearful clouds, and sing
On skylark's wing!

Another life-spring there adorns
Another youth,—without the dread
Of cruel care, whose crown of thorns
Is here for manhood's aching head.—
Oh, there are realms of welcome day,
A world where tears are wiped away!
Then be thy flight among the skies;
Take then, Oh! take the skylark's wing,
And leave dull earth, and heav'nward rise
O'er all its tearful clouds, and sing
On skylark's wing!

ODE TO DR. KITCHENER

Ye Muses nine inspire
And stir up my poetic fire;
Teach my burning soul to speak
With a bubble and a squeak!
Of Dr. Kitchener I fain would sing,
Till pots, and pans, and mighty kettles ring.

O culinary Sage!
(I do not mean the herb in use,
That always goes along with goose)
How have I feasted on thy page: 10
'When like a lobster boil'd, the morn
From black to red began to turn,'
Till midnight, when I went to bed,
And clapped my *tewah-diddle* [1] on my head.

Who is there cannot tell,
Thou lead'st a life of living well?
'What baron, or squire, or knight of the shire,
Lives half so well as a holy Fry-er?'
In doing well thou must be reckon'd
The first, and Mrs. Fry the second; 20
And twice a Job—for in thy fev'rish toils
Thou wast all over roasts—as well as boils.

Thou wast indeed no dunce,
To treat thy subjects and thyself at once.
Many a hungry poet eats
His brains like thee,
But few there be
Could live so long on their receipts.
What living soul or sinner
Would slight thy invitation to a dinner, 30
Ought with the Danaïdes to dwell,
Draw gravy in a cullender and hear,
Forever in his ear
The pleasant tinkling of thy dinner bell.

Immortal Kitchener! thy fame
Shall keep itself when Time makes game
Of other men's—yea, it shall keep all weathers,
And thou shalt be upheld by the pen feathers.
Yea, by the sauce of Michael Kelly,
Thy name shall perish never, 40
But be magnified for ever—
—By all whose eyes are bigger than their belly!

Yea, till the world is done—
—To a turn—and Time puts out the sun,
Shall live the endless echo of thy name.
But, as for thy more fleshy frame,
Ah! Death's carnivorous teeth will tittle
Thee out of breath, and eat it for cold victual;
But still thy fame shall be among the nations
Preserv'd to the last course of generations. 50

[1] The doctor's composition for a nightcap.

Ah me, my soul is touch'd with sorrow
To think how flesh must pass away—
So mutton, that is warm today,
Is cold and turned to hashes on the morrow!
Farewell! I would say more, but I
Have other fish to fry.

TO A CRITIC

O CRUEL One how littel dost thou knowe
How manye Poetes with Unhappyenesse
Thou may'st have slaine; ere they began to blowe
Like to yonge Buddes in theyre firste Sappyenesse!
Even as Pinkes from littel Pipinges growe,
Great Poetes yet maye come of Singinges small;
Which if an hungrede Worme doth gnawe belowe
Fold up theyre stryped leaves and dye withal.
Alake, that pleasant Flowre must fayde and fall
Because a Grubbe hath eat into its Head,—
That els had growne so fayre and eke soe tal
Towards the Heaven and opende forthe and spreade
Its blossoms to the Sunne for Men to read
In soe bright hues of Lovelinesse indeede!

TO CELIA

OLD Fictions say that Love hath eyes,
Yet sees, unhappy boy! with none;
Blind as the night!—but Fiction lies,
For Love doth always see with one.

To one our graces all unveil,
To one our flaws are all exposed;
But when with tenderness we hail,
He smiles, and keeps the *Critic* closed.

But when he's scorn'd, abused, estranged,
He opes the eye of evil ken,
And all his angel friends are changed
To demons—and are hated then!

Yet once it happ'd that, semi-blind,
He met thee, on a summer day,
And took thee for his mother kind,
And frown'd as he was push'd away.

But still he saw thee shine the same,
Though he had op'd his evil eye,
And found that nothing but her shame
Was left to know his mother by!

And ever since that morning sun,
He thinks of thee; and blesses Fate
That he can look with both, on one
Who hath no ugliness to hate.

FARE THEE WELL

BEFORE our banns be published like a tax,
Ask'd on the portals of St. Mary Axe,
If thou wilt marry me—then prythee tell—
Oh now—or fare thee well!

Think of old maids of seventy—fourscore,
Fourscore old women at the temple's door,
Those that can read, and those that learn to spell-
Oh now—or fare thee well!

Suppose our names a history—suppose
Our love forepicked to pieces, like a rose
Shed blushing all abroad—my Isabel!
Oh now—or fare thee well!

MIDNIGHT

UNFATHOMABLE Night! how dost thou sweep
  Over the flooded earth, and darkly hide
  The mighty city under thy full tide,
Making a silent palace for old Sleep;
Like his own Temple under the hush'd deep,
  Where all the busy day he doth abide,
  And, forth at the late dark, outspreadeth wide
His dusky wings whence the cold waters sweep!
How peacefully the living millions lie!
  Lull'd unto death beneath his poppy spells;—
There is no breath—no living stir—no cry—
No tread of foot—no song—no music-call,—
  Only the sound of melancholy bells—
The voice of Time,—Survivor of them all!

ON A SLEEPING CHILD

I

O, 'TIS a touching thing to make one weep—
  A tender infant with its curtain'd eye,
  Breathing as it would neither live nor die,
With that unmoving countenance of sleep!

As if its silent dream, serene and deep,
  Had lined its slumbers with a still blue sky;
  So that the passive cheeks unconscious lie,
With no more life than roses', just to keep
  The blushes warm and the mild odorous breath:
O blossom-boy! so calm is thy repose,
  So sweet a compromise of life and death,
'Tis pity those fair buds should e'er unclose,
  For Memory to stain their inward leaf,
  Tinging thy dreams with unacquainted grief.

II

THINE eyelids slept so beauteously, I deem'd
  No eyes would wake more beautiful than they;
  Thy glossy cheeks so unimpassion'd lay,
I loved their peacefulness, and never dream'd
Of dimples; for thy parted lips so seem'd
  I did not think a smile could sweetlier play,
  Nor that so graceful life could charm away
Thy graceful death, till those blue eyes upbeam'd.
  Now slumber lies in dimpled eddies drown'd,
And roses bloom more rosily for joy,
  And odorous silence ripens into sound,
And fingers move to mirth,—All-beauteous boy!
  How dost thou waken into smiles, and prove,
  If not more lovely, thou art more like Love!

SONNET

WRITTEN IN KEATS'S 'ENDYMION'

I SAW pale Dian, sitting by the brink
  Of silver falls, the overflow of fountains
From cloudy steeps; and I grew sad to think
  Endymion's foot was silent on those mountains,
And he but a hush'd name, that Silence keeps
  In dear remembrance,—lonely, and forlorn,
Singing it to herself until she weeps
  Tears that perchance still glisten in the morn;—
And as I mused, in dull imaginings,
  There came a flash of garments, and I knew
The awful Muse by her harmonious wings
  Charming the air to music as she flew—
Anon there rose an echo through the vale
Gave back Endymion in a dream-like tale.

EPIGRAM

WRITTEN ON A PICTURE IN THE EXHIBITION, CALLED 'THE DOUBTFUL SNEEZE'

THE doubtful sneeze! a failure quite—
A winker half, and half a gaper—
Alas! to paint on canvas here
What should have been on *tissue*-paper!

SONG

O LADY, leave thy silken thread
And flowery tapestrie,
There 's living roses on the bush,
And blossoms on the tree;
Stoop where thou wilt, thy careless hand
Some random bud will meet;
Thou canst not tread but thou wilt find
The daisy at thy feet.

'Tis like the birthday of the world,
When earth was born in bloom;
The light is made of many dyes,
The air is all perfume;
There 's crimson buds, and white and blue—
The very rainbow show'rs
Have turn'd to blossoms where they fell,
And sown the earth with flow'rs.

There 's fairy tulips in the East,
The garden of the sun;
The very streams reflect the hues,
And blossom as they run:
While morn opes like a crimson rose,
Still wet with pearly showers;
Then, lady, leave the silken thread
Thou twinest into flow'rs!

THE TWO SWANS

A FAIRY TALE

IMMORTAL Imogen, crown'd queen above
The lilies of thy sex, vouchsafe to hear
A fairy dream in honour of true love—
True above ills, and frailty, and all fear—
Perchance a shadow of his own career
Whose youth was darkly prison'd and long twin'd
By serpent-sorrow, till white Love drew near,
And sweetly sang him free, and round his mind
A bright horizon threw, wherein no grief may wind.

I saw a tower builded on a lake,
Mock'd by its inverse shadow, dark and deep—
That seem'd a still intenser night to make,
Wherein the quiet waters sunk to sleep,—
And, whatsoe'er was prison'd in that keep,
A monstrous Snake was warden :—round and round
In sable ringlets I beheld him creep
Blackest amid black shadows, to the ground,
Whilst his enormous head the topmost turret crown'd.

From whence he shot fierce light against the stars,
Making the pale moon paler with affright ;
And with his ruby eye out-threaten'd Mars—
That blazed in the mid-heavens, hot and bright—
Nor slept, nor wink'd, but with a steadfast spite
Watch'd their wan looks and tremblings in the skies ;
And that he might not slumber in the night,
The curtain-lids were pluck'd from his large eyes,
So he might never drowze, but watch his secret prize.

Prince or princess in dismal durance pent,
Victims of old Enchantment's love or hate,
Their lives must all in painful sighs be spent,
Watching the lonely waters soon and late,
And clouds that pass and leave them to their fate,
Or company their grief with heavy tears :—
Meanwhile that Hope can spy no golden gate
For sweet escapement, but in darksome fears
They weep and pine away as if immortal years.

No gentle bird with gold upon its wing
Will perch upon the grate—the gentle bird
Is safe in leafy dell, and will not bring
Freedom's sweet key-note and commission-word
Learn'd of a fairy's lips, for pity stirr'd—
Lest while he trembling sings, untimely guest !
Watch'd by that cruel snake and darkly heard,
He leave a widow on her lonely nest,
To press in silent grief the darlings of her breast.

No gallant knight, adventurous, in his bark,
Will seek the fruitful perils of the place,
To rouse with dipping oar the waters dark
That bear that serpent-image on their face.
And Love, brave Love ! though he attempt the base,
Nerved to his loyal death, he may not win
His captive lady from the strict embrace
Of that foul serpent, clasping her within
His sable folds—like Eve enthrall'd by the old Sin.

But there is none—no knight in panoply,
Nor Love, intrench'd in his strong steely coat:
No little speck—no sail—no helper nigh,
No sign—no whispering—no plash of boat:—
The distant shores show dimly and remote,
Made of a deeper mist,—serene and grey,—
And slow and mute the cloudy shadows float
Over the gloomy wave, and pass away,
Chased by the silver beams that on their marges play.

And bright and silvery the willows sleep
Over the shady verge—no mad winds tease
Their hoary heads; but quietly they weep
Their sprinkling leaves—half fountains and half trees:
There lilies be—and fairer than all these,
A solitary Swan her breast of snow
Launches against the wave that seems to freeze
Into a chaste reflection, still below,
Twin-shadow of herself wherever she may go.

And forth she paddles in the very noon
Of solemn midnight, like an elfin thing
Charm'd into being by the argent moon—
Whose silver light for love of her fair wing
Goes with her in the shade, still worshipping
Her dainty plumage:—all around her grew
A radiant circlet, like a fairy ring;
And all behind, a tiny little clue
Of light to guide her back across the waters blue.

And sure she is no meaner than a fay,
Redeem'd from sleepy death, for beauty's sake,
By old ordainment:—silent as she lay,
Touch'd by a moonlight wand I saw her wake,
And cut her leafy slough and so forsake
The verdant prison of her lily peers,
That slept amidst the stars upon the lake—
A breathing shape—restored to human fears,
And new-born love and grief—self-conscious of her tears.

And now she clasps her wings around her heart,
And near that lonely isle begins to glide
Pale as her fears, and ofttimes with a start
Turns her impatient head from side to side
In universal terrors—all too wide
To watch; and often to that marble keep
Upturns her pearly eyes, as if she spied
Some foe, and crouches in the shadows steep
That in the gloomy wave go diving fathoms deep.

And well she may, to spy that fearful thing
All down the dusky walls in circlets wound,
Alas! for what rare prize, with many a ring
Girding the marble casket round and round?
His folded tail, lost in the gloom profound,
Terribly darkeneth the rocky base;
But on the top his monstrous head is crown'd
With prickly spears, and on his doubtful face
Gleam his unwearied eyes, red watchers of the place.

Alas! of the hot fires that nightly fall,
No one will scorch him in those orbs of spite,
So he may never see beneath the wall
That timid little creature, all too bright,
That stretches her fair neck, slender and white,
Invoking the pale moon, and vainly tries
Her throbbing throat, as if to charm the night
With song—but, hush—it perishes in sighs,
And there will be no dirge sad-swelling though she dies!

She droops—she sinks—she leans upon the lake,
Fainting again into a lifeless flower;
But soon the chilly springs anoint and wake
Her spirit from its death, and with new power
She sheds her stifled sorrows in a shower
Of tender song, timed to her falling tears—
That wins the shady summit of that tower,
And, trembling all the sweeter for its fears,
Fills with imploring moan that cruel monster's ears.

And, lo! the scaly beast is all deprest,
Subdued like Argus by the might of sound—
What time Apollo his sweet lute addrest
To magic converse with the air, and bound
The many monster eyes, all slumber-drown'd:—
So on the turret-top that watchful snake
Pillows his giant head, and lists profound,
As if his wrathful spite would never wake,
Charm'd into sudden sleep for Love and Beauty's sake!

His prickly crest lies prone upon his crown,
And thirsty lip from lip disparted flies,
To drink that dainty flood of music down—
His scaly throat is big with pent-up sighs—
And whilst his hollow ear entranced lies,
His looks for envy of the charmed sense
Are fain to listen, till his steadfast eyes,
Stung into pain by their own impotence,
Distil enormous tears into the lake immense.

Oh, tuneful swan! oh, melancholy bird!
Sweet was that midnight miracle of song,
Rich with ripe sorrow, needful of no word
To tell of pain, and love, and love's deep wrong—
Hinting a piteous tale—perchance how long
Thy unknown tears were mingled with the lake,
What time disguised thy leafy mates among—
And no eye knew what human love and ache
Dwelt in those dewy leaves, and heart so nigh to break.

Therefore no poet will ungently touch
The water-lily, on whose eyelids dew
Trembles like tears; but ever hold it such
As human pain may wander through and through,
Turning the pale leaf paler in its hue—
Wherein life dwells, transfigured, not entomb'd
By magic spells. Alas! who ever knew
Sorrow in all its shapes, leafy and plumed,
Or in gross husks of brutes eternally inhumed?

And now the wingèd song has scaled the height
Of that dark dwelling, builded for despair,
And soon a little casement flashing bright
Widens self-open'd into the cool air—
That music like a bird may enter there
And soothe the captive in his stony cage;
For there is nought of grief, or painful care,
But plaintive song may happily engage
From sense of its own ill, and tenderly assuage.

And forth into the light, small and remote,
A creature, like the fair son of a king,
Draws to the lattice in his jewell'd coat
Against the silver moonlight glistening,
And leans upon his white hand listening
To that sweet music that with tenderer tone
Salutes him, wondering what kindly thing
Is come to soothe him with so tuneful moan,
Singing beneath the walls as if for him alone!

And while he listens, the mysterious song,
Woven with timid particles of speech,
Twines into passionate words that grieve along
The melancholy notes, and softly teach
The secrets of true love,—that trembling reach
His earnest ear, and through the shadows dun
He missions like replies, and each to each
Their silver voices mingle into one,
Like blended streams that make one music as they run.

'Ah Love! my hope is swooning in my heart,—
Ay, sweet! my cage is strong and hung full high—
Alas! our lips are held so far apart,
Thy words come faint,—they have so far to fly!—
If I may only shun that serpent-eye,—
Ah me! that serpent-eye doth never sleep;—
Then nearer thee, Love's martyr, I will die!—
Alas, alas! that word has made me weep!
For pity's sake remain safe in thy marble keep!

'My marble keep! it is my marble tomb!—
Nay, sweet! but thou hast there thy living breath—
Aye to expend in sighs for this hard doom;—
But I will come to thee and sing beneath,
And nightly so beguile this serpent wreath;—
Nay, I will find a path from these despairs.—
Ah, needs then thou must tread the back of death,
Making his stony ribs thy stony stairs.—
Behold his ruby eye, how fearfully it glares!'

Full sudden at these words, the princely youth
Leaps on the scaly back that slumbers, still
Unconscious of his foot, yet not for ruth,
But num'd to dulness by the fairy skill
Of that sweet music (all more wild and shrill
For intense fear) that charm'd him as he lay—
Meanwhile the lover nerves his desperate will,
Held some short throbs by natural dismay,
Then, down, down the serpent-track begins his darksome way.

Now dimly seen—now toiling out of sight,
Eclipsed and cover'd by the envious wall;
Now fair and spangled in the sudden light,
And clinging with wide arms for fear of fall:
Now dark and shelter'd by a kindly pall
Of dusky shadow from his wakeful foe;
Slowly he winds adown—dimly and small,
Watch'd by the gentle Swan that sings below,
Her hope increasing, still, the larger he doth grow.

But nine times nine the Serpent folds embrace
The marble walls about—which he must tread
Before his anxious foot may touch the base:
Long is the dreary path, and must be sped!
But Love, that holds the mastery of dread,
Braces his spirit, and with constant toil
He wins his way, and now, with arms outspread,
Impatient plunges from the last long coil:
So may all gentle Love ungentle Malice foil!

The song is hush'd, the charm is all complete,
And two fair Swans are swimming on the lake:
But scarce their tender bills have time to meet,
When fiercely drops adown that cruel Snake—
His steely scales a fearful rustling make,
Like autumn leaves that tremble and foretell
The sable storm;—the plumy lovers quake—
And feel the troubled waters pant and swell,
Heaved by the giant bulk of their pursuer fell.

His jaws, wide yawning like the gates of Death,
Hiss horrible pursuit—his red eyes glare
The waters into blood—his eager breath
Grows hot upon their plumes:—now, minstrel fair!
She drops her ring into the waves, and there
It widens all around, a fairy ring
Wrought of the silver light—the fearful pair
Swim in the very midst, and pant and cling
The closer for their fears, and tremble wing to wing.

Bending their course over the pale grey lake,
Against the pallid East, wherein light play'd
In tender flushes, still the baffled Snake
Circled them round continually, and bay'd
Hoarsely and loud, forbidden to invade
The sanctuary ring—his sable mail
Roll'd darkly through the flood, and writhed and made
A shining track over the waters pale,
Lash'd into boiling foam by his enormous tail.

And so they sail'd into the distance dim,
Into the very distance—small and white,
Like snowy blossoms of the spring that swim
Over the brooklets—followed by the spite
Of that huge serpent, that with wild affright
Worried them on their course, and sore annoy,
Till on the grassy marge I saw them 'light,
And change, anon, a gentle girl and boy,
Locked in embrace of sweet unutterable joy!

Then came the Morn, and with her pearly showers
Wept on them, like a mother, in whose eyes
Tears are no grief; and from his rosy bowers
The Oriental sun began to rise,
Chasing the darksome shadows from the skies;
Wherewith that sable Serpent far away
Fled, like a part of night—delicious sighs
From waking blossoms purified the day,
And little birds were singing sweetly from each spray.

ODE ON A DISTANT PROSPECT OF CLAPHAM ACADEMY[1]

Ah me! those old familiar bounds!
That classic house, those classic grounds,
My pensive thought recalls!
What tender urchins now confine,
What little captives now repine,
Within yon irksome walls?

Ay, that 's the very house! I know
Its ugly windows, ten a-row!
Its chimneys in the rear!
And there 's the iron rod so high,
That drew the thunder from the sky,
And turn'd our table-beer!

There I was birch'd! there I was bred!
There like a little Adam fed
From Learning's woeful tree!
The weary tasks I used to con!—
The hopeless leaves I wept upon!—
Most fruitless leaves to me!—

The summon'd class!—the awful bow!—
I wonder who is master now
And wholesome anguish sheds!
How many ushers now employs,
How many maids to see the boys
Have nothing in their heads!

And Mrs. S*** ?—Doth she abet
(Like Pallas in the parlour) yet
Some favour'd two or three,—
The little Crichtons of the hour,
Her muffin-medals that devour,
And swill her prize—bohea?

Ay, there 's the play-ground! there 's the lime
Beneath whose shade in summer's prime
So wildly I have read!—
Who sits there *now*, and skims the cream
Of young Romance, and weaves a dream
Of Love and Cottage-bread?

Who struts the Randall of the walk?
Who models tiny heads in chalk?
Who scoops the light canoe?
What early genius buds apace?
Where 's Poynter? Harris? Bowers? Chase?
Hal Baylis? blithe Carew?

Alack! they're gone—a thousand ways!
And some are serving in 'the Greys,'
And some have perish'd young!—
Jack Harris weds his second wife;
Hal Baylis drives the *wane* of life;
And blithe Carew—is hung!

Grave Bowers teaches A B C
To savages at Owhyee;
Poor Chase is with the worms!—
All, all are gone—the olden breed!—
New crops of mushroom boys succeed,
'And push us from our *forms!*'

Lo! where they scramble forth, and shout,
And leap, and skip, and mob about,
At play where we have play'd!
Some hop, some run (some fall), some twine
Their crony arms; some in the shine,
And some are in the shade!

Lo! there what mix'd conditions run!
The orphan lad; the widow's son;
And Fortune's favour'd care—
The wealthy-born, for whom she hath
Mac-Adamized the future path—
The Nabob's pamper'd heir!

Some brightly starr'd—some evil born,—
For honour some, and some for scorn,—
For fair or foul renown!
Good, bad, indiff'rent—none may lack!
Look, here 's a White, and there 's a Black!
And there 's a Creole brown!

[1] No connexion with any other ode.

Some laugh and sing, some mope and weep,
And wish *their* frugal sires would keep
Their only sons at home ;—
Some tease the future tense, and plan
The full-grown doings of the man,
And pant for years to come !

A foolish wish ! There 's one at hoop ;
And four at *fives !* and five who stoop
The marble taw to speed !
And one that curvets in and out,
Reining his fellow Cob about,—
Would I were in his *steed !*

Yet he would gladly halt and drop
That boyish harness off, to swop
With this world's heavy van—
To toil, to tug. O little fool !
While thou canst be a horse at school
To wish to be a man !

Perchance thou deem'st it were a thing
To wear a crown,—to be a king !
And sleep on regal down !
Alas ! thou know'st not kingly cares ;
Far happier is thy head that wears
That hat without a crown !

And dost thou think that years acquire
New added joys ? Dost think thy sire
More happy than his son ?
That manhood's mirth ?—Oh, go thy ways
To Drury Lane when —— *plays,*
And see how *forced* our fun !

Thy taws are brave !—thy tops are rare !—
Our tops are spun with coils of care,
Our *dumps* are no delight !—
The Elgin marbles are but tame,
And 'tis at best a sorry game
To fly the Muse's kite !

Our hearts are dough, our heels are lead,
Our topmost joys fall dull and dead
Like balls with no rebound !
And often with a faded eye
We look behind, and send a sigh
Towards that merry ground !

Then be contented. Thou hast got
The most of heaven in thy young lot ;
There 's sky-blue in thy cup !
Thou 'lt find thy Manhood all too fast—
Soon come, soon gone ! and Age at last
A sorry *breaking-up !*

ADDRESS TO MR. CROSS, OF EXETER 'CHANGE

ON THE DEATH OF THE ELEPHANT

"Tis *Greece*, but living *Greece* no more."—*Giaour.*

Oh, Mr. Cross !
Permit a sorry stranger to draw near,
And shed a tear
(I've shed my shilling) for thy recent loss !
I've been a visitor,
Of old, a sort of a Buffon inquisitor
Of thy menagerie—and knew the beast
That is deceased !—

I was the Damon of the gentle giant,
And oft have been,
Like Mr. Kean,
Tenderly fondled by his trunk compliant ;
Whenever I approach'd, the kindly brute
Flapp'd his prodigious ears, and bent his knees,—
It makes me freeze

To think of it !—No chums could better suit,
Exchanging grateful looks for grateful fruit,—
For so our former dearness was begun.
I bribed him with an apple, and beguiled
The beast of his affection like a child ;
And well he loved me till his life was done
(Except when he was wild) :
It makes me blush for human friends —but none
I have so truly kept or cheaply won !

Here is his pen !—
The casket,—but the jewel is away !—
The den is rifled of its denizen—
Ah, well a day !
This fresh free air breathes nothing of his grossness,
And sets me sighing, even for its closeness.
This light one-storey,
Where, like a cloud, I used to feast my eyes on
The grandeur of his Titan-like horizon,
Tells a dark tale of its departed glory.
The very beasts lament the change, like me ;
The shaggy Bison
Leaneth his head dejected on his knee!
Th' Hyæna's laugh is hush'd, and Monkey's pout,
The Wild Cat frets in a complaining whine,
The Panther paces restlessly about,
To walk her sorrow out ;
The Lions in a deeper bass repine,—
The Kangaroo wrings its sorry short fore paws,
Shrieks come from the Macaws ;
The old bald Vulture shakes his naked head,
And pineth for the dead,
The Boa writhes into a double knot,
The Keeper groans
Whilst sawing bones,
And looks askance at the deserted spot—
Brutal and rational lament his loss,
The flower of thy beastly family !
Poor Mrs. Cross
Sheds frequent tears into her daily tea,
And weakens her Bohea !

Oh Mr. Cross, how little it gives birth
To grief, when human greatness goes to earth ;
How few lament for Czars!—
But oh the universal heart o'erflow'd
At his high mass,
Lighted by gas,
When, like Mark Antony, the keeper show'd
The Elephantine scars !—
Reporters' eyes
Were of an egg-like size,
Men that had never wept for murder'd Marrs !
Hard-hearted editors, with iron faces
Their sluices all unclosed,—
And discomposed
Compositors went fretting to their cases !—
That grief has left its traces :
The poor old Beef-eater has gone much greyer
With sheer regret,
And the Gazette
Seems the least trouble of the beast's Purveyor !

And I too weep !—A dozen of great men
I could have spared without a single tear ;
But then
They are renewable from year to year !
Fresh Gents would rise though Gent resign'd the pen ;
I should not wholly
Despair for six months of another C****,
Nor, though F********** lay on his small bier,
Be melancholy,—
But when will such an Elephant appear !

Though Penley were destroy'd at Drury Lane,
His like might come again;
Fate might supply
A second Powell, if the first should die;
Another Bennet, if the sire were snatch'd;
Barnes—might be match'd:
And Time fill up the gap
Were Parsloe laid upon the green earth's lap,
Ev'n Claremont might be equall'd—I could hope
(All human greatness is, alas, so puny!)
For other Egertons—another Pope,
But not another Chunee!

Well! he is dead!
And there 's a gap in Nature of eleven Feet high by seven—
Five living tons!—and I remain—nine stone
Of skin and bone!

It is enough to make me shake my head
And dream of the grave's brink—
'Tis worse to think
How like the Beast's the sorry life *I've* led!—
A sort of show
Of my poor public self and my sagacity,
To profit the rapacity
Of certain folks in Paternoster Row,
A slavish toil to win an upper storey—
And a hard glory
Of wooden beams about my weary brow!
Oh, Mr. C.!
If ever you behold me twirl my pen
To earn a public supper, that is, eat
In the bare street,—
Or turn about their literary den—
Shoot *me!*

[IN MEMORIAM]

Little eyes that scarce did see,
Little lips that never smiled;
Alas! my little dear dead child,
Death is thy father, and not me,
I but embraced thee, soon as he.

ODE TO THE LATE LORD MAYOR

ON THE PUBLICATION OF HIS 'VISIT TO OXFORD'[1]

'Now, Night descending, the proud scene is o'er,
But lives in Settle's numbers one day more.'
Pope—On the Lord Mayor's Show.

O Worthy Mayor!—I mean to say Ex-Mayor!
Chief Luddite of the ancient town of Lud!
Incumbent of the City's easy chair!—
Conservator of Thames from mud to mud!
Great river-bank director!
And dam inspector!
Great guardian of small sprats that swim the flood!

[1] See the published work of the Rev. Mr. Dillon, the Lord Mayor's Chaplain, who, in his zealous endeavour to stamp immortality upon the civic expedition to Oxford, has outrun every production in the annals of burlesque, even the long renowned 'Voyage from Paris to St. Cloud.' It was entitled 'The Lord Mayor's Visit to Oxford in the month of July, 1826, written by the desire of the party by the Chaplain to the Mayoralty.'

Lord of the scarlet gown and furry cap!
King of Mogg's map!
Keeper of Gates that long have 'gone their gait!'[1]
Warder of London stone and London log!
Thou first and greatest of the civic great,
Magog or Gog!—

O Honorable Ven—
(Forgive this little liberty between us),
Augusta's first Augustus!—Friend of men
Who wield the pen!
Dillon's Mæcenas!
Patron of learning where she ne'er did dwell,
Where literature seldom finds abettors,
Where few—except the postman and his bell—
Encourage the bell-letters!—
Well hast thou done, Right Honorable Sir—
Seeing that years are such devouring ogresses,
And thou hast made some little journeying stir,—
To get a Nichols to record thy Progresses!

Wordsworth once wrote a trifle of the sort;
But for diversion,
For truth—for nature—everything in short—
I own I do prefer thy own 'Excursion.'
The stately story
Of Oxford glory—
The Thames romance—yet nothing of a fiction—
Like thine own stream it flows along the page—
'Strong, without rage,'
In diction worthy of thy jurisdiction!
To future ages thou wilt seem to be
A second Parry;
For thou didst carry
Thy navigation to a fellow crisis.
He penetrated to a Frozen Sea,
And thou—to where the Thames is turned to *Isis!*[1]

I like thy setting out!
Thy coachman and thy coachmaid boxed together![2]
I like thy Jarvey's serious face—in doubt
Of 'four fine animals'—no Cobbetts either![3]
I like the slow state pace—the pace allowed
The best for dignity[4]—and for a crowd,

[1] The Chaplain doubts the correctness of the Thames being turned into the Isis at Oxford: of course he is right—according to the course of the river, it must be the Isis that is turned into the Thames.

[2] 'As soon as the female attendant of the Lady Mayoress had taken her seat, dressed with becoming neatness, at the side of the well-looking coachman, the carriage drove away.'—*Visit.*

[3] 'The coachman's countenance was reserved and thoughtful, indicating full consciousness of the test by which his equestrian skill would this day be tried.'—*Visit.*

[4] 'The carriage drove away; not, however, with that violent and extreme rapidity which rather

And very July weather,
So hot that it let off the Hounslow powder ! [1]
I like the She-Mayor's proffer of a seat
To poor Miss Magnay, fried to a white heat [2];
'Tis well it didn't chance to be Miss *Crowder !*
I like the steeples with their weathercocks on ;
Discerned about the hour of three, P.M. ;
I like thy party's entrance into Oxon,
For oxen soon to enter into *them !*
I like the ensuing banquet better far,
Although an act of cruelty began it ;—
For why—before the dinner at the *Star*—
Why was the poor Town-clerk sent off to *plan it* ?

I like your learned rambles not amiss,
Especially at Bodley's, where ye tarried
The longest—doubtless because Atkins carried
Letters (of course from Ignorance) to Bliss ! [3]
The other Halls were scrambled through more hastily ;
But I like this—
I like the Aldermen who stopped to drink
Of Maudlin's 'classic water' very tastily [4],
Although I think—what I am loth to think—
Except to Dillon, it has proved no Castaly !

I like to find thee finally afloat ;
I like thy being barged and Water-Bailiff'd,
Who gave thee *a* lift
To thy state-galley in his own state-boat.
I like thy small sixpennyworths of largess
Thrown to the urchins at the City's charges ;
I like the sun upon thy breezy fanners,
Ten splendid scarlet silken stately banners !
Thy gilded bark shines out quite transcendental !
I like dear Dillon still,
Who quotes from 'Cooper's Hill,'
And Birch, the cookly Birch, grown sentimental [5] ;
I like to note his civic mind expanding
And quoting Denham, in the watery dock
Of Iffley lock—
Plainly no Locke upon the Understanding !

astounds than gratifies the beholders; but at that steady and majestic pace, which is always an indication of real greatness.'

[1] 'On approaching Hounslow, there was seen at some distance a huge volume of dark smoke. The Chaplain thought it was only a blowing up for rain, but it turned out to be the spontaneous combustion of a powder-mill.'

[2] 'The Lady Mayoress, observing that they (the Magnays) must be somewhat crowded in the chaise, invited Miss Magnay to take the fourth seat.'

[3] 'The Rev. Dr. Bliss, of St. John's College, the Registrar of the University, to whom Mr. Alderman Atkins had letters of introduction.'—Page 32.

[4] 'The buttery was next visited, in which some of the party tasted the classic water.'—Page 57.

[5] Mr. Alderman Birch here called to the recollection of the party the beautiful lines of Sir John Denham on the river Thames:—"Tho' deep yet clear," &c.'—Page 90.

I like thy civic deed
At Runnymede,
Where ancient Britons came in arms to barter
Their lives for right—Ah, did not Waithman grow
Half mad to show
Where his renowned forefathers came to bleed—
And freeborn *Magnay* triumph at his *Charter*?
I like full well thy ceremonious setting
The justice-sword (no doubt it wanted whetting!)
On London stone; but I don't like the waving
Thy banner over it [1], for I must own
Flag over stone
Reads like a most superfluous piece of paving!

I like thy Cliefden treat; but I'm not going
To run the civic story through and through,
But leave thy barge to Pater Noster Row-ing,
My plaudit to renew.—
Well hast thou done, Right Honorable rover,
To leave this lasting record of thy reign,
A reign, alas! that very soon is 'over
And gone,' according to the Rydal strain!
'Tis piteous how a mayor
Slips through his chair.
I say it with a meaning reverential,
But let him be rich, lordly, wise, sentential,
Still he must seem a thing inconsequential—
A melancholy truth one cannot smother;
For why? 'tis very clear
He comes in at one *year*
To go out by the other!
This is their Lordship's universal order!—
But thou shalt teach them to preserve a name—
Make future Chaplains chroniclers of fame!
And every Lord Mayor his own Recorder!

ODE TO EDWARD GIBBON WAKEFIELD, ESQ.

Oh, Mr. Gibbon!—
I do not mean the Chronicler of Rome,
He would have told thee loftily, that no man
In modern times may play the antique Roman,
And tear a Sabine virgin from her home:—
But Mr. Gibbon,
Thou,—with the surreptitious rib on,

[1] 'It was also a part of the ceremony, which, though important, is simple, that the City banner should wave over the stone.'—Page 144.

What shall I say to thee, thou Jason,—nay,
What will our Wilberforce and Stephen say,
Thou cruel kidnapper of young *white* woman!
Were there no misses,—none
All on the start and ready for a run
To Gretna Smithy—even by the mail,
That thou must go befooling
A quiet maiden at her country schooling,
And stop her lessons with an idle tale,—
Sully the happy hue
Of her calm thoughts, and trouble her sky-blue—
Spoil her embroideries, and falsely wheedle
Her pretty hand from the delightful needle,
Merely to mar her *piece*,
Planting those stitches in her maiden heart,
That only should have made Rebecca smart,
Or robed young Isaac in a silken fleece?
Was there no willing Love,
With roving eyes,
More gay than wise,
To bend with thy removal to remove?
Could'st thou not calm the doubt
Of Foote twice asked in vain, and ask her out?
There 's Madame Vestris—but she has a mate,
And Paton hath as bad—
But thou might'st add
A single Cubitt to thy single state,
Take such, and welcome to more wives than Buncle,
Or gentle Olive, that Princess of No-land,
She owns some great expectancies in Poland,
And has no follower—I mean no uncle!

VAUXHALL

Come, come, I am very
Disposed to be merry—
So hey! for a wherry
I beckon and bawl!
'Tis dry, not a damp night,
And pleasure will tramp light
To music and lamp light
At shining Vauxhall!

Ay, here 's the dark portal—
The check taking mortal
I pass, and turn short all
At once on the blaze—
Names famous in story,
Lit up *con amore*,
All flaming in glory,
Distracting the gaze!

Oh *my* name lies fallow—
Fame never will hallow
In red light and yellow
Poetical toil—
I've long tried to write up
My name, and take flight up;
But ink will not light up
Like cotton and oil!

But sad thoughts, keep under !—
The painted Rotunder
Invites me. I wonder
Who 's singing so clear ?
'Tis Sinclair, high-flying,
Scotch ditties supplying ;
But some hearts are sighing
For Dignum, I fear !

How bright is the lustre,
How thick the folks muster,
And eagerly cluster,
On bench and in box,—
Whilst Povey is waking
Sweet sounds, or the taking
Kate Stephens is shaking
Her voice and her locks !

What clapping attends her !—
The white doe befriends her—
How Braham attends her
Away by the hand,
For Love to succeed her ;
The Signor doth heed her,
And sigheth to lead her
Instead of the band !

Then out we all sally—
Time 's ripe for the Ballet,
Like bees they all rally
Before the machine !—
But I am for tracing
The bright walks and facing
The groups that are pacing
To see and be seen.

How motley they mingle—
What men might one single,
And names that would tingle
Or tickle the ear—
Fresh Chinese contrivers
Of letters—survivors
Of pawnbrokers—divers
Beau Tibbses appear !

Such little and great men,
And civic and state men—
Collectors and rate-men—
How pleasant to nod
To friends—to note fashions,
To make speculations
On people and passions—
To laugh at the odd !

To sup on true slices
Of ham—with fair prices
For foul—while cool ices
And liquors abound—
To see Blackmore wander,
A small salamander,
Adown the rope yonder,
And light on the ground !

Oh, the fireworks are splendid ;
But darkness is blended—
Bright things are soon ended,
Fade quickly and fall !
There goes the last rocket !—
Some cash out of pocket,
By stars in the socket,
I go from Vauxhall !

TO MR. WRENCH AT THE ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE

Oh very pleasant Mr. Wrench,—
The first, upon the pit's first bench,
I've scrambled to my place,
To hail thee on these summer boards
With joy, even critic-craft affords,
And watch thy welcome face !

Ere thou art come, how I rejoice
To hear thy free and easy voice,
Lounging about the slips ;
And then thy figure comes and owns
The voice as careless as the tones
That saunter from thy lips.

Oh come and cast a quiet glance,
To glad a nameless friend, askance
The lamps' ascending glare ;
Better it is than bended knees,
Heart-squeezing, and profound congés—
That old familiar air.

Even in the street, in that apt face,
Full of gay gravity, I trace
  The soul of native whim;
A constant, never-failing store
Of quiet mirth, that ne'er runs o'er,
  But ay is near the brim.

Quoth I, There goes a happy wight,
Inimical to spleen and spite,
  And careless of all care;
Who oils the ruffled waves of strife,
And makes the work-day suit of life
  Of very easy wear.

Lord! if he had some people's ills
To cope—their hungry bonds and bills,
  How faintly they would tease;
Things that have cost both tears and sighs—
Their foes, as motelings in his eyes—
  Their duns, his summer fleas!

The stage, I guess, is not thy school—
Thou dost not antic like the fool
  That wept behind his mask;
Thy playing is thy play—a sport—
A revel, as perform'd at Court,
  And not a trade—a task!

Gay *Freeman*, art thou hired for *him*?
No—'tis thy humour and thy whim
  To be that easy guest;
Whereas whoever plays for pelf,
(Like Bennett) only gives *him*-self,
  Or *her*, like Mrs. West!

Nay, thou—to look beyond the stage,
Thy life is but another page
  Continued of the play;
The same companionable sprite—
Thy whim and pleasantry by night
  Are with thee in the day!

TO MISS KELLY

OF THE ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE

KELLY, two quiet hours agone,
Thy part was o'er, the play was done,
  The tragic vision fled.
My lobster salad is discuss'd,
My wine and water mingled just,
  And thou art in my head!

Clifford is gone—for all the while,
And Baker's everlasting smile
  Is vanish'd from me quite,
Like foolish portraits on a wall,
Sway'd by a curtain's rise or fall,
  And not for after sight.

But thou, without or with my will,
Thy ringing tones attend me still,
  And melancholy looks;
Again I see, and echo these
Again, like golden passages
  Gather'd from olden books.

Not apt to lend my faith to cheats,
Or look for honey in the sweets
  Of artificial flowers;
Though critical and curst withal,
Though early mingled grief and gall,
  I recognize thy powers.

Tears thou canst bring, where tears have sprung,
Oft, from an aching heart—not wrung
  By griefs at second hand;
And smiles, to lips that have not curl'd
Seldom at humours of a world
  Most vigilantly scann'd.

And years bring very chilly damps,
That dim the splendour of the lamps,
  And shame the canvas skies;
The brightest scenes, I know not how,
Have changed — and Mrs. GROVE is now
  No fairy in my eyes.

I cannot weep when lovers weep,
Nor throne a tyrant in my sleep,
  Nor quake at tragic screams;
The fond, the fervent faith is flown
Of boyhood; and a play is grown
  Less real than my dreams.

And yet when I confront thee, still
I quite forget that sudden chill
  So perfect is thy art;
Again the vision cheats my soul,
For why? Thou dost present a whole,
  Where others play a part.

The saddest or the shrewdest flights
Of tragical or comic wights
  Are ne'er put out of joint,
And things by feebler authors writ,
Are better'd by thy better wit,
  And dullness finds a point.

A kind of verbal novelist,
Up and down life, thou dost enlist
  All humours, high and low;
That, dramatised, inform thy face
And voice, with every trick and trace
  Of human whim and woe!

The stage, it is thy element,
Wherein thy mind preserves its bent,
  Thou dost not seek or scorn
The critic's meed, the public praise,
As if ordain'd to live in plays,—
  Not actress made, but born!

HINTS TO PAUL PRY

Oh, pleasing, teasing, Mr. Pry,
  Dear Paul—but not Virginia's Paul,
As some might haply deem, to spy
  The umbrella thou art arm'd withal,
Cool hat, and ample pantaloons,
Proper for hot and tropic noons;—

Oh no! for thou wert never born
  To watch the barren sea and cloud
In any desert isle forlorn—
  Thy home is always in a crowd
Drawn nightly, such is thy stage luck,
By Liston—that dramatic Buck.

True as the evening's primrose flower,
  True as the watchman to his beat,
Thou dost attend upon the hour
  And house in old Haymarket Street.
Oh, surely thou art much miscall'd,
Still Paul—yet we are never pall'd!

Friend of the keyhole and the crack,
  That lets thee pry within and pore,
Thy very nose betrays the knack—
  Upturn'd through kissing with the door;
A peeping trick that each dear friend
Sends thee to Coventry, to mend!

Thy bended body shows thy bent,
  Inclined to news in every place;
Thy gossip mouth and eyes intent,
  Stand each a query in thy face;
Thy hat a curious hat appears,
Pricking its brims up like thy ears;
Thy pace, it is an ambling trot,
  To post thee sooner here and there,
To every house where thou shouldst not;
  In gait, in garb, in face, and air,
The true eavesdropper we perceive,
Not merely dropping in at eve,—
But morn and noon, through all the span
  Of day,—to disconcert and fret,
Unwelcome guest to every man,
  A kind of dun, without a debt,
Well cursed by porter in the hall,
For calling when there is no call.
Harm-watching, harm thou still dost catch—
  That rule should save thee many a sore;
But watch thou wilt, and, like a watch,
  A box attends thee at the door—
The household menials e'en begin
To show thee out ere thou art in!

Old Grasp regards thee with a frown,
Old Hardy marks thee for a shot,
Young Stanley longs to knock thee down,
And Subtle mourns her ruin'd plot,
And bans thy bones—alas! for why!
A tender curiosity!

Oh leave the Hardys to themselves—
Leave Mrs. Subtle to her dreams—
'Tis true that they were laid on shelves—
Leave Stanley, junior, to his schemes;
More things there are, the public sigh
To know the rights of, Mr. Pry!

There 's Lady L—— the late Miss P——,
Miss P—— and lady both were late,
And two in ten can scarce agree,
For why the title had to wait;
But thou mightst learn from her own lip
What wind detain'd the lady-ship?

Or Mr. P.!—the sire that nursed
Thy youth, and made thee what thou art,
Who form'd thy prying genius first—
(Thou wottest his untender part),
'Twould be a friendly call and fit,
To know 'how soon he hopes to sit.'

Some people long to know the truth
Whether Miss T. does mean to try
For Gibbon once again—in sooth,
Thou mightst indulge them, Mr. Pry;
A verbal extract from the brief
Would give some spinsters great relief!

Suppose, dear Pry, thou wert to dodge
The porter's glance, and just drop in
At Windsor's shy sequester'd lodge,
(Thou wilt, if any man can win
His way so far)—and kindly bring
Poor Cob's petition to the king.

There 's Mrs. Coutts—hath she outgrown
The compass of a prying eye?
And, ah! there is the Great Unknown,
A man that makes the curious sigh;
'Twere worthy of your genius quite
To bring that lurking man to light.

O, come abroad, with curious hat,
And patch'd umbrella, curious too—
To poke with this, and pry with that—
Search all our scandal through and through,
And treat the whole world like a pie
Made for thy finger, Mr. Pry!

TO THOMAS BISH, ESQ.

'The oyster-woman locked her fish up,
And trudged away to cry "no Bish"—.'—*Hudibras.*

My Bish, since fickle Fortune 's dead,
Where throbs thy speculating head
That hatch'd such matchless stories
Of gaining, like Napoleon, all
Success on every capital,
And thirty thousand glories?

Dost thou now sit when evening comes,
Wrapt in its cold and wintry glooms,
And dream o'er faded pleasures?
See numbers rise and numbers fall,
Hear Lottery's last funereal call
O'er all her vanish'd treasures?

Thy head, distract 'twixt weal and woe,
Feels the *last* Lottery like a blow
From malice—aimed at thee;
No prizes pass in decent rank,
Nothing is left thee but a blank,
And worthy Mrs. B.

Perchance at times thy wits may strive
With cards to keep the game alive,
And mock the old arena,
By fighting Fortune at Ecarté,
Thou Charing Cross's Bonaparté!
In little St. Helena.

Thou'rt out of luck—for to thy share,
Not as of old, falls blank despair;
The thought oft gives the vapours.
In some 'cursed cottage of content'
Thy baffled hopeless hours are spent
Spelling the daily papers.

No more thy name in column stares
On the lured reader unawares;
The voice of Fame is o'er!
No more it breathes thee into print;
What is Fame's breath? There 's nothing in't—
The merest puff—no more!

The puff to others now belongs,
The Wrights have risen upon thy wrongs,
Rowlands to Hunts recoil!
The wheel of fortune, now forlorn,
Turns but to grind the roasted corn,
Greased with Macassar oil.

Election chances seemed a vent
For thy desires—but Parliament
Is not so easy won.
Numbers were once to thee a treat,
But now by numbers thou wert beat,
And Rowland Stephenson.

At Drury, too, the chance was thine;
But thou shalt in past glory shine,
Not as the uncertain actor;
Not as the man that opens wide
The floodgate for the public tide,
But as the Great Contractor.

And when—but Heaven protract the day—
The time is come for Life's decay,
Prolonged shall be thy joys.
A favourite wheel shall carry thee,
And like thy darling Lottery,
Be drawn by Blue-coat boys.

A tumulus shall cover thee
And thine. A barrow it will be,
Sacred to thy one wheel.
And genuine tears, my Bish, from eyes
Of those who never got a prize,
At morn and eve shall steal.

TIME, HOPE, AND MEMORY

I HEARD a gentle maiden, in the Spring,
Set her sweet sighs to music, and thus sing;
'Fly through the world, and I will follow thee,
Only for looks that may turn back on me;

'Only for roses that your chance may throw—
Though withered—I will wear them on my brow,
To be a thoughtful fragrance to my brain;
Warmed with such love, that they will bloom again.

'Thy love before thee, I must tread behind,
Kissing thy foot-prints, though to me unkind;
But trust not all her fondness, though it seem,
Lest thy true love should rest on a false dream.

'Her face is smiling, and her voice is sweet;
But smiles betray, and music sings deceit;
And words speak false;—yet, if they welcome prove,
I'll be their echo, and repeat their love.

'Only if wakened to sad truth, at last,
The bitterness to come, and sweetness past;
When thou art vext, then, turn again, and see
Thou hast loved Hope, but Memory loved thee.'

FLOWERS

I WILL not have the mad Clytie
Whose head is turn'd by the sun;
The tulip is a courtly quean,
Whom, therefore, I will shun;
The cowslip is a country wench,
The violet is a nun;—
But I will woo the dainty rose,
The queen of every one!

The pea is but a wanton witch,
In too much haste to wed,
And clasps her rings on every hand;
The wolfsbane I should dread;
Nor will I dreary rosemarye,
That always mourns the dead;—
But I will woo the dainty rose,
With her cheeks of tender red!

The lily is all in white, like a Saint,
And so is no mate for me—
And the daisy's cheek is tipp'd with a blush,
She is of such low degree;
Jasmine is sweet, and has many loves,
And the broom 's betroth'd to the bee;—
But I will plight with the dainty rose,
For fairest of all is she.

I LOVE THEE

I LOVE thee—I love thee!
'Tis all that I can say;—
It is my vision in the night,
My dreaming in the day;
The very echo of my heart,
The blessing when I pray,
I love thee—I love thee,
Is all that I can say.

I love thee—I love thee!
Is ever on my tongue;
In all my proudest poesy
That chorus still is sung;
It is the verdict of my eyes,
Amidst the gay and young:
I love thee—I love thee,
A thousand maids among.

I love thee—I love thee!
Thy bright and hazel glance,
The mellow lute upon those lips,
Whose tender tones entrance;
But most, dear heart of hearts, thy proofs
That still these words enhance,
I love thee—I love thee;
Whatever be thy chance.

BALLAD

IT was not in the winter
Our loving lot was cast!
It was the time of roses,
We plucked them as we passed!
That churlish season never frowned
On early lovers yet!—
Oh no—the world was newly crowned
With flowers, when first we met.

'Twas twilight, and I bade you go,
But still you held me fast;—
It was the time of roses,—
We plucked them as we passed!

What else could peer my glowing cheek
That tears began to stud?—
And when I asked the like of Love
You snatched a damask bud,—

And oped it to the dainty core
Still glowing to the last:—
It was the time of roses,
We plucked them as we passed!

ELEGY ON DAVID LAING, ESQ.

BLACKSMITH AND JOINER (WITHOUT LICENCE) AT GRETNA GREEN

Ah me! what causes such complaining breath,
Such female moans, and flooding tears to flow?
It is to chide with stern, remorseless Death,
For laying Laing low!
From Prospect House there comes a sound of woe—
A shrill and persevering loud lament,
Echoed by Mrs. T.'s Establishment
'For Six Young Ladies,
In a retired and healthy part of Kent.'
All weeping, Mr. L—— gone down to Hades!
Thoughtful of grates, and convents, and the veil!
Surrey takes up the tale,
And all the nineteen scholars of Miss Jones,
With the two parlour-boarders and th' apprentice—
So universal this mis-timed event is—
Are joining sobs and groans!
The shock confounds all hymeneal planners,
And drives the sweetest from their sweet behaviours:
The girls at Manor House forget their manners,
And utter sighs like paviours!
Down—down through Devon and the distant shires
Travels the news of Death's remorseless crime;
And in all hearts, at once, all hope expires
Of *matches* against time!

Along the northern route
The road is water'd by postilions' eyes;
The topboot paces pensively about,
And yellow jackets are all stain'd with sighs;
There is a sound of grieving at the Ship,
And sorry hands are wringing at the Bell,
In aid of David's knell.
The postboy's heart is cracking—not his whip!—
To gaze upon those useless empty collars
His wayworn horses seem so glad to slip—
And think upon the dollars

That used to urge his gallop—quicker! quicker!
All hope is fled,
For Laing is dead—
Vicar of Wakefield—Edward Gibbon's vicar!

The barristers shed tears—
Enough to feast a snipe (snipes live on suction)—
To think in after years
No suits will come of Gretna Green abduction,
Nor knaves inveigle
Young heiresses in marriage scrapes or legal;
The dull reporters
Look truly sad and seriously solemn,
To lose the future column
On Hymen-Smithy and its fond resorters!—
But grave Miss Daulby and the teaching brood
Rejoice at quenching the clandestine flambeau—
That never real beau of flesh and blood
Will henceforth lure young ladies from their *Chambaud*.

Sleep—David Laing!—sleep
In peace, though angry governesses spurn thee!
Over thy grave a thousand maidens weep,
And honest postboys mourn thee!
Sleep, David!—safely and serenely sleep,
Bewept of many a learned legal eye!—
To see the mould above thee in a heap
Drowns many a lid that heretofore was dry!—
Especially of those that, plunging deep,
In love, would 'ride and tie!'
Had I command, thou should'st have gone thy ways
In chaise and pair—and lain in Père-la-Chaise!

ODE

'I'll give him dash for dash.'

J[ERDA]N, farewell! farewell to all
Who ever prais'd me, great or small;
Your poet's course is run!
A weekly—no, an ev'ryday
Reviewer takes my fame away,
And I am all undone!

I cannot live an author long!
When I did write, O I did wrong
To aim at being great;
A Diamond Poet in a pin
May twinkle on in peace, and win
No diamond critic's hate!

No small inditer of reviews
Will analyse his tiny muse,
Or lay his sonnets waste;
Who strives to prove that Richardson,
That calls himself a diamond one,
Is but a bard of paste?

The smallest bird that wings the sky
May tempt some sparrowshot and die;
  But midges still go free!
The peace that shuns my board and bed
May settle on a lowlier head,
  And dwell, 'St. John, with thee!'

I aim'd at higher growth; and now
My leaves are wither'd on the bough,
  I'm choked by bitter shrubs!

O Mr. F. C. W.!
What can I christen thy review
  But one of 'Wormwood Scrubs?'

The very man that sought me once—
Can I so soon be grown a dunce?—
  He now derides my verse;
But who, save me, will fret to find
The editor has changed his mind,—
  He can't have got a worse.

A LAMENT FOR THE DECLINE OF CHIVALRY

WELL hast thou cried, departed Burke,
All chivalrous romantic work
  Is ended now and past!—
That iron age—which some have thought
Of metal rather overwrought—
  Is now all overcast!

Ay,—where are those heroic knights
Of old—those armadillo wights
  Who wore the plated vest!—
Great Charlemagne, and all his peers
Are cold—enjoying with their spears
  An everlasting rest!—

The bold King Arthur sleepeth sound,
So sleep his knights who gave that Round
  Old Table such éclat!
Oh Time has pluck'd that plumy brow!
And none engage at turneys now
  But those who go to law.

Grim John o' Gaunt is quite gone by,
And Guy is nothing but a Guy,
  Orlando lies forlorn!—
Bold Sidney, and his kidney—nay,
Those 'early Champions'—what are they
  But '*Knights* without a morn!'

No Percy branch now perseveres
Like those of old in breaking spears—
  The name is now a lie!—
Surgeons, alone, by any chance,
Are all that ever couch a lance
  To couch a body's eye!

Alas for Lion-Hearted Dick,
That cut the Moslems to the quick,
  His weapon lies in piece,—
Oh, it would warm them in a trice,
If they could only have a spice
  Of his old mace in Greece!

The fam'd Rinaldo lies a-cold,
And Tancred too, and Godfrey bold,
  That scal'd the holy wall!
No Saracen meets Paladin,
We hear of no great *Saladin*,
  But only grow the small.

Our Cressys too have dwindled since
To penny things—at our Black Prince
  Historic pens would scoff—
The only one we moderns had
Was nothing but a Sandwich lad,
  And measles took him off!—

Where are those old and feudal clans,
Their pikes, and bills, and partizans,
  Their hauberks—jerkins—buffs?
A battle was a battle then,
A breathing piece of work—but men
  Fight now—with powder puffs!

The curtal-axe is out of date!
The good old cross-bow bends to Fate
  'Tis gone—the archer's craft!
No tough arm bends the springing yew,
And jolly draymen ride, in lieu
  Of Death, upon the shaft.—

The spear—the gallant tilter's pride—
The rusty spear is laid aside,
Oh spits now domineer!—
The coat of mail is left alone,—
And where is all chain-armour gone?
Go ask at Brighton Pier.

We fight in ropes and not in lists,
Bestowing hand-cuffs with our fists,
A low and vulgar art!—
No mounted man is overthrown—
A tilt!—it is a thing unknown—
Except upon a cart.

Methinks I see the bounding barb,
Clad like his chief in steely garb,
For warding steel's appliance!—
Methinks I hear the trumpet stir!
'Tis but the guard to Exeter,
That bugles the 'Defiance!'

In cavils when will cavaliers
Set ringing helmets by the ears,
And scatter plumes about?
Or blood—if they are in the vein?
That tap will never run again—
Alas the Casque is out!

No iron-crackling now is scor'd
By dint of battle-axe or sword,
To find a vital place—
Though certain Doctors still pretend
Awhile, before they kill a friend,
To labour through his case.

Farewell, then, ancient men of might!
Crusader! errant squire, and knight!
Our coats and customs soften,—
To rise would only make ye weep—
Sleep on, in rusty iron sleep,
As in a safety-coffin!

ODE

IMITATED FROM HORACE

Oh! well may poets make a fuss
In summer time, and sigh '*O rus!*'
Of London pleasures sick:
My heart is all at pant to rest
In greenwood shades,—my eyes detest
This endless meal of brick!

What joy have I in June's return?
My feet are parch'd—my eyeballs burn,
I scent no flowery gust;
But faint the flagging zephyr springs,
With dry Macadam on its wings,
And turns me 'dust to dust.'

My sun his daily course renews
Due east, but with no Eastern dews;
The path is dry and hot!
His setting shows more tamely still,
He sinks behind no purple hill,
But down a chimney's pot!

Oh! but to hear the milk-maid blithe,
Or early mower whet his scythe
The dewy meads among!—

My grass is of that sort—alas!—
That makes no hay,—call'd sparrow-grass
By folks of vulgar tongue!

Oh! but to smell the woodbine sweet!
I think of cowslip-cups—but meet
With very vile rebuffs!
For meadow buds, I get a whiff
Of Cheshire cheese,—or only sniff
The turtle made at Cuff's.

How tenderly Rousseau review'd
His periwinkles!—mine are stew'd!
My rose blooms on a gown!
I hunt in vain for eglantine,
And find my blue-bell on the sign
That marks the Bell and Crown!

Where are ye, birds! that blithely wing
From tree to tree, and gaily sing
Or mourn in thickets deep?
My cuckoo has some ware to sell,
The watchman is my Philomel,
My blackbird is a sweep!

Where are ye, linnet! lark! and thrush!
That perch on leafy bough and bush,
And tune the various song?
Two hurdy-gurdists, and a poor
Street-Handel grinding at my door,
Are all my 'tuneful throng.'

Where are ye, early-purling streams,
Whose waves reflect the morning beams
And colours of the skies?
My rills are only puddle-drains
From shambles—or reflect the stains
Of calimanco-dyes.

Sweet are the little brooks that run
O'er pebbles glancing in the sun,
Singing in soothing tones:—
Not thus the city streamlets flow;
They make no music as they go,
Tho' never 'off the stones.'

Where are ye, pastoral pretty sheep,
That wont to bleat, and frisk, and leap
Beside your woolly dams?
Alas! instead of harmless crooks,
My Corydons use iron hooks,
And skin—not shear—the lambs.

The pipe whereon, in olden day,
Th' Arcadian herdsman us'd to play
Sweetly—here soundeth not;
But merely breathes unwelcome fumes,
Meanwhile the city boor consumes
The rank weed—'piping hot.'

All rural things are vilely mock'd,
On every hand the sense is shock'd
With objects hard to bear:
Shades,—vernal shades!—where wine is sold!
And for a turfy bank, behold
An Ingram's rustic chair!

Where are ye, London meads and bow'rs,
And gardens redolent of flow'rs
Wherein the zephyr wons?
Alas! Moor Fields are fields no more!
See Hatton's Garden brick'd all o'er;
And that bare wood—St. John's.

No pastoral scene procures me peace;
I hold no Leasowes in my lease,
No cot set round with trees:
No sheep-white hill my dwelling flanks
And omnium furnishes my banks
With brokers—not with bees.

Oh! well may poets make a fuss
In summer time, and sigh '*O rus!*'
Of city pleasures sick:
My heart is all at pant to rest
In greenwood shades,—my eyes detest
This endless meal of brick!

STANZAS TO TOM WOODGATE, OF HASTINGS

I

Tom!—are you still within this land
Of livers—still on Hastings' sand,
Or roaming on the waves,—
Or has some billow o'er you rolled,
Jealous that earth should lap so bold
A seaman in her graves?

II

On land the rush-light lives of men
Go out but slowly; nine in ten,
By tedious long decline,—
Not so the jolly sailor sinks,
Who founders in the wave, and drinks
The apoplectic brine!

III

Ay, while I write, mayhap your head
Is sleeping on an oyster-bed,—
I hope 'tis far from truth!
With periwinkle eyes;—your bone
Beset with mussels, not your own,
And corals at your tooth!

IV

Still does the Chance pursue the chance
The main affords—the Aidant dance
In safety on the tide ?
Still flies that sign of my good-will
A little *bunting* thing—but still
To thee a flag of pride ?

V

Does that hard, honest hand now clasp
The tiller in its careful grasp—
With every summer breeze
When ladies sail, in lady-fear—
Or, tug the oar, a gondolier
On smooth Macadam seas ?

VI

Or are you where the flounders keep,
Some dozen briny fathoms deep,
Where sands and shells abound—
With some old Triton on your chest
And twelve grave mermen for a 'quest,
To find that you are—drowned ?

VII

Swift is the wave, and apt to bring
A sudden doom—perchance I sing
A mere funereal strain ;—
You have endured the utter strife—
And are—the same in death or life,
A good man in the main !

VIII

Oh, no—I hope the old brown eye
Still watches ebb and flood and sky ;
That still the old brown shoes
Are sucking brine up—pumps indeed !
Your tooth still full of ocean weed,
Or Indian—which you choose.

IX

I like you, Tom ! and in these lays
Give honest worth its honest praise,
No puff at honour's cost ;
For though you met these words of mine,
All letter-learning was a line
You, somehow, never crossed !

X

Mayhap, we ne'er shall mèet again,
Except on that Pacific main,
Beyond this planet's brink ;—
Yet as we erst have braved the weather,
Still we may float awhile together,
As comrades on this ink !

XI

Many a scudding gale we've had
Together, and, my gallant lad,
Some perils we have passed ;
When huge and black the wave careered,
And oft the giant surge appeared
The master of our mast :—

XII

'Twas thy example taught me how
To climb the billow's hoary brow,
Or cleave the raging heap—
To bound along the ocean wild,
With danger only as a child,
The waters rocked to sleep.

XIII

Oh, who can tell that brave delight,
To see the hissing wave in might,
Come rampant like a snake !
To leap his horrid crest, and feast
One's eyes upon the briny beast,
Left couchant in the wake !

XIV

The simple shepherd's love is still
To bask upon a sunny hill,
The herdsman roams the vale—
With both their fancies I agree ;
Be mine the swelling, scooping sea,
That is both hill and dale !

XV

I yearn for that brisk spray—I yearn
To feel the wave from stem to stern
Uplift the plunging keel.
That merry step we used to dance,
On board the Aidant or the Chance,
The ocean ' toe and heel.'

XVI

I long to feel the steady gale,
That fills the broad distended sail—
The seas on either hand!
My thought, like any hollow shell,
Keeps mocking at my ear the swell
Of waves against the land.

XVII

It is no fable—that old strain
Of sirens!—so the witching main
Is singing—and I sigh!
My heart is all at once inclined
To seaward—and I seem to find
The waters in my eye!

XVIII

Methinks I see the shining beach;
The merry waves, each after each,
Rebounding o'er the flints;—
I spy the grim preventive spy!
The jolly boatmen standing nigh!
The maids in morning chintz!

XIX

And there they float—the sailing craft!
The sail is up—the wind abaft—
The ballast trim and neat.
Alas! 'tis all a dream—a lie!
A printer's imp is standing by,
To haul my mizen sheet!

XX

My tiller dwindles to a pen—
My craft is that of bookish men—
My sale—let Longman tell!
Adieu the wave! the wind! the spray!
Men—maidens—chintzes—fade away!
Tom Woodgate, fare thee well!

THE LOGICIANS

AN ILLUSTRATION

'Metaphysics were a large field in which to exercise the weapons logic had put into their hands.'
—*Scriblerus.*

See here two cavillers,
Would-be unravellers
Of abstruse theory and questions mystical,
In tête-à-tête,
And deep debate,
Wrangling according to forms syllogistical.

Glowing and ruddy
The light streams in upon their deep brown study,
And settles on our bald logician's skull:
But still his meditative eye looks dull
And muddy,
For he is gazing inwardly, like Plato;
But to the world without
And things about,
His eye is blind as that of a potato:
In fact, logicians
See but by syllogisms—taste and smell
By propositions;
And never let the common dray-horse senses
Draw inferences.

How wise his brow! how eloquent his nose!
The feature of itself is a negation!
How gravely double is his chin, that shows
Double deliberation;
His scornful lip forestalls the confutation!
O this is he that wisely with a major
And minor proves a greengage is no gauger!—
By help of ergo,
That cheese of sage will make no mite the sager,
And Taurus is no bull to toss up Virgo!—
O this is he that logically tore his
Dog into dogmas—following Aristotle—
Cut up his cat into ten categories,
And cork'd an abstract conjuror in a bottle!
O this is he that disembodied matter,
And proved that incorporeal corporations
Put nothing in no platter,
And for mock turtle only supp'd sensations!
O this is he that palpably decided,
With grave and mathematical precision
How often atoms may be subdivided
By long division;
O this is he that show'd I is not I,
And made a ghost of personal identity;
Proved 'Ipse' absent by an alibi,
And frisking in some other person's entity;
He sounded all philosophies in truth,
Whether old schemes or only supplemental:—
And had, by virtue of his wisdom-tooth,
A dental knowledge of the transcendental!

The other is a shrewd severer wight,
Sharp argument hath worn him nigh the bone:
For why? he never let dispute alone,
A logical knight-errant,
That wrangled ever,—morning, noon and night,
From night to morn: he had no wife apparent
But Barbara Celárent!
Woe unto him he caught in a dilemma,
For on the point of his two fingers full
He took the luckless wight, and gave with them a
Most deadly toss, like any baited bull.
Woe unto him that ever dared to breathe
A sophism in his angry ear! for *that*
He took ferociously between his teeth,
And shook it—like a terrier with a rat!
In fact old Controversy ne'er begat
One half so cruel
And dangerous as he, in verbal duel!

No one had ever so complete a fame
As a debater;
And for art logical his name was greater
Than Dr. Watts's name!—

Look how they sit together!
Two bitter desperate antagonists,
Licking each other with their tongues, like fists,
Merely to settle whether
This world of ours had ever a beginning—
Whether created,
Vaguely undated,
Or time had any finger in its spinning:
When, lo!—for they were sitting at the basement—
A hand, like that upon Belshazzar's wall,
Lets fall
A written paper through the open casement.

'O foolish wits! (thus runs the document)
To twist your brains into a double knot
On such a barren question! Be content
That there is such a fair and pleasant spot
For your enjoyment as this verdant earth.
Go eat and drink, and give your hearts to mirth;
For vainly ye contend;
Before you can decide about its birth,
The world will have an end!'

DEATH IN THE KITCHEN

'Are we not here now?' continued the corporal (striking the end of his stick perpendicularly on the floor, so as to give an idea of health and stability)—'and are we not' (dropping his hat upon the ground) 'gone?—In a moment!'—*Tristram Shandy.*

TRIM, thou art right!—'Tis sure that I,
And all who hear thee, are to die.
The stoutest lad and wench
Must lose their places at the will
Of Death, and go at last to fill
The sexton's gloomy trench.

The dreary grave!—O, when I think
How close we stand upon its brink,
My inward spirit groans!
My eyes are filled with dismal dreams
Of coffins, and this kitchen seems
A charnel full of bones!

Yes, jovial butler, thou must fail,
As sinks the froth on thine own ale;
Thy days will soon be done!
Alas! the common hours that strike,
Are knells, for life keeps wasting, like
A cask upon the run.

Ay, hapless scullion! 'tis thy case,
Life travels at a scouring pace,
Far swifter than thy hand.
The fast-decaying frame of man
Is but a kettle or a pan
Time wears away with—sand!

Thou needst not, mistress cook! be told,
The meat to-morrow will be cold
That now is fresh and hot:
E'en thus our flesh will, by and by,
Be cold as stone:—Cook, thou must die,
There 's death within the pot.

Susannah, too, my lady's maid,
Thy pretty person once must aid
To swell the buried swarm!
The 'glass of fashion' thou wilt hold
No more, but grovel in the mould
That 's not the 'mould of form!'

Yes, Jonathan, that drives the coach,
He too will feel the fiend's approach—
The grave will pluck him down:
He must in dust and ashes lie,
And wear the churchyard livery,
Grass green, turn'd up with brown.

How frail is our uncertain breath!
The laundress seems full hale, but Death
Shall her 'last linen' bring.

The groom will die, like all his kind;
And e'en the stable boy will find
This life no stable thing.

Nay, see the household dog—even that
The earth shall take;—the very cat
Will share the common fall;
Although she hold (the proverb saith)
A ninefold life, one single death
Suffices for them all!

Cook, butler, Susan, Jonathan,
The girl that scours the pot and pan,
And those that tend the steeds—
All, all shall have another sort
Of service after this;—in short—
The one the parson reads!

The dreary grave!—O, when I think
How close we stand upon its brink,
My inward spirit groans!
My eyes are filled with dismal dreams
Of coffins, and this kitchen seems
A charnel full of bones!

[EPISTLE TO MISS CHARLOTTE REYNOLDS]

My dear Lot,
There 's a blot!—
This is to write
That Sunday night
By the late
Coach at eight,
We shall get in
To little Britain,—
So have handy
Gin, rum, Brandy
A lobster,—may be—
Cucumbers, they be
Also in season
And within reason—
Porter—by Gum!
Against we come—
In lieu of Friday
Then we keep high day
And holy, as long as
We can. I get strong as
A horse—i.e., pony
Jane tho' keeps boney.
How is your mother,
Still with your brother,
And Marian too—
And that good man too
Call'd your papa, Miss.
After these ah Miss!
Don't say I never
Made an endeavour
To write you verses
Tho' this lay worse is
Than any I've written
The truth is, I've sitten
So long over letters
Addressed to your betters
That—that—that
Some how—
My pen—
Amen.

T. Hood.

[July 11, 1828.]

ON THE DEATH OF THE GIRAFFE

THEY say, God wot!
She died upon the spot:
But then in spots she was so rich,—
I wonder which?

ON THE REMOVAL OF A MENAGERIE

LET Exeter Change lament its change,
Its beasts and other losses—
Another place thrives by its case,
Now *Charing* has two *Crosses*.

BIRTHDAY VERSES

GOOD-MORROW to the golden Morning!
Good-morrow to the world's delight!
I've come to bless thy life's beginning,
That hath made my own so bright!

I have brought no roses, Dearest!
Summer lies upon her bier;
It was when all sweets were over
Thou wert born to bless the year.

But I bring thee jewels, Fairest!
In thy bonny locks to shine;
And, if love seem in their glances,
They have learn'd that look of mine!

THE FAREWELL

TO A FRENCH AIR

FARE thee well,
Gabrielle!
Whilst I join France
With bright cuirass and lance!
Trumpets swell,
Gabrielle!
War-horses prance,
And cavaliers advance!

In the night,
Ere the fight,
In the night
I'll think of thee!

And in prayer,
Lady fair,
In *thy* prayer
Then think of me!

Death may knell,
Gabrielle!
Where my plumes dance
By arquebuss or lance,
Then farewell,
Gabrielle!
Take my last glance,
Fair Miracle of France.

ON A PICTURE OF HERO AND LEANDER

WHY, Love, why
Such a Water-rover ?
Would she love thee more
For coming *half seas over* ?

Why, Lady, why
So in love with dipping ?
Must a lad of *Greece*
Come all over *dripping* ?

Why, Cupid, why
Make the passage brighter ?
Were not any boat
Better than a *lighter* ?

Why, Maiden, why
So intrusive standing ?
Must thou be on the stair,
When he 's on the *landing* ?

FOR THE FOURTEENTH OF FEBRUARY

No popular respect will I omit
To do thee honour on this happy day,
When every loyal lover tasks his wit
His simple truth in studious rhymes to pay,
And to his mistress dear his hopes convey.
Rather, thou knowest, I would still outrun
All calendars with Love's,—whose date alway
Thy bright eyes govern better than the sun,—
For with thy favour was my life begun ;
And still I reckon on from smiles to smiles,
And not by summers, for I thrive on none
But those thy cheerful countenance compiles—
Oh, if it be to choose and call thee mine,
Love, thou art every day my Valentine !

A BUNCH OF FORGET-ME-NOTS

FORGET me not ! It is the cry of clay,
From infancy to age, from ripe to rotten ;
For who, ' to dumb forgetfulness a prey,'
Would be forgotten ?

Hark the poor infant, in the age of pap,
A little Laplander on nurse's lap,
Some strange, neglectful, gossiping old Trot,
Meanwhile on dull Oblivion's lap she lieth,
In her shrill Baby-lonish language crieth—
What ?
' Forget-me-not ! '

The schoolboy writes unto the self-same tune,
The yearly letter, guiltless of a blot,
'We break up on the twenty-third of June';
And then, with comps. from Dr. Polyglot,
'P.S. Forget me not!'

When last my elder brother sailed for Quito,
My chalky foot had in a hobble got—
Why did he plant his timber toe on *my* toe,
To stamp on memory's most tender spot
'Forget me not!'

The dying nabob, on whose shrivelled skin
The Indian 'mulliga' has left its 'tawny,'
Leaving life's pilgrimage so rough and thorny,
Bindeth his kin
Two tons of sculptured marble to allot—
A small 'Forget me not!'

The hardy sailor parting from his wives,
Sharing among them all that he has got,
Keeps a fond eye upon their after-lives,
And says to seventeen—'If I am shot,
Forget me not.'

Why, all the mob of authors that now trouble
The world with cold-pressed volumes and with hot,
They all are seeking reputation's bubble,
Hopelessly hoping, like Sir Walter Scott,
To tie in fame's own handkerchief a double
Forget-me-*k*not!

A past past tense,
In fact, is sought for by all human kind,
And hence
Our common Irish wish—to leave ourselves behind.

Forget me not!—It is the common chorus
Swell'd by all those behind us and before us;
Each fifth of each November
Calls out 'Remember!'
And even a poor man of straw will try
To live by dint of powder and of plot.
In short, it is the cry of every Guy—
'Forget me not!'

THE POET'S PORTION

WHAT is a mine—a treasury—a dower—
A magic talisman of mighty power?
A poet's wide possession of the earth:
He has th' enjoyment of a flower's birth
Before its budding—ere the first red streaks,
And winter cannot rob him of their cheeks.
Look if his dawn be not ere other men's!
Twenty bright flushes—ere another kens
The first of sunlight is abroad, he sees
Its gold election of the topmost trees,
And opes the splendid fissures of the morn.
When do his fruits delay? When doth his corn
Linger for harvesting? Before the leaf
Is commonly abroad, in his piled sheaf
The flagging poppies lose their ardent flame.
No sweet there is, no pleasure you can name,
But he will sip it first—before the lees;—
'Tis his to taste rich honey ere the bees
Are busy with the brooms: he may forestal
June's rosy advent for his coronal,
Before expectance buds upon the bough,
Twining his thoughts to bloom upon his brow.
Oh! blest to see the flower in its seed,
Before its leafy presence; for, indeed,
Leaves are but wings on which the summer flies,
And each thing, perishable, fades and dies,
Except in thought; but his rich thinkings be
Like overflows of immortality—
So that what there is steeped shall perish never,
But live and bloom, and be a joy for ever!

'I'M NOT A SINGLE MAN'

LINES WRITTEN IN A YOUNG LADY'S ALBUM

A PRETTY task, Miss S——, to ask
A Benedictine pen,
That cannot quite at freedom write
Like those of other men.
No lover's plaint my Muse must paint
To fill this page's span,
But be correct and recollect
I'm not a single man.

Pray only think, for pen and ink
How hard to get along,
That may not turn on words that burn
Or Love, the life of song!
Nine Muses, if I chooses, I
May woo all in a clan,
But one Miss S—— I daren't address—
I'm not a single man.

Scribblers unwed, with little head
May eke it out with heart,
And in their lays it often plays
A rare first-fiddle part.
They make a kiss to rhyme with bliss,
But if *I* so began,
I have my fears about my ears—
I'm not a single man.

Upon your cheek I may not speak,
Nor on your lip be warm,
I must be wise about your eyes,
And formal with your form;
Of all that sort of thing, in short,
On T. H. Bayly's plan,
I must not twine a single line—
I'm not a single man.

A watchman's part compels my heart
To keep you off its *beat*,
And I might dare as soon to swear
At *you*, as at your feet.
I can't expire in passion's fire
As other poets can—
My life (she 's by) won't let me die—
I'm not a single man.

Shut out from love, denied a dove,
Forbidden bow and dart,
Without a groan to call my own,
With neither hand nor heart;
To Hymen vow'd, and not allow'd
To flirt e'en with your fan,
Here end, as just a friend, I must—
I'm not a single man.

PLAYING AT SOLDIERS

'Who'll serve the King?'

WHAT little urchin is there never
Hath had that early scarlet fever,
Of martial trappings caught?
Trappings well called—because they trap
And catch full many a country chap
To go where fields are fought!

What little urchin with a rag
Hath never made a little flag
(Our plate will shew the manner),
And wooed each tiny neighbour still,
Tommy or Harry, Dick or Will,
To come beneath the banner!

Just like that ancient shape of mist,
In Hamlet, crying ''List, O 'list!'
Come, who will serve the king,
And strike frog-eating Frenchmen dead
And cut off Boneyparty's head?—
And all that sort of thing.

So used I, when I was a boy,
To march with military toy,
And ape the soldier-life;
And with a whistle or a hum,
I thought myself a Duke of Drum
At least, or Earl of Fife.

With gun of tin and sword of lath,
Lord! how I walk'd in glory's path
With regimental mates,
By sound of trump and rub-a-dubs,
To 'siege the washhouse—charge the tubs—
Or storm the garden gates!

Ah me! my retrospective soul!
As over memory's muster-roll
I cast my eyes anew,
My former comrades all the while
Rise up before me, rank and file,
And form in dim review.

Ay, there they stand, and dress in line,
Lubbock, and Fenn, and David Vine,
And dark 'Jamakey Forde!'
And limping Wood, and 'Cocky Hawes,'
Our captain always made,—because
He had a real sword!

Long Lawrence, Natty Smart, and Soame,
Who said he had a gun at home,
But that was all a brag;
Ned Ryder, too, that used to sham
A prancing horse, and big Sam Lamb
That *would* hold up the flag!

Tom Anderson, and 'Dunny White,'
Who never right-abouted right,
For he was deaf and dumb;
Jack Pike, Jem Crack, and Sandy Gray
And Dickey Bird, that wouldn't play
Unless he had the drum.

And Peter Holt, and Charley Jepp,
A chap that never kept the step—
No more did 'Surly Hugh;'
Bob Harrington, and 'Fighting Jim'—
We often had to halt for him,
To let him tie his shoe.

'Quarrelsome Scott,' and Martin Dick,
That killed the bantam cock, to stick
The plumes within his hat;
Bill Hook, and little Tommy Grout
That got so thumped for calling out
'Eyes right!' to 'Squinting Matt.'

Dan Simpson, that, with Peter Dodd,
Was always in the awkward squad,
And those two greedy Blakes,
That took our money to the fair
To buy the corps a trumpet there,
And laid it out in cakes.

Where are they now?—an open war
With open mouth declaring for?—
Or fall'n in bloody fray?
Compell'd to tell the truth I am,
Their fights all ended with the sham,—
Their soldiership in play.

Brave Soame sends cheeses out in trucks,
And Martin sells the cock he plucks,
And Jepp now deals in wine;
Harrington bears a lawyer's bag,
And warlike Lamb retains his flag,
But on a tavern sign.

They tell me Cocky Hawes's sword
Is seen upon a broker's board:
And as for 'Fighting Jim,'
In Bishopsgate, last Whitsuntide,
His unresisting cheek I spied
Beneath a Quaker brim!

Quarrelsome Scott is in the church,
For Ryder now your eye must search
The marts of silk and lace—
Bird's drums are fill'd with figs and mute,
And I—I've got a substitute
To soldier in my place!

THE SWEETS OF YOUTH

'Sweets to the sweet—farewell.'—*Hamlet.*

TIME was I liked a cheesecake well enough;
All human children have a sweetish taste—
I used to revel in a pie, or puff,
Or tart—we all were *tartars* in our youth;
To meet with jam or jelly was good luck,
All candies most complacently I crumped,
A stick of liquorice was good to suck,
And sugar was as often liked as lumped;
On treacle's 'linked sweetness long drawn out,'
Or honey, I could feast like any fly,
I thrilled when lollipops were hawk'd about,
How pleased to compass hard bake or bull's eye,
How charmed if fortune in my power cast
Elecampane—but that campaign is past!

ODE TO N. A. VIGORS, ESQ.

ON THE PUBLICATION OF 'THE GARDENS AND MENAGERIE OF THE ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY'

'Give you good den.'—*Shakespeare.*

So Mr. V.,—no Vigors—I beg pardon—
You've published your Zoological Garden!
A book of which I've heard a deal of talk,
And your Menagérie—indeed, 'tis too bad o' me,
But I have never seen your Beast Academy!
Or set my feet
In Brute-on Street,
Or ever wandered in your 'Bird-cage Walk.'

Yet, I believe that you were truly born
To be a kind of brutal overseer,
And, like the royal quarterings, appear
Between a lion and a unicorn:
There is a sort of reason about rhyme
That I have pondered many, many a time;
Where words, like birds of feather,
Likely to come together,
Are quite prophetically made to chime:
So your own office is forestalled, O Vigors!
Your proper Surname having but one single
Appropriate jingle,
———Tigers!

Where is your gardening volume? like old Mawe's!
Containing rules for cultivating brutes,
Like fruits
Through April, May or June,
As thus—now rake your Lions' manes, and prune
Your Tigers' claws;
About the middle of the month, if fair,
Give your Chameleons air;
Choose shady walls for Owls,
Water your Fowls,
And plant your Leopards in the sunniest spots;
Earth up your Beavers; train your Bears to climb;
Thin out your Elephants about this time;
And set some early Kangaroos in pots.
In some warm sheltered place,
Prepare a hot-bed for the Boa race,
Leaving them room to swell;
Prick out your Porcupines; and blanch your Ermine;
Stick up Opossums; trim your Monkeys well;
And 'destroy all vermin.'

Oh, tell me, Mr. Vigors! for the fleas
Of curiosity begin to tease—
If they bite rudely I must crave your pardon,
But if a man may ask,
What is the task
You have to do in this exotic garden?
If from your title one may guess your ends,
You are a sort of Secretary Bird
To write home word
From ignorant brute beasts to absent friends.
Does ever the poor little Coati Mundi
Beg you to write to ma'
To ask papa
To send him a new suit to wear on Sunday?
Does Mrs. L. request you'll be so good
—Acting a sort of Urban to Sylvanus—
As write to her 'two children in the wood,'
Addressed—post paid—to Leo Africanus?
Does ever the great Sea-Bear *Londinensis*
Make you amanuensis
To send out news to some old Arctic stager—
'Pray write that Brother Bruin, on the whole,
Has got a head on this day's pole,
And say my Ursa has been made a Major'?
Do you not write dejected letters—very—
Describing England for poor 'Happy Jerry,'
Unlike those emigrants who take in flats,
Throwing out New South *Wales* for catching *sprats*?
Of course your penmanship you ne'er refuse
For 'begging letters' from poor Kangaroos;
Of course you manage bills and their acquittance,
And sometimes pen for Pelican a double
Letter to Mrs. P., and brood in trouble,
Enclosing a small dab, as a remittance;
Or send from Mrs. B. to her old cadger,
Her full-length, done by Hervey, that rare draughtsman
And skilful craftsman,
A game one too, for he can draw a Badger.

Does Dr. Bennett never come and trouble you
To break the death of Wolf to Mrs. W.?
To say poor Buffalo his last has puffed,
And died quite suddenly, without a will,
Soothing the widow with a tender quill,
And gently hinting—'would she like him stuffed?'
Does no old sentimental Monkey weary
Your hand at times to vent his scribbling itch?
And there your pen must answer to the query
Of Dame Giraffe, who has been told her deary
Died on the *spot*—and wishes to know *which*?

New candidates meanwhile your help are waiting
To fill up cards of thanks, with due refinement,
For Missis 'Possum, after her confinement;
To pen a note of pretty Poll's dictating—
Or write how Charles the Tenth's departed reign
Disquiets the crowned Crane,
And all the royal Tigers;
To send a bulletin to brother Asses
Of Zebra's health, what sort of night he passes;—
Is this your duty, Secretary Vigors?

Or are your brutes but Garden-brutes indeed,
Of the old shrubby breed,
Dragons of holly—Peacocks cut in yew?
But no—I've seen your book,
And all the creatures look
Like real creatures, natural and true!
Ready to prowl, to growl, to prey, to fight,
Thanks be to Harvey who their portraits drew,
And to the cutters praise is justly due,
To Branston always, and to always Wright.
Go on then, publishing your monthly parts,
And let the wealthy crowd,
The noble and the proud,
Learn of brute beasts to patronise the Arts.
So may your Household flourish in the Park,
And no long Boa go to his long home,
No Antelope give up the vital spark,
But all with this your scientific tome,
Go on as swimmingly as old Noah's Ark!

THE PAINTER PUZZLED

'Draw, Sir!'—*Old Play.*

Well, something must be done for May,
The time is drawing nigh,
To figure in the Catalogue
And woo the public eye.

Something I must invent and paint;
But, oh! my wit is not
Like one of those kind substantives
That answer Who and What?

Oh, for some happy hit! to throw
The gazer in a trance:
But *posé là*—there I am posed
As people say in France.

In vain I sit and strive to think,
I find my head, alack!
Painfully empty, still, just like
A bottle—on the rack.

In vain I task my barren brain
Some new idea to catch,
And tease my hair—ideas are shy
Of 'coming to the scratch.'

In vain I stare upon the air,
No mental visions dawn;
A blank my canvas still remains,
And worse—a blank undrawn;

An 'aching void' that mars my rest
With one eternal hint,
For, like the little goblin page,
It still keeps crying 'Tint!'

But what to tint? ay, there 's the rub,
That plagues me all the while,
As, Selkirk-like, I sit without
A subject for my *i'le*.

'Invention's seventh heaven' the bard
Has written—but my case
Persuades me that the creature dwells
In quite another place.

Sniffing the lamp, the ancients thought
Demosthenes *must* toil;
But works of art are works indeed,
And always 'smell of oil.'

Yet painting pictures some folks think,
Is merely play and fun;
That what is on an easel set
Must easily be done.

But, zounds! if they could sit in this
Uneasy easy-chair,
They'd very soon be glad enough
To cut the camel's hair!

Oh! who can tell the pang it is
To sit as I this day—
With all my canvas spread, and yet
Without an inch of way.

Till, mad at last to find I am
Amongst such empty skullers,
I feel that I could strike myself
But no—I'll 'strike my colours.'

THE DEATH-BED

We watch'd her breathing thro' the night,
Her breathing soft and low,
As in her breast the wave of life
Kept heaving to and fro!

So silently we seemed to speak—
So slowly moved about!
As we had lent her half our powers
To eke her living out!

Our very hopes belied our fears
Our fears our hopes belied—
We thought her dying when she slept,
And sleeping when she died!

For when the morn came dim and sad—
And chill with early showers,
Her quiet eyelids closed—she had
Another morn than ours!

ANTICIPATION

'Coming events cast their shadow before.'

I had a vision in the summer light—
Sorrow was in it and my inward sight
Ached with sad images. The touch of tears
Gush'd down my cheeks:—the figur'd woes of years
Casting their shadows across sunny hours.
Oh there was nothing sorrowful in flow'rs
Wooing the glances of an April sun,
Or apple blossoms opening one by one
Their crimson bosoms—or the twitter'd words
And warbled sentences of merry birds;—

Or the small glitter and the humming wings
Of golden flies and many colour'd things—
Oh these were nothing sad—nor to see *Her*,
Sitting beneath the comfortable stir
Of early leaves—casting the playful grace
Of moving shadows on so fair a face—
Nor in her brow serene—nor in the love
Of her mild eyes drinking the light above
With a long thirst—nor in her gentle smile—
Nor in her hand that shone blood-red the while
She rais'd it in the sun. All these were dear
To heart and eye—but an invisible fear
Shook in the trees and chill'd upon the air,
And if one spot was laughing brightest—there
My soul most sank and darken'd in despair!—
As if the shadows of a curtain'd room
Haunted me in the sun—as if the bloom
Of early flow'rets had no sweets for me
Nor apple blossoms any blush to see—
As if the noon had brought too bright a day—
And little birds were all too gay!—too gay!
As if the beauty of that Lovely One
Were all a fable.—Full before the sun
Stood Death and cast a shadow long before,
Like a dark pall enshrouding her all o'er,
Till eyes, and lips, and smiles, were all no more!

THE STAGE-STRUCK HERO

'It must be. So Plato?—Thou reasonest?—Well'—*School Cato.*

It 's very hard! oh, Dick, my boy,
It 's very hard one can't enjoy
A little private spouting;
But, sure as Lear or Hamlet lives,
Up comes our master, bounce! and gives
The tragic Muse a routing!

Ay, there he comes again! be quick!
And hide the book—a playbook, Dick,
He must not set his eyes on!
It 's very hard, the churlish elf
Will never let one stab one's self
Or take a bowl of pison!

It 's very hard, but when I want
To die—as Cato did—I can't,
Or go *non compos mentis*—
But up he comes, all fire and flame—
No doubt he'd do the very same
With Kemble for a 'prentice!

Oh, Dick! Oh, Dick! it was not so
Some half a dozen years ago!
Melpomene was no sneaker,
When, under Reverend Mister Poole,
Each little boy at Enfield School
Became an Enfield's Speaker!

No cruel master-tailor's cane
Then thwarted the theatric vein;
The tragic soil had tillage.
O dear dramatic days gone by!
You, Dick, were Richard then—and I
Play'd Hamlet to the village,

Or, as Macbeth, the dagger clutch'd,
Till all the servant-maids were touch'd—
Macbeth, I think, my pet is;
Lord, how we spouted Shakespeare's works—
Dick, we had twenty little Burkes,
And fifty Master Betties!

Why, there was Julius Cæsar Dunn,
And Norval, Sandy Philips—one
Of Elocution's champions—
Genteelly taught by his mamma
To say, not father, but papa,
Kept sheep upon the Grampians!

Coriolanus Crumpe—and Fig
In Brutus, with brown-paper wig,
And Huggins great in Cato;
Only he broke so often off,
To have a fit of whooping-cough,
While reasoning with Plato.

And Zanga too,—but I shall weep,
If longer on this theme I keep,
And let remembrance loose, Dick—
Now, forced to act—it 's very hard—
Measure for Measure with a yard—
You, Richard, with a goose, Dick!

Zounds! Dick, it 's very odd our dads
Should send us there when we were lads
To learn to talk like Tullies;
And now, if one should just break out,
Perchance, into a little spout,
A stick about the skull is.

Why should stage-learning form a part
Of schooling for the tailor's art?
Alas! dramatic notes, Dick,
So well record the sad mistake
Of him, who tried at once to make
Both *Romeo* and *Coates*, Dick!

ODE TO JOSEPH HUME, ESQ., M.P.

'I lisp'd in numbers, for the numbers came.'

Oh, Mr. Hume, thy name
Is travelling post upon the road to fame,
With four fast horses and two sharp postillions;
Thy reputation
Has friends by numeration,
Units, Tens, Hundreds, Thousands, Millions.
Whenever public men together dine,
They drink to thee
With three times three—
That 's nine.
And oft a votary proposes then
To add unto the cheering one cheer more—
Nine and One are Ten;
Or somebody for thy honour still more keen,
Insists on four times four—
Sixteen!

In Parliament no star shines more or bigger,
And yet thou dost not care to cut a figure;
Equally art thou eloquent and able,
Whether in showing how to save the nation,
Or laying its petitions on the Table
Of Multiplication.
In motions thou art second unto none,
Though Fortune on thy motions seems to frown,
For though you set a number down
You seldom carry one.
Great at a speech thou art, though some folks cough,
But thou art greatest at a *paring* off.

But never blench,
Although in stirring up corruption's worms
You make some factions
Vulgar as certain fractions,
Almost reduced unto their lowest terms.
Go on, reform, diminish, and retrench,
Go on, for ridicule not caring,
Sift on from one to nine with all their noughts,
And make state cyphers eat up their own aughts,
And only in thy saving be unsparing;
At soldiers' uniforms make awful rackets,
Don't trim though, but untrim their jackets.
Allow the tin mines no tin tax,
Cut off the Great Seal's wax;
Dock all the dock-yards, lower masts and sails,
Search foot by foot the Infantry's amounts,
Look into all the Cavalry's accounts,
And crop their horses' tails.
Look well to Woolwich and each money vote,
Examine all the cannons' charges well,
And those who found th' Artillery compel
To forge twelve pounders for a five pound note.
Watch Sandhurst too, its debts and its Cadets,—
Those Military pets.
Take Army—no, take LeggyTailors
Down to the Fleet, for no one but a nincum
Out of our nation's narrow income
Would furnish such wide trousers to the Sailors.
Next take to wonder him,
The Master of the Horse's horse from under him;
Retrench from those who tend on Royal ills
Wherewith to gild their pills.
And tell the Staghounds' Master he must keep
The deer, &c., cheap.
Close as new brooms
Scrub the Bed Chamber Grooms;
Abridge the Master of the Ceremonies
Of his very moneys;
In short, at every salary have a pull,
And when folks come for pay
On quarter-day,
Stop half, and make them give receipts in full.

Oh, Mr. Hume, don't drink,
Or eat—or sleep, a wink,
Till you have argued over each reduction,
Let it be food to you, repose and suction.
Tho' you should make more motions by one half
Than any telegraph,
Item by item all these things enforce,
Be on your legs till lame, and talk till hoarse;
Have lozenges—mind, Dawson's—in your pocket,
And swing your arms till aching in their socket;
Or if awake you cannot keep,
Talk of retrenchment in your sleep,
Expose each Peachum, and shew up each Lockit,—
Go down to the M.P.'s before you sup,
And while they're sitting blow them up,
As Guy Fawkes could not do with all his nous;
But now we live in different Novembers,
And safely you may walk into the House,
First split its ears, and then divide its members!

THE BALLAD

O, WHEN I was a little boy—
  This print the time recalls—
What strips of song there hung along
  Old palings and old walls!

O, how they flaunted in the air,
  And flutter'd on their strings!
I'd heard of Muses, and they seemed
  Like feathers from their wings—

Dim flimsy papers, little fit
  With Newland's bills to rank;
But O! there seem'd whole millions there
  In notes of Boyhood's Bank!

With what a charm of black and white
  They witch'd the urchin sense!
How blest if I could stop and buy!
  How pensive—without pence!

How hard, alas! if forced to pass
  By that enchanted place,
In dismal sort—a farthing short—
  To long for 'Chevy Chase.'

One comfort liv'd—if pence were scant,
  There still was Mary Dunn—
So stored with song, she seem'd the whole
  Nine Muses rolled in one.

Her pocket money never went
  For cheesecake or for tart;
She purchased all new songs, I had
  The old ones each by heart.

When Mary set to sing, to read,
  All sport and play stood still—
Her words could lock a waggon wheel,
  And stop the march to drill.

Meanwhile, the tragic tale she told
  Of Babies in the Wood
And gentle Redbreast,—or that bold
  Cock Robin, Robin Hood,

Will Scarlet, and his merry mates,
  Who Lincoln Green had on—
I listen'd till I thought myself
  A little Little John.

O, happy times! O, happy rhymes!
  For ever ye're gone by!
Few now—if any—are the lays
  Can make me smile or sigh.

Perchance myself am changed—perchance
  I do their authors wrong—
But scarce a modern ballad now
  Seems worthy 'an old song.'

TO A CHILD EMBRACING HIS MOTHER

LOVE thy Mother, little one!
Kiss and clasp her neck again;
Hereafter she may have a son
Will kiss and clasp her neck in vain.
  Love thy Mother, little one!

Gaze upon her living eyes,
And mirror back her love for thee;
Hereafter thou mayst shudder sighs
To meet them when they cannot see.
  Gaze upon her living eyes!

Press her lips the while they glow
With love that they have often told;
Hereafter thou mayst press in woe,
And kiss them till thine own are cold.
  Press her lips the while they glow!

Oh! revere her raven hair!
Although it be not silver-grey,
Too early Death, led on by care,
May snatch, save one dear lock away.
  Oh! revere her raven hair!

Pray for her at eve and morn,
That Heav'n may long the stroke defer,
For thou mayst live the hour forlorn,
When thou wilt ask to die with her.
  Pray for her at eve and morn!

EPIGRAM ON A PICTURE

This picture very plainly shows
How little many a painter knows
  Of colour, though he thinks it.
T—— herein depicts a view,
And underneath gamboge and blue
  Informs us that T. *pinxit.*

ANSWER TO PAUPER

Don't tell *me* of buds and blossoms,
  Or with rose and vi'let wheedle—
Nosegays grow for other bosoms,
  Churchwarden and Beadle!
What have you to do with streams?
  What with sunny skies, or garish,
Cuckoo songs or pensive dreams?—
  Nature 's not your parish!

What right have such as you to dun
  For sun or moonbeams, warm or bright?
Before you talk about the sun,
  Pay for window-light!
Talk of passions—amorous fancies;
  While your betters' flames miscarry—
If *you* love your Dolls and Nancys,
  Don't we *make* you marry?

Talk of wintry chill and storm,
  Fragrant winds, that blanch your bones;
You poor can always keep you warm,
  An't there breaking stones?
Suppose you don't enjoy the spring,
  Roses fair and vi'lets meek,—
You cannot look for everything
  On eighteenpence a week!

With seasons what have you to do?—
  If corn doth thrive, or wheat is harmed?—
What 's weather to the cropless? You
  Don't farm—but you are farm'd!
Why everlasting murmurs hurl'd,
  With hardship for the text?—
If such as you don't like this world—
  We'll pass you to the next.

Overseer.

JARVIS AND MRS. COPE

A DECIDEDLY SERIOUS BALLAD

In Bunhill Row, some years ago,
  There liv'd one Mrs. Cope;
A pious woman she was call'd,
  As Pius as a Pope.

Not pious in its proper sense,
  But chatt'ring like a bird
Of sin and grace—in such a case
  Mag-piety 's the word.

Cries she, 'the Reverend Mr. Trigg
  This day a text will broach,
And much I long to hear him preach,
  So Betty call a coach.'

A bargain, tho', she wish'd to make
  Ere they began to jog—
'Now, coachman, what d'ye take me for?'
  Says coachman, 'for a hog.'

But Jarvis when he set her down,
A second *hog* did lack—
Whereas she only offer'd him
One shilling and 'a track.'

Said he—'there an't no tracks in Quaife,
You and your tracks be both—'
And, affidavit-like, he clench'd
Her shilling with an oath.

Said she—'I'll have you fined for this,
And soon it shall be done,
I'll have you up at Worship Street,
You wicked one,—aught one!'

And sure enough, at Worship Street
That Friday week they stood,
She said *bad* language he had used,
And thus she '*made it good.*'

'He said two shilling was his fare,
And wouldn't take no less—
I said one shilling was enough—
And he said C—U—S!

'And when I raised my eyes at that,
He swore again at them,
I said he was a wicked man,
And he said D—A—M.'

Now Jarvy's turn was come to speak,
So he stroked down his hair,

'All what she says is false—cause why?
I'll swear I never swear!

'There 's old Joe Hatch, the waterman,
Can tell you what I am,
I'm one of seven children, all
Brought up without a dam!

'He'll say from two year old and less
Since ever I were nust,
If ever I said C—U—S,
I wish I may be cust!

'At Sion Cottage I takes up,
And raining all the while,
To go to New Jerusalem,
A wery long two mile.

'Well, when I axes for my fare,
She rows me in the street,
And uses words as is not fit
For coachmen to repeat!

'Says she,—I know where you will go,
You sinner! I know well—
Your worship, it 's the P—I—T
Of E and double L!'

Now here his worship stopp'd the case—
Said he—'I fine you both!
And of the two—why Mrs. Cope 's
I think the biggest oath!'

MISS FANNY'S FAREWELL FLOWERS

Not 'the posie of a ring.'—*Shakspeare* (all but the *not*).

I CAME to town a happy man,
I need not now dissemble
Why I return so sad at heart,
It 's all through Fanny Kemble:
Oh! when she threw her flow'rs away,
What urged the tragic slut on
To weave in such a wreath as that,
Ah, me! a bachelor's button.

None fought so hard, none fought so well,
As I to gain some token—
When all the pit rose up in arms,
And heads and hearts were broken;

Huzza! said I, I'll have a flower
As sure as my name 's Dutton—
I made a snatch—I got a catch—
By Jove! a bachelor's button!

I've lost my watch—my hat is smash'd—
My clothes declare the racket:
I went there in a full dress coat,
And came home in a jacket.
My nose is swell'd, my eye is black,
My lip I've got a cut on—
Odds buds!—and what a bud to get—
The deuce!—a bachelor's button!

My chest 's in pain ; I really fear
I've somewhat hurt my bellows,
By pokes and punches in the ribs
From those *herb-strewing fellows.*
I miss two teeth in *my* front row ;
My corn has had a *fut* on ;
And all this pain I've had to gain
This cursed bachelor's button.

Had I but won a rose—a bud—
A pansy, or a daisy—
A periwinkle—anything—
But this—it drives me crazy !
My very sherry tastes like squills—
I can't enjoy my mutton ;
And when I sleep I dream of it—
Still—still——a bachelor's button !

My place is book'd per coach to-night;
But oh ! my spirit trembles
To think how country friends will ask
Of Knowleses and of Kembles.
If they should breathe about the wreath,
When I go back to Sutton,
I shall not dare to show my share—
That all !—a bachelor's button !

My luck in life was never good,
But this my fate will harden :
I ne'er shall like my farming more,—
I know I shan't the Garden :
The turnips all may have the fly,
The wheat may have the smut on—
I care not—I've a blight at heart—
Ah me !—a bachelor's button !

THE CHINA-MENDER

Good morning, Mr. What-d'ye-call ! Well ! here 's another pretty job !
Lord help my Lady !—what a smash !—if you had only heard her sob !
It was all through Mr. Lambert : but for certain he was winy,
To think for to go to sit down on a table full of Chiny.
' Deuce take your stupid head ! ' says my Lady to his very face ;
But politeness, you know, is nothing, when there 's Chiny in the case :
And if ever a woman was fond of Chiny to a passion
It 's my mistress, and all sorts of it, whether new or old fashion.
Her brother 's a sea-captain, and brings her home ship-loads—
Such bonzes, and such dragons, and nasty, squatting things like toads ;
And great nidnoddin mandarins, with palsies in the head :
I declare I've often dreamt of them, and had nightmares in my bed.
But the frightfuller they are—lawk ! she loves them all the better :
She'd have Old Nick himself made of Chiny if they'd let her.
Lawk-a-mercy ! break her Chiny, and it 's breaking her very heart ;
If I touch'd it, she would very soon say, ' Mary, we must part.'
To be sure she *is* unlucky : only Friday comes Master Randall,
And breaks a broken spout, and fresh chips a tea-cup handle :
He 's a dear, sweet little child, but he will so finger and touch,
And that 's why my Lady doesn't take to children much.
Well ! there 's stupid Mr. Lambert, with his two great coat flaps,
Must go and sit down on the Dresden shepherdesses' laps,
As if there was no such things as rosewood chairs in the room ;
I couldn't have made a greater sweep with the handle of the broom.
Mercy on us ! how my mistress began to rave and tear !
Well ! after all, there 's nothing like good ironstone ware for wear.

If ever I marry, that 's flat, I'm sure it won't be John Dockery,
I should be a wretched woman in a shop full of crockery.
I should never like to wipe it, though I love to be neat and tidy,
And afraid of mad bulls on market-days every Monday and Friday.
I'm very much mistook if Mr. Lambert's will be a catch;
The breaking the Chiny will be the breaking off of his own match.
Missis wouldn't have an angel, if he was careless about Chiny;
She never forgives a chip, if it 's ever so small and tiny.
Lawk! I never saw a man in all my life in such a taking;
I could find in my heart to pity him for all his mischief-making.
To see him stand a-hammering and stammering, like a zany;
But what signifies apologies, if they wont mend old Chaney!
If he sent her up whole crates full, from Wedgwood's and Mr. Spode's,
He couldn't make amends for the crack'd mandarins and smash'd toads.
Well! every one has their tastes, but, for my parts, my own self,
I'd rather have the figures on my poor dear grandmother's old shelf:
A nice pea-green poll-parrot, and two reapers with brown ears of corns,
And a shepherd with a crook after a lamb with two gilt horns,
And such a Jemmy Jessamy in top-boots and sky-blue vest,
And a frill and flowered waistcoat, with a fine bowpot at the breast.
God help her, poor old soul! I shall come into 'em at her death,
Though she 's a hearty woman for her years, except her shortness of breath.
Well! you think the things will mend—if they wont, Lord mend us all!
My Lady will go in fits, and Mr. Lambert won't need to call:
I'll be bound in any money, if I had a guinea to give,
He won't sit down again on Chiny the longest day he has to live.
Poor soul! I only hope it won't forbid his banns of marriage,
Or he'd better have sat behind on the spikes of my Lady's carriage.
But you'll join 'em all of course, and stand poor Mr. Lambert's friend;
I'll look in twice a day, just to see, like, how they mend.
To be sure it is a sight that might draw tears from dogs and cats;
Here 's this pretty little pagoda, now, has lost four of its cocked hats:
Be particular with the pagoda: and then here 's this pretty bowl—
The Chinese Prince is making love to nothing because of this hole;
And here 's another Chinese man, with a face just like a doll—
Do stick his pigtail on again, and just mend his parasol.
But I needn't tell you what to do; only do it out of hand,
And charge whatever you like to charge—my Lady won't make a stand.
Well! good morning, Mr. What-d'ye-call; for it 's time our gossip ended:
And you know the proverb, the less as is said, the sooner the Chiny 's mended.

ODE TO SPENCER PERCEVAL, ESQ., M.P

Oh, Mr. Spencer !—
I mean no offence, Sir—
Retrencher of each trencher, man or woman's ;
Maker of days of ember,
Eloquent member
Of the House of Com —— I mean to say short commons,
Thou Long Tom Coffin singing out, 'Hold fast '—
Avast !
Oh ! Mr. Perceval, I'll bet a dollar, a
Great growth of cholera,
And new deaths reckon'd,
Will mark thy Lenten twenty-first and second.
The best of our physicians, when they con it,
Depose the malady is in the air :
Oh, Mr. Spencer !—if the ill is there,
Why should you bid the people live upon it ?

Why should you make discourses against courses ;
While Doctors, though they bid us rub and chafe,
Declare, of all resources,
The man is safest who gets in the safe ?
And yet you bid poor suicidal sinners
Discard their dinners !
Thoughtless how Heav'n above will look upon't,
For men to die so wantonly of want !

By way of a variety,
Think of the ineffectual piety
Of London's Bishop, at St. Faith's or Bride's,
Lecturing such chameleon insides,
Only to find
He 's preaching to the wind.
Whatever others do, or don't,
I cannot—dare not—must not fast, and wont,
Unless by night your day you let me keep,
And fast asleep ;
My constitution can't obey such censors :
I must have meat
Three times a day to eat,
My health 's of such a sort,—
To say the truth in short—
The *coats* of my stomach are not *Spencers*.

ON THE DEATH OF SIR WALTER SCOTT

Farewell, Sir Walter Scott, secured
From Time,—our greatest of Inditers !
No Author's fame 's so well *assur'd*,
For all who wrote were *Under-writers*.

A PUBLIC DINNER

'Sit down and fall to," said the Barmecide.'—*Arabian Nights.*

At seven you just nick it,
Give card—get wine ticket;
Walk round through the Babel,
From table to table,
To find—a hard matter,—
Your name in a platter;
Your wish was to sit by
Your friend Mr. Whitby,
But stewards' assistance,
Has placed you at distance,
And thanks to arrangers,
You sit among strangers;
But too late for mending,—
Twelve sticks come attending
A stick of a Chairman,
A little dark spare man,
With bald shining nob,
'Mid Committee swell mob,
In short a short figure,
You thought the Duke bigger;
Then silence is wanted,
Non Nobis is chanted;
Then Chairman reads letter,
The Duke 's a regretter,
A promise to break it,
But chair he can't take it;
Is grieved to be from us,
But sends friend Sir Thomas,
And what is far better,
A cheque in the letter,
Hear! hear! and a clatter,
And there ends the matter.
Now soups come and fish in,
And C—— brings a dish in;
Then rages the battle,
Knives clatter, forks rattle,
Steel forks with black handles,
Under fifty wax candles.
Your soup-plate is soon full,
You sip just a spoonful.
Mr. Roe will be grateful
To send him a plateful;
And then comes the Waiter,
'Must trouble for 'tater;'
And then you drink wine off
With somebody—nine off;
Bucellas, made handy,
With Cape and bad Brandy,
Or East India Sherry,
That 's very hot—very.
You help Mr. Myrtle,
Then find your mock turtle
Went off while you lingered
With waiter light-fingered.
To make up for gammon,
You order some salmon,
Which comes to your fauces,
With boats without sauces.
You then make a cut on
Some Lamb, big as Mutton,
And ask for some grass too,
But that you must pass too;
It serv'd the first twenty,
But toast there is plenty.
Then, while lamb gets coldish,
A goose that is oldish—
At carving not clever—
You're begg'd to dissever,
And when thus you treat it,
Find no one will eat it.
So, hungry as glutton,
You turn to your mutton,
But—no sight for laughter,
The soup it 's gone after.
Mr. Green then is very
Disposed to take sherry,
And then Mr. Nappy
Will feel very happy,
And then Mr. Conner
Requests the same honour;
Mr. Clark, when at leisure,
Will really feel pleasure,
Then Waiter leans over,
To take off a cover
From fowls, which all beg of,
A wing or a leg of;
And while they all peck bone,
You take to a neck bone.

But even your hunger
Declares for a younger.
A fresh plate you call for,
But vainly you bawl for;
Now taste disapproves it,
No waiter removes it.
Still hope newly budding,
Relies on a pudding;
But critics each minute
Set fancy agin it—
'That 's queer vermicelli.'
'I say, Vizetelly,
There 's glue in that jelly.'
'Tarts bad altogether;
That crust 's made of leather.'
'Some custard, friend Vesey?'
'No—batter made easy.'
'Some cheese, Mr. Foster?'
'—Don't like single Glos'ter.'

Meanwhile to top table,
Like fox in the fable,
You see silver dishes,
With those little fishes,
The white bait delicious,
Borne past you officious;
And hear rather plainish,
A sound that 's champaignish,
And glimpse certain bottles
Made long in the throttles,
And sniff—very pleasant!
Grouse, partridge, and pheasant,
And see mounds of ices,
For Patrons and Vices;
Pine apple, and bunches
Of grapes, for sweet munches,
And fruits of all virtue
That really *desert* you.
You've nuts, but not crack ones,
Half empty, and black ones;
With oranges sallow—
They can't be called yellow—
Some pippins well wrinkled,
And plums almond sprinkled,
Some rout cakes, and so on,
Then with business to go on;

Long speeches are stutter'd,
And toasts are well butter'd,
While dames in the gallery,
All dressed in fallallery,
Look on at the mummery:
And listen to flummery.
Hip, hip, and huzzaing,
And singing and saying,
Glees, catches, orations,
And lists of donations.
Hush, a song, Mr. Tinney—
'Mr. Benbow, one guinea;
Mr. Frederick Manual,
One guinea, and annual.'
Song—Jockey and Jenny—
'Mr. Markham, one guinea.'
'Have you all filled your glasses?
Here 's a health to good lasses.'
The subscription still skinny—
'Mr. Franklin, one guinea,'
Franklin looks like a ninny;
'Mr. Boreham, one guinea—
Mr. Brogg, Mr. Finney,
Mr. Tempest—one guinea,
Mr. Merrington—twenty,'
Rough music in plenty.
Away toddles Chairman,
The little dark spare man
Not sorry at ending
With white sticks attending,
And some vain Tomnoddy,
Votes in his own body
To fill the void seat up,
And get on his feet up,
To say, with voice squeaking,
'Unaccustomed to speaking,'
Which sends you off seeking
Your hat, number thirty—
No coach—very dirty.
So, hungry and fever'd,
Wet-footed—spoilt-beaver'd,
Eyes aching in socket,
Ten pounds out of pocket,
To Brook-Street the Upper,
You haste home to supper.

ODE TO ADMIRAL LORD GAMBIER, G.C.B.

'Well, if you reclaim such as Hood, your Society will deserve the thanks of the country.'—*Temperance Society's Herald*, vol. i, No. I, p. 8.

'My father, when last I from Guinea
Came home with abundance of wealth,
Said, "Jack never be such a ninny
As to drink——" says I, "Father, your health."'
Nothing like Grog.

I

Oh! Admiral Gam—— I dare not mention *bier*,
In such a temperate ear,—
Oh! Admiral Gam—— an Admiral of the Blue,
Of course to read the Navy List aright,
For strictly shunning wine of either hue,
You can't be Admiral of the Red or White:—
Oh, Admiral Gam! consider ere you call
On merry Englishmen to wash their throttles
With water only; and to break their bottles
To stick, for fear of trespass, on the wall
Of Exeter Hall!

II

Consider, I beseech, the contrariety
Of cutting off our brandy, gin, and rum
And then, by tracts, inviting us to come
And '*mix* in your society!'
In giving rules to dine, or sup, or lunch,
Consider Nature's ends before you league us
To strip the Isle of Rum of all its punch—
To dock the Isle of Mull of all its negus—
Or doom—to suit your milk-and-water view—
The Isle of Skye to nothing but sky-blue!

III

Consider,—for appearance' sake, consider
The sorry figure of a spirit-ridder,
Going on this crusade against the suttler;
A sort of Hudibras—without a Butler!

IV

Consider—ere you break the ardent spirits
Of father, mother, brother, sister, daughter;
What are your beverage's washy merits?
Gin may be low—but I have known low-water!

V

Consider well, before you thus deliver,
With such authority, your sloppy canon ;
Should British tars taste nothing but the *river*,
Because the *Chesapeake* once fought the *Shannon* ?

VI

Consider too—before all Eau-de-vie,
Schiedam, or other drinkers, you rebut—
To bite a bitten dog all curs agree ;
But who would cut a man because he 's cut ?

VII

Consider—ere you bid the poor to fill
Their murmuring stomachs with the ' murmuring rill,'—
Consider that their streams are not like ours,
Reflecting heav'n, margin'd by sweet flow'rs ;
On their dark pools by day no sun reclines,
By night no Jupiter, no Venus shines ;
Consider life's sour taste, that bids them mix
Rum with their Acheron, or gin with Styx ;
If you must pour out water to the poor, oh !
Let it be aqua d'oro !

VIII

Consider—ere as furious as a griffin,
Against a glass of grog you make such work,
A man may like a stiff 'un,
And yet not be a Burke !

IX

Consider, too, before you bid all skinkers
Turn water-drinkers,
What sort of fluid fills their native rivers ;
Their Mudiboo's, and Niles, and Guadalquivers.
How should you like, yourself, in glass or mug,
The Bog—the Bug—
The Maine—the Weser—or that freezer, Neva ?
Nay, take the very rill of classic ground—
Lord Byron found
Ev'n Castaly the better for Geneva.

X

Consider—if to vote Reform's arrears,
His Majesty should please to make you peers,
Your titles would be very far from trumps,
To figure in a book of blue and red :—
The Duke of Draw-well—what a name to dread !
Marquis of Main-pipe ; Earl New-River-Head !
And Temperance's chief, the Prince of Pumps !

THE CIGAR

'Here comes Mr. Puff'—*The Critic.*
'I knew by the smoke that so gracefully curl'd.'—*Moore.*

SOME sigh for this and that,
My wishes don't go far,
The world may wag at will,
So I have my cigar.

Some fret themselves to death
With Whig and Tory jar;
I don't care which is in,
So I have my cigar.

Sir John requests my vote,
And so does Mr. Marr;
I don't care how it goes,
So I have my cigar.

Some want a German row,
Some wish a Russian war,
I care not—I'm at peace,
So I have my cigar.

I never see the *Post*,
I seldom read the *Star*,
The *Globe* I scarcely heed,
So I have my cigar.

They tell me that Bank Stock
Is sunk much under par;
It 's all the same to me,
So I have my cigar.

Honours have come to men
My juniors at the Bar;
No matter—I can wait,
So I have my cigar.

Ambition frets me not;
A cab or glory's car
Are just the same to me,
So I have my cigar.

I worship no vain Gods,
But serve the household Lar
I'm sure to be at home,
So I have my cigar.

I do not seek for fame,
A General with a scar;
A private let me be,
So I have my cigar.

To have my choice among
The toys of life's bazaar,
The deuce may take them all,
So I have my cigar.

Some minds are often tost
By tempests like a tar;
I always seem in port,
So I have my cigar.

The ardent flame of love
My bosom cannot char,
I smoke, but do not burn,
So I have my cigar.

They tell me Nancy Low,
Has married Mr. R.;
The jilt! but I can live,
So I have my cigar.

A CHARITY SERMON

"'I would have walked many a mile to have communed with you; and, believe me, I will shortly pay thee another visit; but my friends, I fancy, wonder at my stay, so let me have the money immediately.' Trulliber then put on a stern look, and cried out, 'Thou dost not intend to rob me?'"

* * * * *

"'I would have thee know, friend,' addressing himself to Adams, 'I shall not learn my duty from such as thee. I know what charity is, better than to give to vagabonds'"—*Joseph Andrews.*

I'M an extremely charitable man—no collar and long hair, though a little carroty;
Demure, half-inclined to the unknown tongues, but I never gain'd anything by Charity—
I got a little boy into the Foundling, but his unfortunate mother was traced and baited,
And the overseers found *her* out—and she found *me* out—and the child was affili*ated.*

Oh, Charity will come home to roost—
Like curses and chickens is Charity.

I once, near Whitehall's very old wall, when ballads danc'd over the whole of it,
Put a bad five-shilling piece into a beggar's hat, but the old hat had got a hole in it;
And a little boy caught it in his little hat, and an officer's eye seem'd to care for it,
As my bad crown-piece went through *his* bad crownpiece, and they took me up to Queen's Square for it.

Oh, Charity, &c.

I let my very old (condemn'd) old house to a man, at a rent that was shockingly low,
So I found a roof for his ten motherless babes—all defunct and fatherless now;
For the plaguey one-sided party-wall fell in, so did the roof, on son and daughter,
And twelve jurymen sat on eleven bodies, and brought in a very personal verdict of Manslaughter.

Oh, Charity, &c.

I picked up a young well-dress'd gentleman, who had fallen in a fit in St. Martin's Court,
And charitably offer'd to see him home,—for charity always seem'd to be my forte,
And I've had presents for seeing fallen gentlemen home, but this was a very unlucky job—
Do you know, he got my watch—my purse—and my handkerchief—for it was one of the swell mob.

Oh, Charity, &c.

Being four miles from Town, I stopt a horse that had run away with a man,
when it seem'd that they must be dash'd to pieces,
Though several kind people were following him with all their might—but
such following a horse his speed increases;
I held the horse while he went to recruit his strength; and I meant to ride
home, of course;
But the crowd came up and took me up—for it turned out the man had run
away with the horse.
Oh, Charity, &c.

I watch'd last month all the drovers and drivers about the suburbs, for it 's
a positive fact,
That I think the utmost penalty ought always to be enforc'd against every-
body under Mr. Martin's Act;
But I couldn't catch one hit over the horns, or over the shins, or on the
ears, or over the head;
And I caught a rheumatism from early wet hours, and got five weeks of ten
swell'd fingers in bed.
Oh, Charity, &c.

Well, I've utterly done with Charity, though I us'd so to preach about its
finest fount;
Charity may do for some that are more lucky, but *I* can't turn it to any
account—
It goes so the very reverse way—even if one chirrups it up with a dust of
piety;
That henceforth let it be understood, I take my name entirely out of the List
of the Subscribers to the Humane Society.
Oh, Charity, &c.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR!

'If th' affairs of this world did not make us so sad,
'Twould be easy enough to be merry.'—*Old Song.*

THERE is nothing but plague in this
house!
There 's the turbot is stole by the
cat,
The Newfoundland has ate up the
grouse,
And the haunch has been gnaw'd
by a rat!
It 's the day of all days when I wish'd
That our friends should enjoy our
good cheer;
Mr. Wiggins—our dinner is dish'd,—
But I wish you a happy New Year!

Mr. Rudge has not called, but he
will,
For his rates, church, and highway,
and poor;
And the butcher has brought in his
bill—
Twice as much as the quarter before.
Little Charles is come home with the
mumps,
And Matilda with measles, I fear;
And I've taken two sov'reigns like
dumps—
But I wish you a happy New Year!

Your poor brother is in the Gazette,
And your banker is off to New York;
Mr. Bigsby has died in your debt,
And the 'Wiggins' has foundered near Cork;
Mr. Merrington's bill has come back;
You are chosen to serve overseer;
The new wall is beginning to crack—
But I wish you a happy New Year!

The best dinner-set 's fall'n to the ground;
The militia 's called out, and you're drawn;
Not a piece of our plate can be found,
But there 's marks of men's feet on the lawn;
Two anonymous letters have come,
That declare you shall die like a Weare;
And it may—or may not—be a hum—
But I wish you a happy New Year!

The old lawsuit with Levy is lost;
You are fined for not cleansing the street;
And the water-pipe 's burst with the frost,
And the roof lets the rain in and sleet.
Your old tenant at seventy-four
Has gone off in the night, with his gear,
And has taken the key of the door—
But I wish you a happy New Year!

There 's the 'Sun' and the 'Phœnix' to pay,
For the chimney has blaz'd like Old Nick;
The new gig has been jamm'd by a dray,
And the old horse has taken to kick.
We have hardly a bushel of small,
And now coal is extravagant dear;
Your greatcoat is stole out of the hall—
But I wish you a happy New Year!

The whole green-house is smash'd by the hail,
And the plants have all died in the night;
The magnolia 's blown down by the gale,
And the chimney looks far from upright;
And—the deuce take the man from the shop,
That hung up the new glass chandelier!—
It has come, in the end, to one drop,—
But I wish you a happy New Year!

There 's misfortune wherever we dodge—
It 's the same in the country and town;
There 's the porter has burn'd down his lodge,
While he went off to smoke at the Crown.
The fat butler makes free with your wine,
And the footman has drunk the strong beer,
And the coachman can't walk in a line,—
But I wish you a happy New Year!

I have doubts if your clerk is correct—
There are hints of a mistress at Kew,
And some day he'll abscond, I expect;
Mr. Brown has built out your back view;
The new housemaid 's the greatest of flirts—
She has men in the house, that is clear;
And the laundress has pawn'd all your shirts,—
But I wish you a happy New Year!

Your 'Account of a Visit to Rome,'
Not a critic on earth seems to laud,
And old Huggins is lately come home,
And will swear that your Claude isn't Claude;
Your election is far from secure,
Though it 's likely to cost very dear;
You've come out in a caricature—
But I wish you a happy New Year!

You've been christen'd an ass in the Times,
And the Chronicle calls you a fool;
And that dealer in boys, Dr. Ghrimes,
Has engaged the next house for a school;
And the play-ground will run by the bow'r
That you took so much trouble to rear—
We shall never have one quiet hour—
But I wish you a happy New Year!

Little John will not take to his book,
He 's come home black and blue from the cane;
There 's your uncle is courting his cook,
And your mother has married again!
Jacob Jones will be tried with his wife
And against them you'll have to appear;
If they're hung you'll be wretched for life—
But I wish you a happy New Year!

ODE TO MISS KELLY

ON HER OPENING THE STRAND THEATRE

O BETTY—I beg pardon—Fanny K.!
(I was just thinking of your Betty Finnikin)—
Permit me thus to say,
In quite a friendly way—
I like your theatre, though but a minikin;
For tho' small stages Kean dislikes to spout on,
Renounce me! if I don't agree with Dowton,
The Minors are the Passions' proper schools.
For me, I never can
Find wisdom in the plan
That keeps large reservoirs for little Pooles.

I like your boxes where the audience sit
A family circle; and your little pit;
I like your little stage, where you discuss
Your pleasant bill of fare,
And show us passengers so rich and rare,
Your little stage seems quite an omnibus.

I like exceedingly your Parthian dame,
Dimly remembering dramatic codgers,
The ghost of Memory—the shade of Fame!—
Lord! what a housekeeper for Mr. Rogers!
I like your Savage, of a one-horse power;
And Terence, done in Irish from the Latin;
And Sally—quite a kitchen-garden flower;
And Mrs. Drake, serene in sky-blue satin!
I like your Girl as speechless as a mummy—
It shows you can play dummy!—
I like your Boy, deprived of every gleam
Of light for ever—a benighted being!
And really think—though Irish it may seem—
Your blindness is worth seeing.

I like your Governess; and there 's a striking
Tale of Two Brothers, that sets tears a-flowing—
But I'm not going
All through the bill to tell you of my liking.
Suffice it, Fanny Kelly! with your art
So much in love, like others I have grown,
I really mean myself to take a part
In 'Free and Easy'—at my own bespeak—
And shall three times a week
Drop in and make your pretty house my own!

ODE TO SIR ANDREW AGNEW, BART.

'At certain seasons he makes a prodigious clattering with his bill.'—*Selby.*
'The bill is rather long, flat, and tinged with green.'—*Bewick.*

O ANDREW FAIRSERVICE,—but I beg pardon,
You never labour'd in Di Vernon's garden,
On curly kale and cabbages intent.—
Andrew Churchservice was the thing I meant,—
You are a Christian—I would be the same,
Although we differ, and I'll tell you why,
Not meaning to make game,
I do not like my Church so very High!

When people talk, as talk they will,
About your bill,
They say, among their other jibes and small jeers,
That, if you had your way,
You'd make the seventh day
As overbearing as the Dey of Algiers.
Talk of converting Blacks—
By your attacks,
You make a thing so horrible of *one* day,
Each nigger, they will bet a something tidy,
Would rather be a heathenish Man Friday,
Than your Man Sunday!

So poor men speak,
Who, once a week,
P'rhaps, after weaving artificial flowers,
Can snatch a glance of Nature's kinder bowers,
And revel in a bloom
That is not of the loom,
Making the earth, the streams, the skies, the trees,
A Chapel of Ease.
Whereas, as you would plan it,
Wall'd in with hard Scotch granite,

People all day should look to their behaviours,—
But though there be, as Shakspeare owns,
'Sermons in stones,'
Zounds! Would you have us work at them like paviours?

Spontaneous is pure devotion's fire;
And in a green wood many a soul has built
A new Church, with a fir-tree for its spire,
Where Sin has prayed for peace, and wept for guilt,
Better than if an architect the plan drew;
We know of old how medicines were back'd,
But true Religion needs not to be quack'd
By an Un-merry Andrew!

Suppose a poor town-weary sallow elf
At Primrose-hill would renovate himself,
Or drink (and no great harm)
Milk genuine at *Chalk* Farm,—
The innocent intention who would baulk,
And drive him back into St. Bennet Fink?
For my part, for my life, I cannot think
A walk on Sunday is 'the Devil's Walk.'

But there 's a sect of Deists, and their creed
Is D—ing other people to be d—d,—
Yea, all that are not of their saintly level,
They make a pious point
To send, with an 'aroint,'
Down to that great Fillhellenist, the Devil.
To such, a ramble by the River Lea,
Is really treading on the 'Banks of D—.'

Go down to Margate, wisest of law-makers,
And say unto the sea, as Canute did,
(Of course the sea will do as it is bid,)
'This is the Sabbath—let there be no Breakers!'
Seek London's Bishop, on some Sunday morn,
And try him with your tenets to inoculate,—
Abuse his fine souchong, and say in scorn,
'This is not *Churchman's* Chocolate!'

Or, seek Dissenters at their mid-day meal,
And read them from your Sabbath Bill some passages,
And while they eat their mutton, beef, and veal,
Shout out with holy zeal,—
'These are not *Chappel's* sassages!'
Suppose your Act should act up to your will,
Yet how will it appear to Mrs. Grundy,
To hear you saying of this pious bill,
'It *works* well—on a Sunday!'

To knock down apple-stalls is now too late,
Except to starve some poor old harmless madam ;—
You might have done some good, and chang'd our fate,
Could you have upset *that*, which ruined Adam !
'Tis useless to prescribe salt-cod and eggs,
Or lay post-horses under legal fetters,
While Tattersall's on Sunday stirs its *Legs*,
Folks look for good examples from their *Betters !*

Consider,—Acts of Parliament may bind
A man to go where Irvings are discoursing—
But as for forcing 'proper frames of mind,'
Minds are not *framed*, like melons, for such *forcing !*

Remember, as a Scottish legislator,
The Scotch Kirk always has a Moderator ;
Meaning one need not ever be sojourning
In a long Sermon Lane without a turning.
Such grave old maids as Portia and Zenobia
May like discourses with a skein of threads,
And love a lecture for its many heads,
But as for me, I have the Hydra-phobia.

Religion one should never overdo :
Right glad I am no minister you be,
For you would say your service, sir, to me,
Till I should say, 'My service, sir, to you.'
Six days made all that is, you know, and then
Came that of rest—by holy ordination,
As if to hint unto the sons of men,
After creation should come re-creation.
Read right this text, and do not further search
To make a Sunday Workhouse of the Church.

ODE TO J. S. BUCKINGHAM, ESQ., M.P.

ON THE REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE OF DRUNKENNESS

'Steady, boys, steady.'—*Sea Song.*

'*Then did they fall upon the chat of drinking*; and forthwith began Flaggons to go, Goblets to fly, great Bowls to ting, Glasses to ring, draw, reach, fill, mix, give it me without water; so, my Friend, so; whip me off this Glass neatly, bring me hither some Claret, a full weeping Glass till it run over!'—*Rabelais.*

'Now, seeing that every Vessell was empty, great and small, with not so much at the Bottom as would befuddle or muddle even a Fly, such as are the Flies of Baieux, I say, seeing this lamentable sight, Gargantua leapt up on one of the Tables, and with Tears in his eyes as big as Cannon Bullets, did pathetically beseech Pantagruel, as well as he could for the Hiccups and the Drinking Cups, and all sorts of Cups, as he valued his precious Body and Soul, one or both, never to drink more than became a reasonable Man, and not a Hog and a Beast. And the Stint of a reasonably reasonable Man is thus much, to wit, seven Thousand three Hundred and fifty-three Hogsheads, twice as many Kilderkins, thrice as many little Kegs, and as many Flaggons, Bottles, and Tankards as you will, beside. A Christian ought not to drink more. As Gargantua said these Words his Voice grew thick, his Tongue being as it were too huge for his Mouth; and on a sudden he turned dog-sick, and fell off the Table a prodigious Fall, whereby there was a horrible Earthquake, from Paris even unto Turkey in Asia, as is remembered unto this day.'—*Rabelais.*

O, MR. BUCKINGHAM, if I may take
The liberty with you and your Committee,
Some observations I intend to make,
I hope will prove both pertinent and pretty.
On Drunkenness you've held a special court,
But is consistency, I ask, your forte,
When after (I must say) much Temperance swaggering,
You issue a Report,
That 's staggering!
Of course you labour'd without drop or sup,
Yet certain parts of that Report to read,
Some men might think indeed,
A corkscrew, not a pen, had drawn it up.
For instance, was it quite a sober plan
On such a theme as drunkenness to trouble
A poor old man,
Who could not e'en see single, much less double.
Blind some six years,
As it appears,
He gives in evidence, and you receive it,
A flaming picture of a flaming palace,
Where gin-admirers sipped the chalice
And then, (the banter is not bad,)
Thinks fit to add,
You really should have seen it to believe it.[1]
That *he* could see such sights I must deny,
Unless he borrowed Betty Martin's eye.
A man that is himself walks in a line,
One, not himself, goes serpentine,
And as he rambles
In crablike scrambles,
The while his body works in curves,
His intellect as surely swerves,
And some such argument as this he utters,
'While men get *cut* we must have cutters,
As long as Jack will have his rum,
We must have pink, corvette, and bomb,
Each sort of craft
Since Noah's old raft,
Frigate and brig,
Ships of all rig,
We must have fleets, because our sailors swig,

[1] What is your occupation? My occupation has been in the weaving line; *but having the dropsy six years ago, I am deprived of my eyesight.*

2734. Did you not once *see* a gin-shop burnt down?—*About nine months ago* there was the sign of the Adam and Eve at the corner of Church-street, at Bethnal-green, burnt down, and they had such a quantity of spirits in the house at the time that it was such a terrible fire, that they were obliged to throw everything into the middle of the road to keep it away from the liquor, and it was all in flames in the road; and the gin-shop opposite was scorched and broke their windows; and there was another gin-shop at the opposite corner, at three corners there were gin-shops, and was, from the fire, just like a murdering concern; for you could not get round the corner at all, it was so thronged that *a man could not believe it unless he saw it.*

But only get our tars to broths and soups,
And see how slops will do away with sloops!
Turn flip to flummery, and grog to gravy,
And then what need has England of a navy?'[1]
Forgive my muse; she is a saucy hussy,
But she declares such reasoning sounds muzzy,
And that, as sure as Dover stands at Dover,
The man who entertains so strange a notion
Of governing the ocean,
Has been but half seas over.

Again: when sober people talk
On soberness, would not their words all walk
Straight to the point, instead of zig-zag trials,
Of both sides of the way, till having crost
And crost, they find themselves completely lost
Like gentlemen,—rather cut—in Seven Dials?
Just like the sentence following in fact:
'Every Act[2]
Of the Legislature,' (so it runs) 'should flow
Over the bed,'——of what?—begin your guesses.
The Bed of Ware?
The State Bed of the May'r?
One at the Hummums? Of MacAdam's? No.
A parsley bed?
Of cabbage, green or red?
Of onions? daffodils? of water-cresses?
A spare-bed with a friend—one full of fleas?
At Bedford, or Bedhampton?—None of these.
The Thames's bed? The bed of the New River?
A kennel? brick-kiln? or a stack of hay?
Of church-yard clay,
The bed that 's made for ev'ry mortal liver?
No—give it up,—all guessing I defy in it,
It is the bed of 'Truth,'—'inspired' forsooth
As, if you gave your best best-bed to Truth
She'd *lie* in it!
Come, Mr. Buckingham, be candid, come,
Didn't that metaphor want 'seeing home'?
What man, who did not see far more than real,
Drink's beau ideal,—
Could fancy the mechanic so well thrives.
In these hard times,
The source of half his crimes
Is going into gin-shops changing fives![3]

[1] 3893. *If temperance were universal, do you think we should need any line-of-battle ships?*—It would be very unsafe for us to be without them.
[2] 1686. Do you mean to infer from that, that the law in all its branches should be in accordance with the Divine command?—I do; every Act of the Legislature should flow over the bed of inspired truth, and receive the impregnation of its righteous and holy principles.
[3] 2512. Are they in the habit of bringing £5 notes to get changed, as well as sovereigns?—Very rarely; *I should think a £5 note is an article they seldom put in their pockets.*

Whate'er had wash'd such theoretic throats,
After a soundish sleep, till twelve next day,
And, perhaps, a gulp of soda—did not *they*
All change their notes?

Suppose, mind, Mr. B., I say, suppose
You were the landlord of the Crown—the Rose—
The Cock and Bottle, or the Prince of Wales,
The Devil and the Bag of Nails,
The Crown and Thistle,
The Pig and Whistle,
Magpie and Stump—take which you like,
The question equally will strike;
Suppose your apron on—top-boots,—fur cap—
Keeping an eye to bar and tap,
When in comes, muttering like mad,
The strangest customer you ever had!
Well, after rolling eyes and mouthing,
And calling for a go of nothing,
He thus accosts you in a tone of malice:
'Here 's pillars, curtains, gas, plate-glass—What not?
Zounds! Mr. Buckingham, the shop you've got
Beats Buckingham Palace!
It 's not to be allowed, Sir; I'm a Saint,
So I've brought a paint-brush, and a pot of paint,
You deal in Gin, Sir,
Glasses of Sin, Sir;
No words—Gin wholesome?—You're a story-teller—
I don't mind Satan standing at your back,
The Spirit moveth me to go about,
And paint your premises inside and out,
Black, Sir, coal black,
Coal black, Sir, from the garret to the cellar.
I'll teach you to sell gin—and, what is more,
To keep your wicked customers therefrom,
I'll paint the Great Death's Head upon your door—
Write underneath it, if you please—Old Tom!'[1]

Should such a case occur,
How would you act with the intruder, Sir?
Surely, not cap in hand, you'd stand and bow,
But after hearing him proceed thus far,
(Mind—locking up the bar)
You'd seek the first policeman near,
'Here, take away this fellow, here,
The rascal is as drunk as David's Sow!'

[1] 1006. Do you think it would be of good effect, were the Legislature to order that those houses should be painted all black, with a large death's head and cross-bones over the door?—I wish they would do even so much.

If I may ask again—between
Ourselves and the General Post, I mean—
What was that gentleman's true situation
Who said—but could he really stand
To what he said?—'In Scottish land
The cause of Drunkenness was education!'[1]

Only, good Mr. Buckingham, conceive it!
In modern Athens, a fine classic roof,
Christened the *High* School—that is, *over proof!*
Conceive the sandy laddies ranged in classes,
With quaichs and bickers, drinking-horns and glasses,
Ready to take a lesson in Glenlivet!
Picture the little Campbells and M'Gregors,
Dancing, half fou', by way of learning figures;
And Murrays,—not as Lindley used to teach—
Attempting verbs when past their parts of speech—
Imagine Thompson, learning A B C,
By O D V.
Fancy a dunce that will not drink his wash,
And Master Peter Alexander Weddel
Invested with a medal
For getting on so very far-in-tosh.
Fancy the Dominie—a drouthy body,
Giving a lecture upon making toddy,
Till having emptied every stoup and cup,
He cries, '*Lads! go and play*—the school is up!'

To Scotland, Ireland is akin
In drinking, like as twin to twin,—
When other means are all adrift,
A liquor-shop is Pat's last shift,
Till reckoning Erin round from store to store,
There is one whisky shop in four.[2]
Then who, but with a fancy rather frisky,
And warm besides, and generous with whiskey,
Not seeing most particularly clear,
Would recommend to make the drunkards thinner,
By shutting up the publican and sinner
With pensions each of fifty pounds a year?[3]
Ods! taps and topers! private stills and worms!
What doors you'd soon have open to your terms!

[1] 4502. What are the remote causes that have influenced the habit of drinking spirits among all classes of the population?—One of the causes of drunkenness in Scotland is education.

[2] 3804. Did you observe the drinking of spirits very general in Ireland?—In Ireland, I think, upon a moderate calculation, one shop out of every four is a whiskey-shop, throughout the whole kingdom. Those who have been unsuccessful in every other employment, and those who have no capital for any employment, fly to the selling of whiskey as the last shift.

[3] 773. Now suppose we were to give £50 a-year to every spirit-seller in Belfast, to pension them off (and I am sure it would be much better for the country that they should be paid for doing nothing than for doing mischief)—

To men of common gumption,
How strange, besides, must seem
At this time any scheme
To put a check upon potheen's consumption,
When all are calling out for Irish Poor Laws!
Instead of framing *more* laws,
To pauperism, if you'd give a pegger,
Don't check, but patronise their 'Kill-the-Beggar!'[1]

If Pat is apt to go in *Irish Linen*,
(Buttoning his coat, with nothing but his skin in)
Would any Christian man—that 's quite himself,
His wits not floor'd, or laid upon the shelf—
While blaming Pat for raggedness, poor boy,
Would he deprive him of his 'Corduroy!'[2]
Would any gentleman, unless inclining
To tipsy, take a board upon his shoulder,
Near Temple Bar, thus warning the beholder,
'BEWARE OF TWINING?'
Are tea dealers, indeed, so deep-designing,
As one of your select would set us thinking,
That to each tea-chest we should say Tu Doces,
(Or doses,)
Thou tea-chest drinking?[3]

What would be said of *me*
Should I attempt to trace
The vice of drinking to the high in place,
And say its *root* was on the *top o' the tree?*[4]
But *I* am not pot-valiant, and I shun
To say how high potheen might have a *run*.[5]

What would *you* think, if, talking about stingo,
I told you that a lady friend of mine,
By only looking at her wine
Flushed in her face as red as a flamingo?[6]
Would you not ask of me, like many more,—
'Pray, Sir, what had the lady had before?'

[1] 794. We have in our neighbourhood a species of whiskey of this kind, called 'Kill-the Beggar.'
[2] 795. Another description of what would be termed adulterated spirits, is by the vulgar termed 'Corduroy.'
[3] 789. It is quite common, in Dublin particularly, to have at one end of the counter a large pile of tea-chests for females to go behind, to be hid from sight: but the dangerous secrecy arises chiefly from the want of suspicion in persons going into grocers' shops.
788. It is a well known fact, that mechanics' wives not unfrequently get portions of spirituous liquors at grocers' shops, and have them set down to their husbands' accounts as soap, sugar, tea, &c.
[4] 816. Do you ascribe the great inclination for whiskey at present existing among the lower classes, originally to the use of it by the higher classes as a favourite drink? I attribute a very large portion of the evil arising from the use of spirituous liquors to the sanction they have received from the higher classes; the respectable in society I hold to be the chief patrons of drunkenness.
[5] 759. What do you mean by the phrase 'run'?—It means, according to a common saying, that *for one gallon made for the King, another is made for the Queen.*
[6] 4627. A lady informed me lately, that in dining out, although she should not taste a drop in the hob and nob at dinner, yet the lifting of the glass as frequently as etiquette requires, genera ly flushed her face a good deal before dinner was ended.

Suppose at sea, in Biscay's bay of bays,—
A rum cask bursting in a blaze,—
Should *I* be thought half tipsy or whole drunk,
If running all about the deck I roar'd
'I say, is ever a Cork man aboard?'
Answered by some Hibernian Jack Junk,
While hitching up his tarry trouser,—
How would it sound in sober ears, O how, Sir,
If I should bellow with redoubled noise,
'Then sit upon the bung-hole, broth of boys?'[1]

When men—the fact 's well known—reel to and fro,
A little what is called how-come-you-so,
They think themselves as steady as a steeple,
And lay their staggerings on other people—
Taking that fact in pawn,
What proper inference would then be drawn
By e'er a dray-horse with a head to his tail,
Should anybody cry,
To some one going by,
'O fie! O fie! O fie!
You're drunk—you've *nigh* had *half a pint of ale!*'[2]

One certain sign of fumes within the skull
They say is being rather slow and dull,
Oblivious quite of what we are about—
No one can doubt
Some weighty queries rose, and yet
You miss'd 'em,
For instance, when a Doctor so bethumps
What he denominates 'the forcing system,'
Nobody asks him about *forcing-pumps!*[3]

Oh say, with hand on heart,
Suppose that I should start
Some theory like this,—
'When Genesis
Was written—before man became a glutton,
And in his appetites ran riot,
Content with simple vegetable diet,
Eating his turnips without leg of mutton,

[1] 3901. Are you aware of the cause of the burning of the Kent East Indiaman in the Bay of Biscay?—Holding a candle over the bung-hole of a cask of spirits, the snuff fell into the cask and set it on fire. They had not presence of mind to put in the bung, which would have put out the fire; *and if a man had sat on the bung-hole it would not have burnt him*, and it would have put it out.

[2] 4282. Do many young men visit those houses?—A very great many have done, more so than what visit the regular public-houses. I was in one of those places about twelve months ago, waiting for a coach, and there came into the beer-shop twenty-two boys, who called for half a gallon of ale, which they drank, and then they called for another.

[3] 1211. The over-stimulation, which too frequently ends in the habit of drunkenness in Great Britain in every class, is the result of the British *forcing system* simply.

His spinach without lamb—carrots sans beef,
'Tis my belief
He was a polypus, and I'm convinc'd
Made other men when he was hash'd or minced! '—
Did I in such a style as this proceed,
Would you not say I was *Farre gone*, indeed? [1]

Excuse me, if I doubt at each Assize
How sober it would look in public eyes,
For our King's Counsel and our learned Judges
When trying thefts, assaults, frauds, murders, arsons,
To preach from texts of temperance like parsons,
By way of giving tipplers gentle nudges.
Imagine my Lord Bayley, Parke or Park,[2]
Donning the fatal sable cap, and hark,
'These sentences must pass, howe'er I'm pang'd
You Brandy must return—and Rum the same—
To the Goose and Gridiron, whence you came—
Gin!—Reverend Mr. Cotton and Jack Ketch
Your spirit jointly will despatch—
Whiskey, be hang'd!'

Suppose that some fine morning,
Mounted upon a pile of Dunlop cheeses,
I gave the following as public warning,
Would there not be sly winking, coughs and sneezes?
Or dismal hiss of universal scorn.
'My brethren, don't be born,—
But if you're born, be well advised—
Don't be baptised.
If both take place, still at the worst
Do not be nursed,—
At every birth each gossip dawdle
Expects her caudle,
At christenings, too, drink always hands about,
Nurses will have their porter or their stout,—
Don't wear clean linen, for it leads to sin,—
All washerwomen make a stand for gin—
If you're a minister—to keep due stinting,
Never preach sermons that are worth the printing,[3]

[1] 1282. Was not vegetable food prescribed in the first chapter of Genesis?—Vegetable food was appointed when the restorative power of man was complete. The restorative power in some of the lower animals is still complete. If a polypus be truncated or cut into several pieces, each part will become a perfect animal.—*Vide Evidence of Dr. Farre.*

[2] 975. What happy opportunities, for example, are offered to each Judge and King's Counsellor at every assize, to denounce all customary use of distilled spirit as the great incitement to crime. The proper improvement of such opportunities would do much for temperance.

[3] 4642. When a clergyman gets a new manse he is fined in a bottle of wine; when he has been newly married, this circumstance subjects him to the same amicable penalty; the birth of a child also costs one bottle, and the publication of a sermon another.—*By J. Dunlop, Esq.*

Avoid a steam-boat with a lady in her,[1]
And when you court, watch Miss well after dinner.[2]
Never run bills, or if you do don't pay,[3]
And *give* your butter and your cheese away,—[4]
Build yachts and pleasure-boats if you are rich,
But never have them launched or payed with pitch,[5]
In fine, for Temperance if you stand high,
Don't die!'[6]
Did I preach thus, Sir, should I not appear
Just like the 'parson much bemused with beer?'

Thus far, O Mr. Buckingham, I've gather'd,
But here, alas! by space my pen is tether'd,
And I can merely thank you all in short,
The witnesses that have been called in court,
And the Committee for their kind Report,
Whence I have picked and puzzled out this moral,
With which you must not quarrel,
'Tis based in charity—*That men are brothers,*
And those who make a fuss,
About their Temperance thus,
Are not so much more temperate than others.

THE UNITED FAMILY

'We stick at nine.'—*Mrs. Battle.*

'Thrice to thine
And thrice to mine,
And thrice again,
To make up nine.'
The Weird Sisters in Macbeth.

How oft in families intrudes
The demon of domestic feuds,
One liking this, one hating that,
Each snapping each, like dog and cat,
With divers bents and tastes perverse,
One's bliss, in fact, another's curse.
How seldom anything we see
Like our united family!

Miss Brown of chapels goes in search,
Her sister Susan likes the church;
One plays at cards, the other don't;
One will be gay, the other won't:
In pray'r and preaching one persists,
The other sneers at Methodists;
On Sundays ev'n they can't agree
Like our united family.

[1] 4637. The absolute necessity of treating females in the same manner, in steam-boat jaunts, is lamentable.

[2] 4637. Some youths have been known to defer their entrance into a temperate society till after their marriage, lest failure in the usual compliments should be misconstrued, and create a coldness with their future wives.

[3] It (drinking) is employed in making bargains, at the payment of accounts.

[4] 4639. A landlady, in settling with a farmer for his butter and cheese, brings out the bottle and the glass with her own hands, and presses it on his acceptance. How can he refuse a lady soliciting him to do what he is, perhaps, unfortunately already more than half inclined to?

[5] 4640. The launching bowl is a bonus of drink, varying from £2 to £10, according to the size of the ship, bestowed by the owners on the apprentices of a ship-building yard at the launch of a vessel. The graving bowl is given to the journeyman after a vessel is payed with tar.

[6] 4638. On the event of a decease, every one gets a glass who comes within the door until the funeral, and for six weeks after it.

There 's Mr. Bell, a Whig at heart,
His lady takes the Tories' part,
While William, junior, nothing loth,
Spouts Radical against them both.
One likes the News, one takes the Age,
Another buys the unstamp'd page;
They all say *I*, and never *we*,
Like our united family.

Not so with us;—with equal zeal
We all support Sir Robert Peel;
Of Wellington our mouths are full,
We dote on Sundays on John Bull,
With Pa and Ma on selfsame side,
Our house has never to divide—
No opposition members be
In our united family.

Miss Pope her 'Light Guitar' enjoys,
Her father 'cannot bear the noise,'
Her mother 's charm'd with all her songs,
Her brother jangles with the tongs:
Thus discord out of music springs,
The most unnatural of things,
Unlike the genuine harmony
In our united family!

We *all* on vocal music doat;
To each belongs a tuneful throat,
And all prefer that Irish boon
Of melody—'The Young May Moon'—
By choice we all select the harp,
Nor is the voice of one too sharp,
Another flat—all in one key
Is our united family.

Miss Powell likes to draw and paint,
But then it would provoke a saint,
Her brother takes her sheep for pigs,
And says her trees are periwigs.
Pa praises all, black, blue, or brown;
And so does Ma—but upside down!
They cannot with the same eye see,
Like our united family.

Miss Patterson has been to France,
Her heart's delight is in a dance;
The thing her brother cannot bear,
So she must practise with a chair.
Then at a waltz her mother winks;
But Pa says roundly what he thinks
All dos-à-dos, not vis-à-vis,
Like our united family.

We none of us that whirling love,
Which both our parents disapprove,
A hornpipe we delight in more,
Or graceful Minuet de la Cour.
A special favourite with Mamma,
Who used to dance it with Papa,
In this we still keep step, you see,
In our united family.

Then books—to hear the Cobbs' debates!
One worships Scott—another hates,
Monk Lewis Ann fights stoutly for,
And Jane likes 'Bunyan's Holy War.'
The father on Macculloch pores,
The mother says *all* books are bores;
But blue serene as heav'n are we,
In our united family.

We never wrangle to exalt
Scott, Banim, Bulwer, Hope, or Galt,
We care not whether Smith or Hook,
So that a novel be the book,
And in one point we all are fast,
Of novels we prefer the last,—
In that the very Heads agree
Of our united family!

To turn to graver matters still,
How much we see of sad self-will!
Miss Scrope, with brilliant views in life,
Would be a poor lieutenant's wife.
A lawyer has her pa's good word,
Her Ma has looked her out a Lord.
What would they not all give to be
Like our united family!

By one congenial taste allied,
Our dreams of bliss all coincide,
We're all for solitudes and cots,
And love, if we may choose our lots—
As partner in the rural plan
Each paints the same dear sort of man;
One heart alone there seems to be
In our united family.

One heart, one hope, one wish, one mind,—
One voice, one choice, all of a kind,—
And can there be a greater bliss—
A little heav'n on earth—than this?
The truth to whisper in your ear,
It must be told!—we are not near
The happiness that ought to be
In our united family!

Alas! 'tis our congenial taste
That lays our little pleasures waste—
We all delight, no doubt, to sing,
We all delight to touch the string,
But where 's the heart that nine may touch?
And nine 'May Moons' are eight too much—
Just fancy nine, all in one key,
Of our united family!

The play—Oh how we love a play,
But half the bliss is shorn away;
On winter nights we venture nigh,
But think of houses in July!
Nine crowded in a private box,
Is apt to pick the stiffest locks—
Our curls would all fall out, though we
Are one united family!

In art the self-same line we walk,
We all are fond of heads in chalk,
We one and all our talent strain
Adelphi prizes to obtain;
Nine turban'd Turks are duly sent,
But can the royal Duke present
Nine silver palettes—no, not he—
To our united family.

Our eating shows the very thing,
We all prefer the liver-wing,
Asparagus when scarce and thin,
And peas directly they come in,
The marrow-bone—if there be one—
The ears of hare when crisply done,
The rabbit's brain—we all agree
In our united family.

In dress the same result is seen,
We all so doat on apple-green;
But nine in green would seem a school
Of charity to quizzing fool—
We cannot all indulge our will
With that sweet silk on Ludgate Hill,
No *remnant* can sufficient be
For our united family.

In reading hard is still our fate,
One cannot read o'erlooked by eight,
And nine 'Disowned'—nine 'Pioneers,'
Nine 'Chaperons,' nine 'Buccaneers,'
Nine 'Maxwells,' nine 'Tremaines,' and such,
Would dip into our means too much—
Three months are spent o'er volumes three,
In our united family.

Unhappy Muses! if the Nine
Above in doom with us combine,—
In vain we breathe the tender flame,
Our sentiments are all the same,
And nine complaints address'd to Hope
Exceed the editorial scope,
One in, and eight *put out*, must be
Of our united family!

But this is nought—of deadlier kind,
A ninefold woe remains behind.
O why were we so art and part?
So like in taste, so one in heart?
Nine cottages may be to let,
But here 's the thought to make us fret,
We cannot each add Frederick B.
To our united family.

SONNET TO OCEAN

SHALL I rebuke thee, Ocean, my old love,
That once, in rage, with the wild winds at strife,
Thou darest menace my unit of a life,
Sending my clay below, my soul above,
Whilst roar'd thy waves, like lions when they rove
By night, and bound upon their prey by stealth?
Yet didst thou ne'er restore my fainting health?—
Didst thou ne'er murmur gently like the dove?
Nay, dost thou not against my own dear shore
Full break, last link between my land and me?—
My absent friends talk in thy very roar,
In thy waves' beat their kindly pulse I see,
And, if I must not see my England more,
Next to her soil, my grave be found in thee!

COBLENZ, *May* '35.

SONNET.—THINK SWEETEST

THINK, sweetest, if my lids are not now wet,
The tenderest tears lie ready at the brim,
To see thine own dear eyes—so pale and dim,
Touching my soul with full and fond regret,
For on thy ease my heart's whole care is set;
Seeing I love thee in no passionate whim,
Whose summer dates but with the rose's trim,
Which one hot June can perish and beget,—
Ah, no! I chose thee for affection's pet,
For unworn love, and constant cherishing—
To smile but to thy smile—or else to fret
When thou art fretted—rather than to sing
Elsewhere. Alas! I ought to soothe and kiss
Thy dear pale cheek while I assure thee this!

COBLENZ, '35.

LINES

ON SEEING MY WIFE AND TWO CHILDREN SLEEPING IN THE SAME CHAMBER

AND has the earth lost its so spacious round,
The sky its blue circumference above,
That in this little chamber there is found
Both earth and heaven—my universe of love!
All that my God can give me, or remove,
Here sleeping, save myself, in mimic death.
Sweet that in this small compass I behove
To live their living and to breathe their breath!
Almost I wish that, with one common sigh,
We might resign all mundane care and strife,
And seek together that transcendent sky,
Where Father, Mother, Children, Husband, Wife,
Together pant in everlasting life!

COBLENZ, *Nov.* 1835.

POETRY, PROSE, AND WORSE

'Esaad Kiuprili solicited in verse permission to resign the government of Candia. The Grand Vizier, Hafiz Pasha, addressed a *Ghazel* to the Sultan to urge the necessity of greater activity in military preparations; and Murad, himself a poet, answered likewise in rhyme. Ghazi Gherai clothed in *Ghazels* his official complaint to the Sultan's preceptor. The Grand Vizier, Mustafa Pasha Bahir, made his reports to the Sultan in verse.'—*Vide Von Hammer on Othoman Literature in the Athenæum for Nov.* 14, 1835.

O TURKEY! how mild are thy manners,
Whose greatest and highest of men
Are all proud to be rhymers and scanners,
And wield the poetical pen!

The Sultan rejects—he refuses—
Gives orders to bowstring his man;
But he still will coquet with the Muses,
And make it a song if he can.

The victim cut shorter for treason,
Though conscious himself of no crime,
Must submit and believe there is reason,
Whose sentence is turned into rhyme!

He bows to the metrical firman
As dulcet as song of the South,
And his head, like self-satisfied German,
Rolls off with its pipe in its mouth.

A tax would the Lord of the Crescent?
He levies it still in a lay,
And is p'rhaps the sole Bard at this present
Whose poems are certain to pay.

State edicts unpleasant to swallow
He soothes with the charm of the Muse,
And begs rays of his brother Apollo
To gild bitter pills for the Jews.

When Jealousy sets him in motion
The fair one on whom he looks black,
He sews up with a sonnet to Ocean,
And sends her to drown in her sack.

His gifts, they are poesies latent
With sequins roll'd up in a purse,
And in making Bashaws, by the patent
Their tails are all 'done into verse.'

He sprinkles with lilies and roses
The path of each politic plan,
And with eyes of Gazelles discomposes
The beards of the solemn Divan.

The Czar he defies in a sonnet,
And then a fit nag to endorse
With his Pegasus, jingling upon it,
Reviews all his Mussulman horse.

He sends a short verse, ere he slumbers,
Express unto Meer Ali Beg,
Who returns in poetical numbers
The thousands that die of the plague.

He writes to the Bey of a city
In tropes of heroical sound,
And is told in a pastoral ditty
The place is burnt down to the ground.

He sends a stern summons, but flow'ry,
To Melex Pasha, for some wrong,
Who describes the dark eyes of his Houri,
And throws off his yoke with a song.

His Vizier presents him a trophy,
Still, Mars to Calliope weds—
With an amorous hymn to St. Sophy
A hundred of pickled Greek heads.

Each skull with a turban upon it
By Royal example is led:
Even Mesrour the Mute has a Sonnet
To Silence composed in his head.

Ev'n Hassan while plying his hammer
To punish short weight to the poor,
With a stanza attempts to enamour
The ear that he nails to a door.

O! would that we copied from Turkey
In this little Isle of our own,
Where the times are so muddy and murky,
We want a poetical tone!

Suppose that the Throne in addresses—
For verse there is plenty of scope—
In alluding to native distresses,
Just quoted the 'Pleasures of Hope.'

Methinks 'twould enliven and chirp us,
So dreary and dull is the time,
Just to keep a State Poet on purpose
To put the King's speeches in rhyme.

When bringing new measures before us,
As bills for the sabbath or poor,
Let both Houses just chaunt them in chorus,
And p'rhaps they would get an encore.

No stanzas invite to pay taxes
In notes like the notes of the south,
But we're dunn'd by a fellow what axes
With prose and a pen in his mouth.

Suppose—as no payers are eager—
Hard times and a struggle to live—
That he sung at our doors like a beggar
For what one thought proper to give?

Our Law is of all things the dryest
That earth in its compass can show!
Of poetical efforts its highest
The rhyming its Doe with its Roe.

No documents tender and silky
Are writ such as poets would pen,
When a beadle is sent after Wilkie,[1]
Or bailiffs to very shy men.

[1] Vide the advertisement of 'The Parish Beadle after Wilkie,' issued by Moon & Co.

The warrants that put in distresses
When rates have been owing too long,
Should appear in poetical dresses,
Ere goods be sold off for a song.

Suppose that—Law making its choices
Of Bishop, Hawes, Rodwell, or Cooke,—
They were all set as glees for four voices,
To sing all offenders to book?

Our criminal code 's as untender,
All prose in its legal despatch,
And no constables seize an offender
While pleasantly singing a *catch*.

They haul him along like a heifer,
And tell him 'My covey, you'll swing!'
Not a hint that the wanton young zephyr
Will fan his shoe-soles with her wing.

The trial has nothing that 's rosy
To soften the prisoner's pap,
And Judge Park appears dreadfully prosy
Whilst dooming to death in his cap.

Would culprits go into hysterics,
Their spirits more likely elope,
If the jury consulted in lyrics,
The judge made a line of the rope?

When men must be hung for a warning,
How sweet if the law would incline
In the place of the 'Eight in the morning,'
To let them indulge in the Nine!

How pleasant if ask'd upon juries
By Muses, thus mild as the doves,
In the place of the Fates and the Furies
That call us from home and our loves!

Our warfare is deadly and horrid,
Its bald bulletins are in prose,
And with gore made revoltingly florid,
Nor tinted with couleur de rose.

How pleasant in army despatches
In reading of red battle-plains,
To alight on some pastoral snatches,
To sweeten the blood and the brains!

How sweet to be drawn for the Locals
By songs setting valour a-gog!
Or be press'd to turn tar by sea-vocals
Inviting—with 'Nothing like Grog!'

To tenants but shortish at present,
When Michaelmas comes with its day,
O! a landlord's effusion were pleasant
That talk'd of the flowers in May!

How sweet if the bill that rehearses
The debt we've incurr'd in the year,
But enrich'd, as a copy of verses,
The Gem, or a new Souvenir!

O! would that we copied from Turkey
In this little Isle of our own!
For the times are so moody and murky,
We want a poetical tone!

SONG FOR THE NINETEENTH

THE morning sky is hung with mist,
The rolling drum the street alarms,
The host is paid, his daughter kiss'd,
So now to arms, so now to arms.

Our evening bowl was strong and stiff,
And may we get such quarters oft,
I ne'er was better lodged, for if
The straw was hard, the maid was soft.

So now to arms, to arms, to arms,
And fare you well, my little dear,
And if they ask who won your charms,
Why say 'twas in your Nineteenth Year.

A TOAST

COME! a health! and it 's not to be slighted with sips,
A cold pulse, or a spirit supine—
All the blood in my heart seems to rush to my lips,
To commingle its flow with the wine.

Bring a cup of the purest and solidest ware,—
But a little antique in its shape;
And the juice,—let it be the most racy and rare,
All the bloom, with the age, of the grape!

Even such is the love I would celebrate now,
At once young, and mature, and in prime,—
Like the tree of the orange, that shows on its bough
The bud, blossom and fruit at one time!

Then with three, as is due, let the honours be paid,
Whilst I give with my hand, heart, and head,
'Here 's to her, the fond mother, dear partner, kind maid,
Who first taught me to love, woo, and wed.'

DRINKING SONG

BY A MEMBER OF A TEMPERANCE SOCIETY, AS SUNG BY MR. SPRING AT WATERMAN'S HALL

COME, pass round the pail, boys, and give it no quarter,
Drink deep, and drink oft, and replenish your jugs,
Fill up, and I'll give you a toast to your water—
The Turncock for ever! that opens the plugs!
Then hey for a bucket, a bucket, a bucket,
Then hey for a bucket, filled up to the brim!
Or, best of all notions, let 's have it by oceans,
With plenty of room for a sink or a swim!

Let topers of grape-juice exultingly vapour,
But let us just whisper a word to the elves,
We water roads, horses, silks, ribands, bank-paper,
Plants, poets, and muses, and why not ourselves?
Then hey for a bucket, &c.

The vintage they cry, think of Spain's and of France's,
The jigs, the boleros, fandangos, and jumps;
But water 's the spring of all civilised dances,
We go to a ball not in bottles, but *pumps!*
Then hey for a bucket, &c.

Let others of Dorchester quaff at their pleasure,
Or honour old Meux with their thirsty regard—
We'll drink Adam's ale, and we get it *pool* measure,
Or quaff heavy wet from the butt in the yard!
Then hey for a bucket, &c.

Some flatter gin, brandy, and rum, on their merits,
Grog, punch, and what not, that enliven a feast:
'Tis true that they stir up the animal spirits,
But may not the animal turn out a beast?
Then hey for a bucket, &c.

The Man of the Ark, who continued our species,
He saved us by water,—but as for the wine,
We all know the figure, more sad than facetious,
He made after tasting the juice of the vine.
Then hey for a bucket, &c.

In wine let a lover remember his jewel
And pledge her in bumpers fill'd brimming and oft;
But we can distinguish the kind from the cruel,
And toast them in water, the *hard* or the *soft*.
Then hey for a bucket, &c.

Some cross'd in their passion can never o'erlook it,
But take to a pistol, a knife, or a beam;
Whilst temperate swains are enabled to *brook* it
By help of a little meandering stream.
Then hey for a bucket, &c.

Should fortune diminish our cash's sum-total,
Deranging our wits and our private affairs,
Though some in such cases would fly to the bottle,
There 's nothing like water for drowning our cares.
Then hey for a bucket, &c.

See drinkers of water, their wits never lacking,
Direct as a railroad and smooth in their gaits;
But look at the bibbers of wine, they go tacking,
Like ships that have met a foul wind in the *straights*.
Then hey for a bucket, &c.

A fig then for Burgundy, Claret, or Mountain,
A few scanty glasses must limit your wish,
But he 's the true toper that goes to the fountain,
The drinker that verily 'drinks like a fish!'
Then hey for a bucket, &c.

DOMESTIC POEMS

'It's hame, hame, hame.'—*A. Cunningham.*
'There's no place like home.'—*Clari.*

I

HYMENEAL RETROSPECTIONS

O KATE! my dear Partner, through joy and through strife!
When I look back at Hymen's dear day,
Not a lovelier bride ever chang'd to a wife,
Though you're now so old, wizen'd, and grey!

Those eyes, then, were stars, shining rulers of fate!
But as liquid as stars in a pool;
Though now they're so dim, they appear, my dear Kate,
Just like gooseberries boil'd for a fool!

That brow was like marble, so smooth and so fair;
Though it 's wrinkled so crookedly now,
As if Time, when those furrows were made by the share,
Had been tipsy whilst driving his plough!

Your nose, it was such as the sculptors all chose,
When a Venus demanded their skill;
Though now it can hardly be reckon'd a nose,
But a sort of Poll-Parroty bill!

Your mouth, it was then quite a bait for the bees,
Such a nectar there hung on each lip;
Though now it has taken that lemon-like squeeze,
Not a blue-bottle comes for a sip!

Your chin, it was one of Love's favourite haunts,
From its dimple he could not get loose;
Though now the neat hand of a barber it wants,
Or a singe, like the breast of a goose!

How rich were those locks, so abundant and full,
With their ringlets of auburn so deep!
Though now they look only like frizzles of wool,
By a bramble torn off from a sheep!

That neck, not a swan could excel it in grace,
While in whiteness it vied with your arms;
Though now a grave 'kerchief you properly place,
To conceal that scrag-end of your charms!

Your figure was tall, then, and perfectly straight,
Though it now has two twists from upright—
But bless you! still bless you! my Partner! my Kate!
Though you be such a perfect old fright!

II

THE sun was slumbering in the West,
My daily labours past;
On Anna's soft and gentle breast
My head reclined at last;—
The darkness clos'd around, so dear
To fond congenial souls,
And thus she murmur'd at my ear,
'My love, we're out of coals!—

'That Mister Bond has call'd again,
Insisting on his rent;
And all the Todds are coming up
To see us, out of Kent;—
I quite forgot to tell you John
Has had a tipsy fall;—
I'm sure there 's something going on
With that vile Mary Hall!—

'Miss Bell has bought the sweetest silk,
And I have bought the rest—
Of course, if we go out of town,
Southend will be the best.—
I really think the Jones's house
Would be the thing for us;—
I think I told you, Mrs. Pope
Has parted with her *nus*——

'Cook, by the way, came up to-day
To bid me suit myself—
And what d'ye think? the rats have gnawed
The victuals on the shelf.—
And, lord! there's such a letter come,
Inviting you to fight!
Of course you don't intend to go—
God bless you, dear, good-night!'

III

A PARENTAL ODE TO MY SON, AGED THREE YEARS AND FIVE MONTHS

THOU happy, happy elf!
(But stop,—first let me kiss away that tear)—
Thou tiny image of myself!
(My love, he 's poking peas into his ear!)
Thou merry, laughing sprite!
With spirits feather-light,
Untouch'd by sorrow and unsoil'd by sin—
(Good heavens! the child is swallowing a pin!)

Thou little tricksy Puck!
With antic toys so funnily bestuck,
Light as the singing bird that wings the air—
(The door! the door! he'll tumble down the stair!)
Thou darling of thy sire!
(Why, Jane, he'll set his pinafore a-fire!)
Thou imp of mirth and joy!
In love's dear chain so strong and bright a link,
Thou idol of thy parents—(Drat the boy!
There goes my ink!)

Thou cherub—but of earth;
Fit playfellow for Fays, by moonlight pale,
In harmless sport and mirth,
(That dog will bite him if he pulls its tail!)

Thou human humming-bee, extracting honey
From ev'ry blossom in the world that blows,
Singing in Youth's Elysium ever sunny—
(Another tumble!—that 's his precious nose!)

Thy father's pride and hope!
(He'll break the mirror with that skipping-rope!)
With pure heart newly stamp'd from Nature's mint—
(Where *did* he learn that squint?)
Thou young domestic dove!
(He'll have that jug off, with another shove!)
Dear nursling of the hymeneal nest!
(Are those torn clothes his best!)
Little epitome of man!
(He'll climb upon the table, that 's his plan!)
Touch'd with the beauteous tints of dawning life—
(He 's got a knife!)

Thou enviable being!
No storms, no clouds, in thy blue sky foreseeing,
Play on, play on,
My elfin John!
Toss the light ball—bestride the stick—
(I knew so many cakes would make him sick!)
With fancies buoyant as the thistledown,
Prompting the face grotesque, and antic brisk,
With many a lamb-like frisk—
(He 's got the scissors, snipping at your gown!)

Thou pretty opening rose!
(Go to your mother, child, and wipe your nose!)
Balmy, and breathing music like the South,
(He really brings my heart into my mouth!)
Fresh as the morn, and brilliant as its star,—
(I wish that window had an iron bar!)
Bold as the hawk, yet gentle as the dove—
(I'll tell you what, my love,
I cannot write, unless he 's sent above!)

IV

A SERENADE

'LULLABY, oh, lullaby!'
Thus I heard a father cry,
'Lullaby, oh, lullaby!
The brat will never shut an eye;
Hither come, some power divine!
Close his lids or open mine!

'Lullaby, oh, lullaby!
What the devil makes him cry?
Lullaby, oh, lullaby!
Still he stares—I wonder why?
Why are not the sons of earth
Blind, like puppies, from the birth?

'Lullaby, oh, lullaby!'
Thus I heard the father cry;
'Lullaby, oh, lullaby!
Mary, you must come and try!—
Hush, oh, hush, for mercy's sake—
The more I sing, the more you wake!

'Lullaby, oh, lullaby!
Fie, you little creature, fie;
Lullaby, oh, lullaby!
Is no poppy-syrup nigh?
Give him some, or give him all,
I am nodding to his fall!

'Lullaby, oh, lullaby!
Two such nights, and I shall die!
Lullaby, oh, lullaby!
He'll be bruised, and so shall I,—
How can I from bedposts keep,
When I'm walking in my sleep?

'Lullaby, oh, lullaby!
Sleep his very looks deny—
Lullaby, oh, lullaby!
Nature soon will stupify—
My nerves relax,—my eyes grow dim—
Who 's that fallen—me or him?'

JOHN JONES

A PATHETIC BALLAD

'I saw the iron enter into his soul'—*Sterne*

JOHN JONES he was a builder's clerk,
On ninety pounds a year,
Before his head was engine-turn'd
To be an engineer!

For, finding that the iron roads
Were quite the public tale,
Like Robin Redbreast, all his heart
Was set upon a rail.

But oh! his schemes all ended ill,
As schemes must come to nought
With men who try to make short cuts
When cut with something short.

His altitudes he did not take
Like any other elf;
But first a spirit-level took
That levell'd him himself.

Then getting up, from left to right
So many tacks he made,
The ground he meant to go upon
Got very well survey'd.

How crows may fly he did not care
A single fig to know;—
He wish'd to make an iron road,
And not an iron crow:

So, going to the Rose and Crown
To cut his studies short,
The nearest way from *pint* to *pint*,
He found was through a quart.

According to this rule he plann'd
His railway o'er a cup;
But when he came to lay it down,
No soul would take it up!

Alas! not his the wily arts
Of men as shrewd as rats,
Who out of one sole *level* make
A precious lot of *flats!*

In vain from Z to crooked S
His devious line he show'd;
Directors even seemed to wish
For some directer road.

The writers of the public press
All sneered at his design;
And penny-a-liners wouldn't give
A penny for his line!

Yet still he urged his darling scheme
In spite of all the fates;
Until at last his zigzag ways
Quite brought him into *straits.*

His money gone, of course he sank
  In debt from day to day—
His way would not pay *him*, and so
  He could not pay his way.

Said he, 'All parties run me down,—
  How bitter is my cup!
My landlord is the only man
  That ever runs me up!

'And he begins to talk of scores,
  And will not draw a cork';—

And then he rail'd at Fortune, since
  He could not rail at York!

The morrow, in a fatal noose
  They found him, hanging fast;
This sentence scribbled on the wall,—
  ''I've got my line at last!'

Twelve men upon the body sate,
  And thus, on oath, did say,
'We find he got his *gruel* 'cause
  He couldn't have his *way!*'

ODE TO MESSRS. GREEN, HOLLOND, AND MONCK MASON

ON THEIR LATE BALLOON EXPEDITION

'Here we go up, up, up,—and there we go down, down, down.'—*Old Ballad.*

O Lofty-minded men!
Almost beyond the pitch of my goose pen!
  And most inflated words!
Delicate Ariels! ethereals!—birds
Of passage! fliers! angels without wings!
Fortunate rivals of Icarian darings!
Male-witches, without broomsticks,—taking airings!
  Kites—without strings!
Volatile spirits! light mercurial humours!
O give us soon your sky adventures truly,
With full particulars, correcting duly
  All flying rumours!

Two-legg'd high-fliers!
What upper-stories you must have to tell!
And nobody can contradict you well,
  Or call you liars!
Your Region of Romance will many covet;
  Besides that, you may scribble what you will,
  And this great luck will wait upon you, still
All criticism, you will be above it!
  Write, then, Messrs. Monck Mason, Hollond, Green!
And tell us all you have, or haven't seen!—
('Twas kind, when the balloon went out of town,
To take Monck Mason up and set him down,
For when a gentleman is at a shift—
For carriage—talk of carts and gigs, and coaches!
Nothing to a balloon approaches,
  For giving one *a lift!*)

O say, when Mr. Frederick Gye
Seem'd but a speck—a mote—in friendship's eye,
Did any tongue confess a sort of dryness
Seeming the soaring rashness to rebuke;
Or did each feel himself, like Brunswick's Duke,
A most serene Highness!

Say, as you cross'd the Channel,
Well clothed in well air'd linen and warm flannel,
How did your company, perceived afar,
Affect the tar?
Methinks I see him cock his weather eye
Against the sky,
Turning his ruminating quid full oft,
With wonder sudden taken all aback—
'My eyes!' says he,
'I'm blow'd if there arn't *three!*
Three little Cherubs smiling up aloft,
A-watching for poor Jack!'

Of course, at such a height, the ocean
Affected no one by its motion—
But did internal comfort dwell with each,
Quiet and ease each comfortable skin in?
Or did brown Hollond of a sudden bleach
As white as Irish linen?
Changing his native hue,
Did Green look blue?—
In short was any air-sick? P'rhaps Monck Mason
Was forc'd to have an air-pump in a bason?

Say, with what sport, or pleasure,
Might you fill up your lofty leisure?
Like Scotchman, at High jinks?
(High-spy was an appropriate game methinks)
Or cards—but playing very high;—
Or skying coppers, almost to the sky;—
Or did you listen, the first mortal ears
That ever drank the music of the spheres?—
Or might you into vocal music get,
A trio—highly set?
Or, as the altitude so well allow'd,
Perchance, you 'blew a cloud.'
Say, did you find the air
Give you an appetite up there?
Your cold provisions—were you glad to meet 'em!
Or did you find your victuals all so *high*,—
Or blown so by your *fly*—
You couldn't eat 'em?

Of course you took some wine to sup,
Although the circumstance has not been stated;
I envy you the effervescing cup!
Wasn't your champagne *well up*?
Nay, you, yourselves, a little *elevated*?

Then, for your tea and breakfast, say,
Was it not something delicately new,
To get *sky-blue*
Right genuine from the real *milky way*?

Of course, you all agreed,
Whate'er your conversation was about,
Like friends indeed,—
And faith! not without need,
'Twas such an awkward place for *falling-out!*

Say, after your gastronomy,
Kept you a watch all night,
Marking the planets bright,
Like three more Airys, studying astronomy;
Or near the midnight chime,
Did someone haul his nightcap on his head,
Hold out his mounted watch, and say '*high* time
To go to bed?'

Didn't your coming scare
The sober Germans, until every cap
Rose lifted by a frighten'd fell of hair;
Meanwhile the very pipe, mayhap,
Extinguish'd, like the vital spark in death,
From wonder locking up the smoker's breath!
Didn't they crouch like chickens, when the kite
Hovers in sight,
To see your vehicles of high dimension
Aloft, like Gulliver's Laputa—nay,
I'd better say,
The Island of Ascension?

Well was it plann'd
To come down thus into the German land,
Where Honours you may score by such event,—
For, if I read the prophecy aright,
You'll have the Eagle-Order for your flight,
And all be Von'd, because of your *descent!*

THE BLUE BOAR

'Tis known to man, 'tis known to woman,
'Tis known to all the world in common,
How politics and party strife
Vex public, even private, life;
But, till some days ago, at least
They never worried brutal beast.

I wish you could have seen the creature,
A tame domestic boar by nature,
Gone wild as boar that ever grunted,
By Baron Hoggerhausen hunted.
His back was up, and on its ledge
The bristles rose like quickset hedge
His eye was fierce and red as coal,
Like furnace, shining through a hole,
And restless turn'd for mischief seeking;
His very hide with rage was reeking;
And oft he gnash'd his crooked tusks,
Chewing his tongue instead of husks,
Till all his jaw was white and yesty,
Showing him savage, fierce and resty.

And what had caused this mighty vapour?
A dirty fragment of a paper,
That in his rambles he had found,
Lying neglected on the ground;
A relic of the Morning Post,
Two tattered columns at the most,
But which our irritated swine
(Derived from learned Toby's line)
Digested easy as his meals,
Like any quidnunc Cit at Peel's.

He read, and mused, and pored and read,
His shoulders shrugg'd, and shook his head;
Now at a line he gave a grunt,
Now at a phrase took sudden stunt,
And snorting turn'd his back upon it,
But always came again to con it;
In short he petted up his passion,
After a very human fashion,
When Temper 's worried with a bone.
She'll neither like nor let alone,
At last his fury reach'd the pitch
Of that most irritating itch,
When mind and will, in fever'd faction,
Prompt blood and body into action;
No matter what, so bone and muscle
May vent the frenzy in a bustle;
But whether by a fight or dance
Is left to impulse and to chance.
So stood the Boar, in furious mood
Made up for any thing but good;
He gave his tail a tighter twist,
As men in anger clench the fist,
And threw fresh sparkles in his eye
From the volcano in his fry—
Ready to raze the parish pound,
To pull the pigsty to the ground,
To lay Squire Giles, his master, level,
Ready, indeed, to play the devil.

So, stirr'd by raving demagogues,
I've seen men rush, like rabid dogs,
Stark staring from the Pig and Whistle,
And like his Boarship, in a bristle,
Resolved unanimous on rumpus
From any quarter of the compass;
But whether to duck Aldgate Pump,
(For wits in madness never jump)
To liberate the beasts from Cross's;
Or hiss at all the Wigs in Ross's;
On Waithman's column hang a weeper;
Or tar and feather the old sweeper;
Or break the panes of landlord scurvy,
And turn the King's Head topsy-turvy,
Rebuild, or pull down, London Wall.
Or take his cross from old Saint Paul.
Or burn those wooden Highland fellows,
The snuff-men's idols, 'neath the gallows!
None fix'd or cared—but all were loyal
To one design—a battle royal.

Thus stood the Boar, athirst for blood,
Trampling the Morning Post to mud,
With tusks prepared to run a muck;—
And sorrow for the mortal's luck
That came across him Whig or Tory,
It would have been a tragic story—
But fortune interposing now,
Brought Bessy into play—a Sow;—
A fat, sleek, philosophic beast,
That never fretted in the least,
Whether her grains were sour or sweet,
For grains are grains, and she could eat.
Absorb'd in two great schemes capacious,
The farrow, and the farinaceous,
If cares she had, they could not stay,
She drank, and wash'd them all away.
In fact this philosophic sow
Was very like a German frow;
In brief—as wit should be and fun—
If sows turn Quakers, she was one;
Clad from the duckpond, thick and slab,
In bran-new muddy suit of drab.
To still the storm of such a lubber,
She came like oil—at least like blubber—
Her pigtail of as passive shape
As ever droop'd o'er powder'd nape;
Her snout, scarce turning up—her deep
Small eyes half settled into sleep;
Her ample ears, dependent, meek,
Like fig-leaves shading either cheek;
Whilst, from the corner of her jaw,
A sprout of cabbage, green and raw,
Protruded,—as the Dove, so stanch
For Peace, supports an olive branch,—
Her very grunt, so low and mild,
Like the soft snoring of a child,
Inquiring into his disquiets,
Served like the Riot Act, at riots,—
He laid his restive bristles flatter,
And took to arguefy the matter.

'O Bess, O Bess, here 's heavy news!
They mean to 'mancipate the Jews!
Just as they turn'd the blacks to whites,
They want to give them equal rights,
And, in the twinkling of a steeple,
Make Hebrews quite like other people.
Here, read—but I forget your fetters,
You've studied litters more than letters.'

'Well,' quoth the Sow, 'and no great miss,
I'm sure my ignorance is bliss;
Contentedly I bite and sup,
And never let my flare flare-up;
Whilst you get wild and fuming hot—
What matters Jews be Jews or not?
Whether they go with beards like Moses,
Or barbers take them by the noses,
Whether they live, permitted dwellers,
In Cheapside shops, or Rag Fair cellars,
Or climb their way to civic perches,
Or go to synagogues or churches?'

'Churches!—ay, there the question grapples,
No, Bess, the Jews will go to Chappell's!'

'To chapel—well—what 's that to you?
A Berkshire Boar, and not a Jew?
We pigs,—remember the remark
Of our old drover Samuel Slark,
When trying, but he tried in vain,
To coax me into Sermon Lane,
Or Paternoster's pious Row,—
But still I stood and grunted No!
Of Lane of Creed an equal scorner,
Till bolting off, at Amen Corner,
He cried, provoked at my evasion
"Pigs, blow 'em! ar'n't of no persuasion!"'

'The more 's the pity, Bess,—the more—'
Said, with sardonic grin, the Boar;
'If Pigs were Methodists and Bunyans,
They'd make a sin of sage and onions;

The curse of endless flames endorse
On every boat of apple-sauce ;
Give brine to Satan, and assess
Black puddings with bloodguiltiness ;
Yea, call down heavenly fire and smoke—
To burn all Epping into coke ! '

' Ay,' cried the sow, extremely placid,
In utter contrast to his acid,
' Ay, that would be a Sect indeed !
And every swine would like the creed,
The sausage-making curse and all ;
And should some brother have a call,
To thump a cushion to that measure,
I would sit under him with pleasure :
Nay, put down half my private fortune
T' endow a chapel at Hog's Norton.—
But what has this to do, my deary,
With their new Hebrew whigmaleery?'

'Sow that you are! this Bill, if current,
Would be as good as our death-warrant ;—
And, with its legislative friskings,
Loose twelve new tribes upon our griskins !
Unjew the Jews, what follows then ?
Why, they'll eat pork like other men,
And you shall see a Rabbi dish up
A chine as freely as a Bishop !
Thousands of years have pass'd, and pork
Was never stuck on Hebrew fork ;
But now, suppose that relish rare
Fresh added to their bill of fare,
Fry, harslet, pettitoes, and chine,
Leg, choppers, bacon, ham, and loin,
And then, beyond all goose or duckling '—
' Yes, yes—a little tender suckling !
It must be held the aptest savour
To make the eager mouth to slaver !
Merely to look on such a gruntling,
A plump, white, sleek and sappy runtling,
It makes one—ah ! remembrance bitter !
It made me eat my own dear litter ! '

' Think, then, with this new waken'd fury,
How we should fare if tried by *Jewry* !
A pest upon the meddling Whigs !
There'll be a pretty run on pigs !
This very morn a Hebrew brother,
With three hats stuck on one another,
And o'er his arm a bag, or poke,
A thing pigs never find a joke,
Stopp'd,—rip the fellow !—though he knew
I've neither coat to sell nor shoe,
And cock'd his nose—right at me, lovey !
Just like a pointer at a covey !

To set our only friends agin us !
That neither care to fat nor thin us !
To boil, to broil, to roast, to fry us,
But act like real Christians by us !—
A murrain on all legislators !
Thin wash, sour grains, and rotten 'taters !
A bull dog at their ears and tails !
The curse of empty troughs and pails
Famish their flanks as thin as weasels!
May all their children have the measles ;
Or in the straw untimely smother,
Or make a dinner for the mother !
A cartwhip for all law inventors !
And rubbing-posts stuck full of tenters !
Yokes, rusty rings, and gates, to hitch in,
And parish pounds to pine the flitch in,
Cold, and high winds, the Devil send 'em—
And then may Sam the Sticker end 'em ! '

'Twas strange to hear him how he swore !
A Boar will curse, though like a boar,
While Bess, like Pity, at his side
Her swine-subduing voice supplied !
She bade him such a rage discard ;
That anger is a foe to lard ;
'Tis bad for sugar to get wet,
And quite as bad for fat to fret ;

'Besides,'—she argued thus at last—
'The Bill you fume at has not pass'd,
For why, the Commons and the Peers
Have come together by the ears:
Or rather, as we pigs repose,
One 's tail beside the other's nose,
And thus, of course, take adverse views
Whether of Gentiles or of Jews.
Who knows? They say the Lords' ill-will
Has thrown out many a wholesome Bill,
And p'rhaps some Peer to Pigs propitious
May swamp a measure so *Jew-dish-us*:'

The Boar was conquer'd: at a glance,
He saw there really was a chance—
That as the Hebrew nose is hooked,
The Bill was equally as crooked;
And might outlast, thank party embers,
A dozen tribes of Christian members;—
So down he settled in the mud,
With smoother back, and cooler blood,
As mild, as quiet, a Blue Boar,
As any over tavern door.

MORAL.

The chance is small that any measure
Will give all classes equal pleasure;
Since Tory ministers or Whigs,
Sometimes can't even 'please the Pigs.'

ODE TO DOCTOR HAHNEMANN

THE HOMŒOPATHIST

WELL, Doctor,
Great concoctor
Of medicines to help in man's distress;
Diluting down the strong to meek,
And making ev'n the weak more weak,
'Fine by degrees and beautifully less'—
Founder of a new system economic,
To druggists anything but comic;
Fram'd the whole race of Ollapods to fret,
At profits, like thy doses, very small;
To put all Doctors' Boys in evil case,
Thrown out of bread, of physic, and of place,—
And show us old Apothecaries' Hall
'To Let.'

How fare thy Patients? are they dead or living,
Or, well as can expected be, with such
A style of practice, liberally giving
'A sum of more to that which had too much?'
Dost thou preserve the human frame, or turf it?
Do thorough draughts cure thorough colds or not?
Do fevers yield to any thing that 's hot?
Or hearty dinners neutralise a surfeit?
Is 't good advice for gastronomic ills,
When Indigestion's face with pain is crumpling,
To cry 'Discard those Peristaltic Pills,
Take a hard dumpling!'

Tell me, thou German Cousin,
And tell me honestly without a diddle,
Does an attenuated dose of rosin
Act as a *tonic* on the old *Scotch fiddle*?
Tell me, when Anhalt-Coethen babies wriggle,
Like eels just caught by sniggle,
Martyrs to some acidity internal,
That gives them pangs infernal,
Meanwhile the lip grows black, the eye enlarges,
Say, comes there all at once a cherub-calm,
Thanks to that soothing homœopathic balm,
The half of half, of half, a drop of '*varges*'?

Suppose, for instance, upon Leipzig's plain,
A soldier pillow'd on a heap of slain,
In urgent want both of a priest and proctor;
When lo! there comes a man in green and red,
A featherless cock'd-hat adorns his head,
In short a Saxon military doctor—
Would he, indeed, on the right treatment fix,
To cure a horrid gaping wound,
Made by a ball that weigh'd a pound,
If he well pepper'd it with number six?

Suppose a felon doomed to swing
Within a *rope*,
Might friends not hope
To cure him with a *string*?
Suppose his breath arriv'd at a full stop,
The shades of death in a black cloud before him,
Would a quintillionth dose of the New Drop
Restore him?

Fancy a man gone rabid from a bite,
Snapping to left and right,
And giving tongue like one of Sebright's hounds,
Terrific sounds,
The pallid neighbourhood with horror cowing,
To hit the proper homœopathic mark;
Now, might not 'the laste taste in life' of *bark*,
Stop his *bow-wow-ing*?
Nay, with a well-known remedy to fit him,
Would he not mend, if with all proper care,
He took '*a hair*
Of the dog that bit him'?

Picture a man—we'll say a Dutch Meinheer—
In evident emotion,
Bent o'er the bulwark of the Batavier,
Owning those symptoms queer—
Some feel in a *Sick Transit* o'er the ocean,

Can any thing in life be more pathetic
Than when he turns to us his wretched face?—
But would it mend his case
To be decillionth-dos'd
With something like the ghost
Of an emetic?

Lo! now a darken'd room!
Look through the dreary gloom,
And see that coverlet of wildest form,
Tost like the billows in a storm,
Where ever and anon, with groans, emerges
A ghastly head!—
While two impatient arms still beat the bed,
Like a strong swimmer's struggling with the surges;
There Life and Death are on their battle-plain,
With many a mortal ecstasy of pain—
What shall support the body in its trial,
Cool the hot blood, wild dream, and parching skin,
And tame the raging Malady within—
A sniff of Next-to-Nothing in a phial?

Oh! Doctor Hahnemann, if here I laugh,
And cry together, half and half,
Excuse me, 'tis a mood the subject brings,
To think, whilst I have crow'd like chanticleer,
Perchance, from some dull eye the hopeless tear
Hath gush'd, with my light levity at schism,
To mourn some Martyr of Empiricism!
Perchance, on thy own system, I have giv'n
A pang, superfluous to the pains of Sorrow,
Who weeps with Memory from morn till even;
Where comfort there is none to lend or borrow,
Sighing to one sad strain,
'She will not come again,
To-morrow, nor to-morrow, nor to-morrow!'

Doctor, forgive me, if I dare prescribe
A rule for thee thyself, and all thy tribe,
Inserting a few serious words by stealth;
Above all price of wealth
The Body's Jewel,—not for minds profane,
Or hands, to tamper with in practice vain—
Like to a Woman's Virtue is Man's Health.
A heavenly gift within a holy shrine!
To be approach'd and touch'd with serious fear,
By hands made pure, and hearts of faith severe,
Ev'n as the Priesthood of the ONE divine!

But, zounds! each fellow with a suit of black,
And, strange to fame,
With a diploma'd name,
That carries two more letters pick-a-back,
With cane, and snuff-box, powder'd wig, and block,
Invents *his* dose, as if it were a chrism,
And dares to treat our wondrous mechanism,
Familiar as the works of old Dutch clock;
Yet, how would common sense esteem the man,
Oh how, my unrelated German cousin,
Who having some such time-keeper, on trial,
And finding it too fast, enforc'd the dial,
To strike upon the Homœopathic plan
Of fourteen to the dozen?

Take my advice, 'tis given without a fee,
Drown, drown your book ten thousand fathoms deep,
Like Prospero's beneath the briny sea,
For spells of magic have all gone to sleep!
Leave no decillionth fragment of your works,
To help the interests of quacking Burkes;
Aid not in murdering ev'n widows' mites,—
And now forgive me for my candid zeal,
I had not said so much, but that I feel
Should you *take ill* what here my Muse indites,
An Ode-ling more will set you all to rights.

THE DEAD ROBBERY

'Here's that will sack a city.'—*Henry the IVth.*

Of all the causes that induce mankind
To strike against themselves a mortal docket,
Two eminent above the rest we find—
To be in love, or to be out of pocket:
Both have made many melancholy martyrs,
But p'rhaps, of all the felonies de se,
By ponds, and pistols, razors, ropes and garters,
Two thirds have been through want of £. s. d.!

Thus happen'd it with Peter Bunce;
Both in the *dumps* and out of them at once,
From always drawing blanks in Fortune's lottery,
At last, impatient of the light of day,
He made his mind up to return his clay
Back to the pottery.
Feigning a raging tooth that drove him mad,
From twenty divers druggists' shops
He begg'd enough of laudanum by drops
T' effect the fatal purpose that he had;
He drank them, died, and while old Charon ferried him,
The Coroner convened a dozen men,
Who found his death was *phial*-ent—and then
The Parish buried him!

Unwatch'd, unwept,
As commonly a Pauper sleeps, he slept;
There could not be a better opportunity
For bodies to steal a body so ill kept,
With all impunity:
In fact, when Night o'er human vice and folly
Had drawn her very necessary curtains,
Down came a fellow with a sack and spade,
Accustom'd many years to drive a trade,
With that Anatomy more Melancholy
Than Burton's!

The Watchman in his box was dozing;
The Sexton drinking at the Cheshire Cheese;
No fear of any creature interposing,
The human Jackal work'd away at ease:
He toss'd the mould to left and right,
The shabby coffin came in sight,
And soon it open'd to his double-knocks,—
When lo! the stiff'un that he thought to meet
Starts sudden up, like Jacky-in-a-box,
Upon his seat!

Awaken'd from his trance,
For so the laudanum had wrought by chance,
Bunce stares up at the moon, next looking level,
He spies a shady Figure, tall and bony,
Then shudders out these words 'Are —you—the—Devil?'
'The Devil a bit of him,' says Mike Mahoney,
'I'm only com'd here, hoping no affront,
To pick up honestly a little blunt—'
'Blunt!' echoes Bunce, with a hoarse croak of laughter,-

'Why, man, I turn'd life's candle in the socket,
Without a rap in either pocket,
For want of that same blunt you're looking after!'
'That 's true,' says Mike, 'and many a pretty man
Has cut his stick upon your very plan,
Not worth a copper, him and all his trumps,
And yet he 's fetch'd a dacent lot of stuff,
Provided he was sound and fresh enough,
And dead as dumps.'

'I take,' quoth Bunce, with a hard wink, 'the fact is,
You mean a subject for a surgeon's practice,—
I hope the question is not out of reason,
But just suppose a lot of flesh and bone,
For instance, like my own,
What might it chance to fetch now, at this season?'
'Fetch is it?' answers Mike, 'why prices differ,—
But taking this same small bad job of ours,
I reckon, by the pow'rs!
I've lost ten pound by your not being stiffer!'

'Ten pounds!' Bunce echoes in a sort of flurry,
'Odd zounds!
Ten pounds,
How sweet it sounds,
Ten pounds!'
And on his feet upspringing in a hurry—
It seem'd the operation of a minute—
A little scuffle—then a whack—
And then he took the Body Snatcher's sack
And poked him in it!

Such is this life!
A very pantomime for tricks and strife!
See Bunce, so lately in Death's passive stock,
Invested, now as active as a griffin,
Walking—no ghost—in velveteens and smock,
To sell a stiff'un!

A flash of red, then one of blue,
At last, like lighthouse, came in view;
Bunce rang the nightbell; wiped his highlows muddy;
His errand told; sack produced;
And by a sleepy boy was introduced
To Dr. Oddy, writing in his study.
The bargain did not long take time to settle,
'Ten pounds,
Odd zounds!
How well it sounds,
Ten pounds,'
Chink'd into Bunce's palm in solid metal.

With joy half-crazed,
It seem'd some trick of sense, some airy gammon,
He gazed and gazed,
At last, possess'd with the old lust of Mammon,
Thought he, 'With what a very little trouble,
This little capital I now might double——'
Another scuffle of its usual brevity,—
And Doctor Oddy, in his suit of black,
Was finishing, within the sack,
His 'Thoughts upon Longevity!'

The trick was done. Without a doubt,
The sleepy boy let Bunce and burthen out;
Who coming to a lone convenient place,
The body stripp'd; hid all the clothes, and then,
Still favoured by the luck of evil men,
Found a new customer in Dr. Case.

All more minute particulars to smother,
Let it suffice,
Nine guineas was the price
For which one doctor bought the other;
As once I heard a Preacher say in Guinea,
'You see how one black sin bring on anudder,
Like little nigger pickaninny,
A-riding pick-a-back upon him mudder!'
'Humph!' said the Doctor, with a smile sarcastic,
Seeming to trace
Some likeness in the face,
'So death at last has taken old Bombastic!'
But in the very middle of his joking,—
The *subject*, still unconscious of the scoff—
Seized all at once with a bad fit of choking,
He too was *taken off!*
Leaving a fragment 'On the Hooping Cough.'

Satan still sending luck,
Another body found another buyer:
For ten pounds ten the bargain next was struck,
Dead doctors going higher.
'Here,' said the purchaser, with smile quite pleasant
Taking a glimpse at his departed brother,
'Here 's half a guinea in the way of present—
Subjects are scarce, and when you get another,
Let *me* be first.'—Bunce took him at his word,
And suddenly his old atrocious trick did,
Sacking M.D. the third,
Ere he could furnish 'Hints to the Afflicted.'

Flush'd with success,
Beyond all hope or guess,
His new dead robbery upon his back,
Bunce plotted—such high flights ambition takes,—
To treat the Faculty like ducks and drakes,
And sell them all ere they could utter
'Quack!'
But Fate opposed.—According to the schools,
When men become insufferably bad,
The gods confer to drive them mad;
March hairs upon the heads of April fools!
Tempted by the old demon avaricious,
Bunce traded on too far into the morning;
Till nods, and winks, and looks, and signs suspicious,
Ev'n words malicious,
Forced on him rather an unpleasant warning.
Glad was he to perceive, beside a wicket,
A porter, ornamented with a ticket,
Who did not seem to be at all too busy—
'Here, my good man,
Just show me, if you can,
A doctor's—if you want to earn a tizzy!'

Away the porter marches,
And with grave face, obsequious precedes him,
Down crooked lanes, round corners, under arches;
At last, up an old-fashion'd staircase leads him,
Almost impervious to the morning ray,
Then shows a door—'There, that 's a doctor's reckon'd,
A rare Top-Sawyer, let who will come second—
Good day.'
'I'm right,' thought Bunce, 'as any trivet;
Another venture—and then up I give it!'
He rings—the door, just like a fairy portal,
Opens untouch'd by mortal——
He gropes his way into a dingy room,
And hears a voice come growling through the gloom,
'Well—eh?—Who? What?—Speak out at once!'
'I will,' says Bunce.
'I've got a sort of article to sell;
Medical gemmen knows me very well—'
But think Imagination how it shock'd her
To hear the voice roar out, 'Death! Devil! d—n!
Confound the vagabond, he thinks I am
A rhubarb-and-magnesia Doctor!'
'No Doctor!' exclaim'd Bunce, and dropp'd his jaw,
But louder still the voice began to bellow,
'Yes,—yes,—odd zounds!—I *am* a Doctor, fellow,
At law!'
The word suffic'd.—Of things Bunce feared the most
(Next to a ghost)
Was law,—or any of the legal corps,—
He dropp'd at once his load of flesh and bone,
And, caring for no body, save his own,
Bolted,—and lived securely till fourscore,
From never troubling Doctors any more!

THE DESERT-BORN

'Fly to the desert, fly with me.'—*Lady Hester Stanhope*

'Twas in the wilds of Lebanon, amongst its barren hills,—
To think upon it, even now, my very blood it chills!—
My sketch-book spread before me, and my pencil in my hand,
I gazed upon the mountain range, the red tumultuous sand,
The plumy palms, the sombre firs, the cedars tall and proud,—
When lo! a shadow pass'd across the paper like a cloud,
And looking up I saw a form, apt figure for the scene,
Methought I stood in presence of some oriental queen!

The turban on her head was white as any driven snow;
A purple bandalette pass'd o'er the lofty brow below,
And thence upon her shoulders fell, by either jewell'd ear;
In yellow folds voluminous she wore her long cachemere;
Whilst underneath, with ample sleeves, a Turkish robe of silk
Enveloped her in drapery the colour of new milk;
Yet oft it floated wide in front, disclosing underneath
A gorgeous Persian tunic, rich with many a broider'd wreath,
Compelled by clasps of costly pearl around her neck to meet—
And yellow as the amber were the buskins on her feet!

Of course I bowed my lowest bow—of all the things on earth,
The reverence due to loveliness, to rank, or ancient birth,
To pow'r, to wealth, to genius, or to anything uncommon,
A man should bend the lowest in a *Desert* to a *Woman!*
Yet some strange influence stronger still, though vague and undefin'd,
Compell'd me, and with magic might subdued my soul and mind;
There was a something in her air that drew the spirit nigh,
Beyond the common witchery that dwells in woman's eye!
With reverence deep, like any slave of that peculiar land,
I bowed my forehead to the earth, and kissed the arid sand;
And then I touch'd her garment's hem, devoutly as a Dervise,
Predestinated (so I felt) for ever to her service.

Nor was I wrong in auguring thus my fortune from her face,
She knew me, seemingly, as well as any of her race;
'Welcome!' she cried, as I uprose submissive to my feet;
'It was ordain'd that you and I should in this desert meet!
Aye, ages since, before thy soul had burst its prison bars,
This interview was promis'd in the language of the stars!'
Then clapping, as the Easterns wont, her all-commanding hands,
A score of mounted Arabs came fast spurring o'er the sands,
Nor rein'd they up their foaming steeds till in my very face
They blew the breath impetuous, and panting from the race.

'Fear nought,' exclaimed the radiant one, as I sprang off aloof,
'Thy precious frame need never fear a blow from horse's hoof!
Thy natal star was fortunate as any orb of birth,
And fate hath held in store for thee the rarest gift of earth.'
Then turning to the dusky men, that humbly waited near,
She cried, 'Go bring the BEAUTIFUL—for lo! the MAN is here!'

Off went th' obsequious train as swift as Arab hoofs could flee,
But Fancy fond outraced them all, with bridle loose and free,
And brought me back, for love's attack, some fair Circassian bride,
Or Georgian girl, the Harem's boast, and fit for sultan's side;
Methought I lifted up her veil, and saw dark eyes beneath,
Mild as gazelle's, a snowy brow, ripe lips, and pearly teeth,
A swanlike neck, a shoulder round, full bosom, and a waist
Not too compact, and rounded limbs, to oriental taste.
Methought—but here, alas! alas! the airy dream to blight,
Behold the Arabs leading up a mare of milky white!
To tell the truth, without reserve, evasion, or remorse,
The last of creatures in my love or liking is a horse:
Whether in early youth some kick untimely laid me flat,
Whether from born antipathy, as some dislike a cat,
I never yet could bear the kind, from Meux's giant steeds
Down to those little bearish cubs of Shetland's shaggy breeds;—
As for a warhorse, he that can bestride one *is* a hero,
Merely to look at such a sight my courage sinks to zero.
With lightning eyes, and thunder mane, and hurricanes of legs,
Tempestuous tail—to picture him description vainly begs!
His fiery nostrils sent forth clouds of smoke instead of breath—
Nay, was it not a Horse that bore the grisly Shape of Death?
Judge then how cold an ague-fit of agony was mine
To see the mistress of my fate, imperious, make a sign
To which my own foreboding soul the cruel sense supplied:
'Mount, happy man, and *run away* with your Arabian bride!'
Grim was the smile, and tremulous the voice with which I spoke,
Like any one's when jesting with a subject not a joke,
So men have trifled with the axe before the fatal stroke.

'Lady, if mine had been the luck in Yorkshire to be born,
Or any of its *ridings*, this would be a blessed morn:
But, hapless one! I cannot ride—there 's something in a horse
That I can always honour, but I never could endorse.
To speak still more commercially, in riding I am quite
Averse to running long, and apt to be paid off at sight:
In legal phrase, for every class to understand me still,
I never was in stirrups yet a tenant but at will;
Or, if you please, in artist terms, I never went a-straddle
On any horse without 'a want of keeping' in the saddle.
In short,' and here I blush'd, abash'd, and held my head full low,
'I'm one of those whose infant ears have heard the chimes of Bow!'

The lady smiled, as houris smile, adown from Turkish skies,
And beams of cruel kindness shone within her hazel eyes;
'Stranger,' she said, 'or rather say, my nearest, dearest friend,
There 's something in your eyes, your air, and that high instep's bend,
That tells me you're of Arab race,—whatever spot of earth,
Cheapside, or Bow, or Stepney, had the honour of your birth,
The East it is your country! Like an infant changed at nurse
By fairies, you have undergone a nurtureship perverse;
But this—these desert sands—these palms, and cedars waving wild,
All, all, adopt thee as their own—an oriental child—
The cloud may hide the sun awhile—but soon or late, no doubt,
The spirit of your ancestry will burst and sparkle out!
I read the starry characters—and lo! 'tis written there,
Thou wert foredoom'd of sons of men to ride upon this Mare,
A Mare till now was never back'd by one of mortal mould,
Hark, how she neighs, as if for thee she knew that she was foal'd!'

And truly—I devoutly wish'd a blast of the simoom
Had stifled her!—the Mare herself appear'd to mock my doom;
With many a bound she caper'd round and round me like a dance,
I feared indeed some wild caress would end the fearful prance,
And felt myself, and saw myself—the phantasy was horrid!—
Like old Redgauntlet, with a shoe imprinted on my forehead!
On bended knees, with bowing head, and hands uprais'd in pray'r,
I begg'd the turban'd Sultaness the issue to forbear;
I painted weeping orphan babes, around a widow'd wife,
And drew my death as vividly as others draw from life.
'Behold,' I said, 'a simple man, for such high feats unfit,
Who never yet has learn'd to know the crupper from the bit,
Whereas the boldest horsemanship, and first equestrian skill,
Would well be task'd to bend so wild a creature to the will.'
Alas! alas! 'twas all in vain, to supplicate and kneel,
The quadruped could not have been more cold to my appeal!

'Fear nothing,' said the smiling Fate, 'when human help is vain,
Spirits shall by thy stirrups fly, and fairies guide the rein;
Just glance at yonder animal, her perfect shape remark,
And in thy breast at once shall glow the oriental spark!
As for thy spouse and tender babes, no Arab roams the wild
But for a mare of such descent, would barter wife and child.'

'Nay then,' cried I—(heav'n shrive the lie!) 'to tell the secret truth,
'Twas my unhappy fortune once to over-ride a youth!
A playful child,—so full of life!—a little fair-haired boy,
His sister's pet, his father's hope, his mother's darling joy!
Ah me! the frantic shriek she gave! I hear it ringing now!
That hour, upon the bloody spot, I made a holy vow;
A solemn compact, deeply sworn, to witness my remorse,
That never more these limbs of mine should mount on living horse!'

Good heav'n! to see the angry glance that flashed upon me now!
A chill ran all my marrow through—the drops were on my brow!
I knew my doom, and stole a glance at that accursed Mare,
And there she stood, with nostrils wide, that snuff'd the sultry air.
How lion-like she lash'd her flanks with her abundant tail;
While on her neck the stormy mane kept tossing to the gale!
How fearfully she roll'd her eyes between the earth and sky,
As if in wild uncertainty to gallop or to fly!
While with her hoof she scoop'd the sand as if before she gave
My plunge into eternity she meant to dig my grave!

And I, that ne'er could calmly bear a horse's ears at play,
Or hear without a yard of jump his shrill and sudden neigh—
Whose foot within a stable door had never stood an inch—
Whose hand to pat a living steed would feel an awful flinch,—
I that had never thrown a leg across a pony small,
To scour the pathless desert on the tallest of the tall!
For oh! it is no fable, but at ev'ry look I cast
Her restless legs seem'd twice as long as when I saw them last!

In agony I shook,—and yet, although congealed by fears,
My blood was boiling fast, to judge from noises in my ears;
I gasp'd as if in vacuo, and thrilling with despair,
Some secret Demon seem'd to pass his fingers through my hair.
I could not stir—I could not speak—I could not even see—
A sudden mist rose up between that awful Mare and me,—
I tried to pray, but found no words—tho' ready ripe to weep,
No tear would flow,—o'er ev'ry sense a swoon began to creep,—
When lo! to bring my horrid fate at once unto the brunt,
Two Arabs seized me from behind, two others in the front,
And ere a muscle could be strung to try the strife forlorn,
I found myself, Mazeppa-like, upon the Desert-Born!

Terrific was the neigh she gave, the moment that my weight
Was felt upon her back, as if exulting in her freight;
Whilst dolefully I heard a voice that set each nerve ajar,—
'Off with the bridle—quick!—and leave his guidance to his star!'

'Allah! il Allah!' rose the shout,—and starting with a bound,
The dreadful Creature cleared at once a dozen yards of ground;
And grasping at her mane with both my cold convulsive hands,
Away we flew—away! away! across the shifting sands!
My eyes were closed in utter dread of such a fearful race,
But yet by certain signs I knew we went no earthly pace,
For turn whichever way we might, the wind with equal force
Rush'd like a torrid hurricane still adverse to our course—
One moment close at hand I heard the roaring Syrian Sea,
The next it only murmur'd like the humming of a bee!
And when I dared at last to glance across the wild immense,
Oh ne'er shall I forget the whirl that met the dizzy sense!

What seem'd a little sprig of fern, ere lips could reckon twain,
A palm of forty cubits high, we passed it on the plain!
What tongue could tell,—what pencil paint,—what pen describe the ride?
Now off—now on—now up—now down,—and flung from side to side!
I tried to speak, but had no voice, to soothe her with its tone—
My scanty breath was jolted out with many a sudden groan—
My joints were racked—my back was strained, so firmly I had clung—
My nostrils gush'd, and thrice my teeth had bitten through my tongue—
When lo!—farewell all hope of life!—she turn'd and faced the rocks,
None but a flying horse could clear those monstrous granite blocks!
So thought I,—but I little knew the desert pride and fire,
Deriv'd from a most deer-like dam, and lion-hearted sire;
Little I guess'd the energy of muscle, blood, and bone,
Bound after bound, with eager springs, she clear'd each massive stone;—
Nine mortal leaps were pass'd before a huge grey rock at length
Stood planted there as if to dare her utmost pitch of strength—
My time was come! that granite heap my monument of death!
She paused, she snorted loud and long, and drew a fuller breath;
Nine strides and then a louder beat that warn'd me of her spring,
I felt her rising in the air like eagle on the wing—
But oh! the crash!—the hideous shock!—the million sparks around!
Her hindmost hoofs had struck the crest of that prodigious mound!
Wild shriek'd the headlong Desert-Born—or else 'twas demon's mirth,
One second more, and Man and Mare roll'd breathless on the earth!

* * * * * * * * * * * *

How long it was I cannot tell ere I revived to sense,
And then but to endure the pangs of agony intense;
For over me lay powerless, and still as any stone,
The Corse that erst had so much fire, strength, spirit, of its own.
My heart was still—my pulses stopp'd—midway 'twixt life and death,
With pain unspeakable I fetch'd the fragment of a breath,
Not vital air enough to frame one short and feeble sigh,
Yet even that I loath'd because it would not let me die.
Oh! slowly, slowly, slowly on, from starry night till morn,
Time flapp'd along, with leaden wings, across that waste forlorn!
I cursed the hour that brought me first within this world of strife—
A sore and heavy sin it is to scorn the gift of life—
But who hath felt a horse's weight oppress his labouring breast?
Why any who has had, like me, the NIGHT MARE on his chest.

AGRICULTURAL DISTRESS

A PASTORAL REPORT

ONE Sunday morning—service done—
'Mongst tombstones shining in the sun,
A knot of bumpkins stood to chat
Of that and this, and this and that;
What people said of Polly Hatch—
Which side had won the cricket match;
And who was cotch'd, and who was bowl'd;—
How barley, beans, and 'taters sold—
What men could swallow at a meal—
When Bumpstead Youths would ring a peal—
And who was taken off to jail—
And where they brew'd the strongest ale—
At last this question they address,
'What 's Agricultural Distress?'

HODGE.

'For my peart, it 's a thought o' mine,
It be the fancy farming line,
Like yonder gemman,—him I mean,
As took the Willa nigh the Green,—
And turn'd his cattle in the wheat;
And gave his porkers hay to eat;
And sent his footman up to town,
Tŏ ax the Lonnon gentry down,
To be so kind as make his hay,
Exactly on St. Swithin's day;—
With consequences you may guess—
That 's Hagricultural Distress.'

DICKON.

'Last Monday morning, Master Blogg
Com'd for to stick our bacon-hog;
But th' hog he cock'd a knowing eye,
As if he twigg'd the reason why,
And dodg'd and dodg'd 'un such a dance,
He didn't give the noose a chance;
So Master Blogg at last lays off,
And shams a rattle at the trough,
When swish! in bolts our bacon-hog
Atwixt the legs o' Master Blogg,
And flops him down in all the muck,
As hadn't been swept up by luck—
Now that, accordin' to my guess,
Be Hagricultural Distress.'

GILES.

'No, that arn't it, I tell 'ee flat;
I'ze bring a worser case nor that!
Last Friday week, I takes a start
To Reading, with our horse and cart;
Well, when I'ze set the 'taters down,
I meets a crony at the Crown;
And what betwixt the ale and Tom,
It 's dark afore I starts for home;
So whipping hard, by long and late,
At last we reaches nigh the gate,
And, sure enough, there Master stand,
A lantern flaring in his hand,—
"Why, Giles," says he, "what 's that 'un thear?
Yond' chestnut horse bean't my bay mear!
He bean't not worth a leg o' Bess!"
There 's Hagricultural Distress!'

HOB.

'That 's nothin' yet, to Tom's mishap!
A-gooing through the yard, poor chap,
Only to fetch his milking-pails,
When up he shies like head or tails;
Nor would the Bull let Tom a-be,
Till he had toss'd the best o' three;—
And there lies Tom with broken bones,
A surgeon's job for Doctor Jones;
Well, Doctor Jones lays down the law,
"There 's two crackt ribs, besides a jaw,—

Eat well," says he, "stuff out your case,
For that will keep the ribs in place;"
But how was Tom, poor chap, to chaw,
Seeing as how he'd broke his jaw?
That 's summut to the pint—yes, yes,
That 's Hagricultural Distress!'

SIMON.

'Well, turn and turn about is fair:
Tom 's bad anough, and so 's the mare;
But nothing to my load of hay—
You see, 'twas hard on quarter-day,
And cash was wanted for the rent;
So up to Lonnon I was sent,
To sell as prime a load of hay
As ever dried on summer's day.
Well, standing in Whitechapel Road,
A chap comes up to buy my load,
And looks, and looks about the cart,
Pretending to be 'cute and smart;
But no great judge, as people say,
'Cause why? he never smelt the hay.
Thinks I, as he 's a simple chap,
He'll give a simple price mayhap,
Such buyers comes but now and then,
So slap I axes nine pun' ten.
"That 's dear," says he, and pretty quick
He taps his leathers with his stick.
"Suppose," says he, "we wet our clay,
Just while we bargin 'bout the hay."
So in we goes, my chap and me;
He drinks to I, and I to he;
At last, says I, a little gay,
"Its time to talk about that hay."
"Nine pund," says he, "and I'm your man,
Live, and let live—for that 's my plan."
"That 's true," says I, "but still I say,
It 's nine pun' ten for that 'ere hay."
And so we chaffers for a bit,
At long and last the odds we split;
And off he sets to show the way,
Where up a yard I leaves the hay.
Then, from the pocket of his coat,
He pulls a book, and picks a note.
"That 's Ten," says he—"I hope to pay
Tens upon tens for loads of hay."
"With all my heart, and soon," says I,
And feeling for the change thereby;
But all my shillings com'd to five—
Says he, "No matter, man alive!
There 's something in your honest phiz
I'd trust, if twice the sum it is;—
You'll pay next time you come to town."
"As sure," says I, "as corn is brown."
"All right," says he.—Thinks I, "huzza!
He 's got no bargain of the hay!"

'Well, home I goes, with empty cart,
Whipping the horses pretty smart,
And whistling ev'ry yard o' way,
To think how well I'd sold the hay—
And just cotch'd Master at his greens
And bacon, or it might be beans,
Which didn't taste the worse sure*ly*,
To hear his hay had gone so high.
But lord! when I laid down the note,
It stuck the victuals in his throat,
And chok'd him till his face all grew
Like pickling-cabbage, red and blue;
With such big goggle eyes, Ods nails!
They seem'd a-coming out like snails!
"A note," says he, half mad with passion,
"Why, thou dom'd fool! thou'st took a flash 'un!"
Now, wasn't that a pretty mess?
That 's Hagricultural Distress.'

COLIN.

'Phoo! phoo! You're nothing near the thing!
You only argy in a ring;
'Cause why? You never cares to look,
Like me, in any larned book;

But schollards know the wrong and right
Of every thing in black and white.

'Well, Farming, that 's its common name,
And Agriculture be the same:
So put your Farming first, and next
Distress, and there you have your text.
But here the question comes to press,
What farming be, and what 's distress?
Why, farming is to plough and sow,
Weed, harrow, harvest, reap and mow,
Thrash, winnow, sell,—and buy and breed
The proper stock to fat and feed.
Distress is want, and pain, and grief,
And sickness,—things as wants relief;
Thirst, hunger, age, and cold severe;
In short, ax any overseer,—
Well, now, the logic for to chop,
Where 's the distress about a crop?
There 's no distress in keeping sheep,
I likes to see 'em frisk and leap;
There 's no distress in seeing swine
Grow up to pork and bacon fine;
There 's no distress in growing wheat
And grass for men or beasts to eat;
And making of lean cattle fat,
There 's no distress, of course, in that.
Then what remains?—But one thing more,
And that 's the *Farming of the Poor!*'

HODGE, DICKON, GILES, HOB, AND SIMON.

'Yea!—aye!—sure*ly*!—for sartin!—yes!—
That 's Hagricultural Distress!'

LOVE LANE

IF I should love a maiden more,
And woo her ev'ry hope to crown,
I'd love her all the country o'er,
But not declare it out of town.

One even by a mossy bank,
That held a hornet's nest within,
To Ellen on my knees I sank—
How snakes will twine around the shin!

A bashful fear my soul unnerv'd,
And gave my heart a backward tug;
Nor was I cheer'd when she observ'd,
Whilst I was silent,—'What a slug!'

At length my offer I preferr'd,
And Hope a kind reply forebode—
Alas the only sound I heard
Was, 'What a horrid ugly toad!'

I vow'd to give her all my heart,
To love her till my life took leave,
And painted all a lover's smart—
Except a wasp gone up his sleeve!

But when I ventur'd to abide
Her father's and her mother's grants—
Sudden, she started up, and cried,
'O dear! I am all over ants!'

Nay, when beginning to beseech
The cause that led to my rebuff,
The answer was as strange a speech,
'A Daddy-Longlegs sure enough!'

I spoke of fortune—house,—and lands,
And still renew'd the warm attack,—
'Tis vain to offer ladies hands
That have a spider on the back!

'Tis vain to talk of hopes and fears
And hope the least reply to win,
From any maid that stops her ears
In dread of earwigs creeping in!

'Tis vain to call the dearest names
Whilst stoats and weazels startle by—
As vain to talk of mutual flames,
To one with glow-worms in her eye!

What check'd me in my fond address,
And knock'd each pretty image down?
What stopp'd my Ellen's faltering Yes?
A caterpillar on her gown!

To list to Philomel is sweet—
To see the Moon rise silver-pale,—
But not to kneel at Lady's feet
And crush a rival in a snail!

Sweet is the eventide, and kind
Its zephyr, balmy as the south;
But sweeter still to speak your mind
Without a chafer in your mouth.

At last embolden'd by my bliss,
Still fickle Fortune play'd me foul,
For when I strove to snatch a kiss
She scream'd—by proxy through an owl!

Then, Lovers, doom'd to life or death
Shun moonlight, twilight, lanes, and bats,
Lest you should have in selfsame breath
To bless your fate—and curse the gnats!

ODE TO RAE WILSON, ESQ.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE *ATHENÆUM*

MY DEAR SIR—The following Ode was written anticipating the tone of some strictures on my writings, by the gentleman to whom it is addressed. I have not seen his book; but I know by hearsay that some of my verses are characterized as 'profaneness and ribaldry'—citing, in proof, the description of a certain sow, from whose jaw a cabbage sprout—

'Protruded, as the dove so staunch
For peace supports an olive branch.'

If the printed works of my Censor had not prepared me for any misapplication of *types*, I should have been surprised by this misapprehension of one of the commonest emblems. In some cases the dove unquestionably stands for the Divine Spirit; but the same bird is also a lay representative of the peace of this world, and, as such, has figured time out of mind in allegorical pictures. The sense in which it was used by me is plain from the context; at least, it would be plain to any one but a fisher for faults, pre-disposed to carp at some things, to dab at others, and to flounder in all. But I am possibly in error. It is the female swine, perhaps, that is profaned in the eyes of the Oriental tourist. Men find strange ways of marking their intolerance; and the spirit is certainly strong enough, in Mr. W.'s works, to set up a creature as sacred, in sheer opposition to the Mussulman, with whom she is a beast of abomination. It would only be going the whole sow.—I am, dear Sir, yours very truly,

THOS. HOOD.

'Close, close your eyes with holy dread,
And weave a circle round him thrice;
For he on honey-dew hath fed,
And drunk the milk of Paradise!'—*Coleridge.*

'It's very hard them kind of men
Won't let a body be.'—*Old Ballad.*

A WANDERER, Wilson, from my native land,
Remote, O Rae, from godliness and thee,
Where rolls between us the eternal sea,
Besides some furlongs of a foreign sand,—

Beyond the broadest Scotch of London Wall;
Beyond the loudest Saint that has a call;
Across the wavy waste between us stretch'd,
A friendly missive warns me of a stricture,
Wherein my likeness you have darkly etch'd,
And tho' I have not seen the shadow sketch'd,
Thus I remark prophetic on the picture.

I guess the features:—in a line to paint
Their moral ugliness, I'm not a saint.
Not one of those self-constituted saints,
Quacks—not physicians—in the cure of souls,
Censors who sniff out mortal taints,
And call the devil over his own coals—
Those pseudo Privy Councillors of God,
Who write down judgments with a pen hard-nibb'd;
Ushers of Beelzebub's Black Rod,
Commending sinners, not to ice thick-ribb'd,
But endless flames, to scorch them up like flax,—
Yet sure of heav'n themselves, as if they'd cribb'd
Th' impression of St. Peter's keys in wax!

Of such a character no single trace
Exists, I know, in my fictitious face;
There wants a certain cast about the eye;
A certain lifting of the nose's tip;
A certain curling of the nether lip,
In scorn of all that is, beneath the sky;
In brief it is an aspect deleterious,
A face decidedly not serious,
A face profane, that would not do at all
To make a face at Exeter Hall,—
That Hall where bigots rant, and cant, and pray,
And laud each other face to face,
Till ev'ry farthing-candle *ray*
Conceives itself a great gas-light of grace!

Well!—be the graceless lineaments confest!
I do enjoy this bounteous beauteous earth;
And dote upon a jest
'Within the limits of becoming mirth';—
No solemn sanctimonious face I pull,
Nor think I'm pious when I'm only bilious—
Nor study in my sanctum supercilious
To frame a Sabbath Bill or forge a Bull.
I pray for grace—repent each sinful act—
Peruse, but underneath the rose, my Bible;
And love my neighbour, far too well, in fact,
To call and twit him with a godly tract
That 's turn'd by application to a libel.

My heart ferments not with the bigot's leaven,
All creeds I view with toleration thorough,
And have a horror of regarding heaven
As anybody's rotten borough.

What else? no part I take in party fray,
With tropes from Billingsgate's slang-whanging tartars,
I fear no Pope—and let great Ernest play
At Fox and Goose with Fox's Martyrs!
I own I laugh at over-righteous men,
I own I shake my sides at ranters,
And treat sham-Abr'am saints with wicked banters,
I even own, that there are times—but then
It 's when I've got my wine—I say d—— canters!

I've no ambition to enact the spy
On fellow souls, a Spiritual Pry—
'Tis said that people ought to guard their noses
Who thrust them into matters none of theirs;
And tho' no delicacy discomposes
Your Saint, yet I consider faith and pray'rs
Amongst the privatest of men's affairs.

I do not hash the Gospel in my books,
And thus upon the public mind intrude it,
As if I thought, like Otaheitan cooks,
No food was fit to eat till I had chew'd it.
On Bible stilts I don't affect to stalk;
Nor lard with Scripture my familiar talk,—
For man may pious texts repeat,
And yet religion have no inward seat;
'Tis not so plain as the old Hill of Howth,
A man has got his bellyfull of meat
Because he talks with victuals in his mouth!

Mere verbiage,—it is not worth a carrot!
Why, Socrates or Plato—where 's the odds?—
Once taught a jay to supplicate the Gods,
And made a Polly-theist of a Parrot!

A mere professor, spite of all his cant, is
Not a whit better than a Mantis,—
An insect, of what clime I can't determine,
That lifts its paws most parson-like, and thence,
By simple savages—thro' sheer pretence—
Is reckon'd quite a saint amongst the vermin.

But where 's the reverence, or where the *nous*,
To ride on one's religion thro' the lobby,
Whether as stalking-horse or hobby,
To show its pious paces to 'the House'?

I honestly confess that I would hinder
The Scottish member's legislative rigs,
That spiritual Pinder,
Who looks on erring souls as straying pigs,
That must be lash'd by law, wherever found,
And driv'n to church, as to the parish pound.
I do confess, without reserve or wheedle,
I view that grovelling idea as one
Worthy some parish clerk's ambitious son,
A charity-boy who longs to be a beadle.

On such a vital topic sure 'tis odd
How much a man can differ from his neighbour:
One wishes worship freely giv'n to God,
Another wants to make it statute-labour—
The broad distinction in a line to draw,
As means to lead us to the skies above,
You say—Sir Andrew and his love of law,
And I—the Saviour with his law of love.

Spontaneously to God should tend the soul,
Like the magnetic needle to the Pole;
But what were that intrinsic virtue worth,
Suppose some fellow, with more zeal than knowledge,
Fresh from St. Andrew's College,
Should nail the conscious needle to the north?

I do confess that I abhor and shrink
From schemes, with a religious willy-nilly,
That frown upon St. Giles's sins, but blink
The peccadilloes of all Piccadilly—
My soul revolts at such a bare hypocrisy,
And will not, dare not, fancy in accord
The Lord of Hosts with an Exclusive Lord
Of this world's aristocracy.
It will not own a notion so unholy,
As thinking that the rich by easy trips
May go to heav'n, whereas the poor and lowly
Must work their passage, as they do in ships.

One place there is—beneath the burial sod
Where all mankind are equalized by death;
Another place there is—the Fane of God,
Where all are equal, who draw living breath;—
Juggle who will *elsewhere* with his own soul,
Playing the Judas with a temporal dole—
He, who can come beneath that awful cope,
In the dread presence of a Maker just,
Who metes to ev'ry pinch of human dust
One even measure of immortal hope—

He who can stand within that holy door,
With soul unbow'd by that pure spirit-level,
And frame unequal laws for rich and poor,—
Might sit for Hell and represent the Devil!

Such are the solemn sentiments, O Rae,
In your last Journey-Work, perchance, you ravage,
Seeming, but in more courtly terms, to say
I'm but a heedless, creedless, godless savage;
A very Guy, deserving fire and faggots,—
A Scoffer, always on the grin,
And sadly given to the mortal sin
Of liking Mawworm's less than merry maggots!

The humble records of my life to search,
I have not herded with mere pagan beasts;
But sometimes I have 'sat at good men's feasts,'
And I have been 'where bells have knoll'd to church.'
Dear bells! how sweet the sounds of village bells
When on the undulating air they swim!
Now loud as welcomes! faint, now, as farewells!
And trembling all about the breezy dells
As flutter'd by the wings of Cherubim.
Meanwhile the bees are chaunting a low hymn;
And lost to sight th' ecstatic lark above
Sings, like a soul beatified, of love,—
With, now and then, the coo of the wild pigeon;—
O Pagans, Heathens, Infidels and Doubters!
If such sweet sounds can't woo you to religion,
Will the harsh voices of church cads and touters?

A man may cry 'Church! Church!' at ev'ry word,
With no more piety than other people—
A daw 's not reckon'd a religious bird
Because it keeps a-cawing from a steeple.
The Temple is a good, a holy place,
But quacking only gives it an ill savour;
While saintly mountebanks the porch disgrace,
And bring religion's self into disfavour!

Behold yon servitor of God and Mammon,
Who, binding up his Bible with his Ledger,
Blends Gospel texts with trading gammon,
A black-leg saint, a spiritual hedger,
Who backs his rigid Sabbath, so to speak,
Against the wicked remnant of the week,
A saving bet against his sinful bias—
'Rogue that I am,' he whispers to himself,
'I lie—I cheat—do anything for pelf,
But who on earth can say I am not pious?'

In proof how over-righteousness re-acts,
Accept an anecdote well bas'd on facts.

One Sunday morning—(at the day don't fret)—
In riding with a friend to Ponder's End
Outside the stage, we happen'd to commend
A certain mansion that we saw To Let.
'Aye,' cried our coachman, with our talk to grapple,
'You're right! no house along the road comes nigh it!
'Twas built by the same man as built yon chapel,
And master wanted once to buy it,—
But t'other driv the bargain much too hard—
He ax'd sure-*ly* a sum purdigious!
But being so particular religious,
Why, *that*, you see, put master on his guard!'

Church is 'a little heav'n below,
I have been there and still would go,'—
Yet I am none of those, who think it odd
A man can pray unbidden from the cassock,
And, passing by the customary hassock,
Kneel down remote upon the simple sod,
And sue in formâ pauperis to God.

As for the rest,—intolerant to none,
Whatever shape the pious rite may bear,
Ev'n the poor Pagan's homage to the Sun
I would not harshly scorn, lest even there
I spurn'd some elements of Christian pray'r—
An aim, tho' erring, at a 'world ayont'—
Acknowledgment of good—of man's futility,
A sense of need, and weakness, and indeed
That very thing so many Christians want—
Humility.

Such, unto Papists, Jews or turban'd Turks,
Such is my spirit—(I don't mean my wraith!)
Such, may it please you, is my humble faith;
I know, full well, you do not like my *works!*

I have not sought, 'tis true, the Holy Land,
As full of texts as Cuddie Headrigg's mother,
The Bible in one hand,
And my own common-place-book in the other—
But you have been to Palestine—alas!
Some minds improve by travel, others, rather,
Resemble copper wire, or brass,
Which gets the narrower by going farther!
Worthless are all such Pilgrimages—very!
If Palmers at the Holy Tomb contrive
The human heats and rancour to revive
That at the Sepulchre they ought to bury.

A sorry sight it is to rest the eye on,
To see a Christian creature graze at Sion,
Then homeward, of the saintly pasture full,
Rush bellowing, and breathing fire and smoke,
At crippled Papistry to butt and poke,
Exactly as a skittish Scottish bull
Hunts an old woman in a scarlet cloak!

Why leave a serious, moral, pious home,
Scotland, renown'd for sanctity of old,
Far distant Catholics to rate and scold
For—doing as the Romans do at Rome?
With such a bristling spirit wherefore quit
The Land of Cakes for any land of wafers,
About the graceless images to flit,
And buzz and chafe importunate as chafers,
Longing to carve the carvers to Scotch collops?—
People who hold such absolute opinions
Should stay at home, in Protestant dominions,
Not travel like male Mrs. Trollopes.

Gifted with noble tendency to climb,
Yet weak at the same time,
Faith is a kind of parasitic plant,
That grasps the nearest stem with tendril-rings;
And as the climate and the soil may grant,
So is the sort of tree to which it clings.
Consider then, before, like Hurlothrumbo,
You aim your club at any creed on earth,
That, by the simple accident of birth,
You might have been High Priest to Mumbo Jumbo.

For me—thro' heathen ignorance perchance,
Not having knelt in Palestine,—I feel
None of that griffinish excess of zeal,
Some travellers would blaze with here in France.
Dolls I can see in Virgin-like array,
Nor for a scuffle with the idols hanker
Like crazy Quixote at the puppet's play,
If their 'offence be rank,' should mine be *rancour*?
Mild light, and by degrees, should be the plan
To cure the dark and erring mind;
But who would rush at a benighted man,
And give him two black eyes for being blind?

Suppose the tender but luxuriant hop
Around a canker'd stem should twine,
What Kentish boor would tear away the prop
So roughly as to wound, nay, kill the bine?

The images, 'tis true, are strangely dress'd,
With gauds and toys extremely out of season;
The carving nothing of the very best,
The whole repugnant to the eye of reason,
Shocking to Taste, and to Fine Arts a treason—
Yet ne'er o'erlook in bigotry of sect
One truly *Catholic*, one common form,
At which uncheck'd
All Christian hearts may kindle or keep warm.

Say, was it to my spirit's gain or loss,
One bright and balmy morning, as I went
From Liege's lovely environs to Ghent,
If hard by the wayside I found a cross,
That made me breathe a pray'r upon the spot—
While Nature of herself, as if to trace
The emblem's use, had trail'd around its base
The blue significant Forget-Me-Not?
Methought, the claims of Charity to urge
More forcibly, along with Faith and Hope,
The pious choice had pitch'd upon the verge
Of a delicious slope,
Giving the eye much variegated scope;—
'Look round,' it whispered, 'on that prospect rare,
Those vales so verdant, and those hills so blue;
Enjoy the sunny world, so fresh, and fair,
But'—(how the simple legend pierc'd me thro'!)
'PRIEZ POUR LES MALHEUREUX.'

With sweet kind natures, as in honey'd cells,
Religion lives, and feels herself at home;
But only on a formal visit dwells
Where wasps instead of bees have form'd the comb.

Shun pride, O Rae!—whatever sort beside
You take in lieu, shun spiritual pride!
A pride there is of rank—a pride of birth,
A pride of learning, and a pride of purse,
A London pride—in short, there be on earth
A host of prides, some better and some worse;
But of all prides, since Lucifer's attaint,
The proudest swells a self-elected Saint.

To picture that cold pride so harsh and hard,
Fancy a peacock in a poultry yard.
Behold him in conceited circles sail,
Strutting and dancing, and now planted stiff,
In all his pomp of pageantry, as if
He felt 'the eyes of Europe' on his tail!
As for the humble breed retain'd by man,
He scorns the whole domestic clan—

He bows, he bridles,
He wheels, he sidles,
At last, with stately dodgings, in a corner
He pens a simple russet hen, to scorn her
Full in the blaze of his resplendent fan!
'Look here,' he cries (to give him words),
'Thou feather'd clay—thou scum of birds!'
Flirting the rustling plumage in her eyes,—
'Look here, thou vile predestin'd sinner,
Doom'd to be roasted for a dinner,
Behold these lovely variegated dyes!
These are the rainbow colours of the skies,
That heav'n has shed upon me *con amore*—
A Bird of Paradise?—a pretty story!
I am that Saintly Fowl, thou paltry chick!
Look at my crown of glory!
Thou dingy, dirty, drabbled, draggled jill!'
And off goes Partlet, wriggling from a kick,
With bleeding scalp laid open by his bill!

That little simile exactly paints
How sinners are despis'd by saints.
By saints!—the Hypocrites that ope heav'n's door
Obsequious to the sinful man of riches—
But put the wicked, naked, barelegg'd poor
In parish stocks instead of breeches.

The Saints!—the Bigots that in public spout,
Spread phosphorus of zeal on scraps of fustian,
And go like walking 'Lucifers' about
Mere living bundles of combustion.

The Saints!—the aping Fanatics that talk
All cant and rant, and rhapsodies high-flown—
That bid you baulk
A Sunday walk,
And shun God's work as you should shun your own.

The Saints!—the Formalists, the extra pious,
Who think the mortal husk can save the soul,
By trundling with a mere mechanic bias,
To church, just like a lignum-vitæ bowl!

The Saints!—the Pharisees, whose beadle stands
Beside a stern coercive kirk.
A piece of human mason-work,
Calling all sermons contrabands,
In that great Temple that 's not made with hands!

Thrice blessed, rather, is the man, with whom
The gracious prodigality of nature,
The balm, the bliss, the beauty, and the bloom,
The bounteous providence in ev'ry feature,

Recall the good Creator to his creature,
Making all earth a fane, all heav'n its dome!
To *his* tun'd spirit the wild heather-bells
Ring Sabbath knells;
The jubilate of the soaring lark
Is chaunt of clerk;
For choir, the thrush and the gregarious linnet;
The sod 's a cushion for his pious want;
And, consecrated by the heav'n within it,
The sky-blue pool, a font.
Each cloud-capp'd mountain is a holy altar;
An organ breathes in every grove;
And the full heart 's a Psalter,
Rich in deep hymns of gratitude and love!

Sufficiently by stern necessitarians
Poor Nature, with her face begrim'd by dust,
Is stok'd, cok'd, smok'd, and almost chok'd; but must
Religion have its own Utilitarians,
Labell'd with evangelical phylacteries,
To make the road to heav'n a railway trust,
And churches—that 's the naked fact—mere factories?

Oh! simply open wide the Temple door,
And let the solemn, swelling, organ greet,
With *Voluntaries* meet,
The *willing* advent of the rich and poor!
And while to God the loud Hosannas soar,
With rich vibrations from the vocal throng—
From quiet shades that to the woods belong,
And brooks with music of their own,
Voices may come to swell the choral song
With notes of praise they learn'd in musings lone.

How strange it is while on all vital questions,
That occupy the House and public mind,
We always meet with some humane suggestions
Of gentle measures of a healing kind,
Instead of harsh severity and vigour,
The Saint alone his preference retains
For bills of penalties and pains,
And marks his narrow code with legal rigour!
Why shun, as worthless of affiliation,
What men of all political persuasion
Extol—and even use upon occasion—
That Christian principle, conciliation?
But possibly the men who make such fuss
With Sunday pippins and old Trots infirm,
Attach some other meaning to the term,
As thus:

One market morning, in my usual rambles,
Passing along Whitechapel's ancient shambles,
Where meat was hung in many a joint and quarter,
I had to halt awhile, like other folks,
To let a killing butcher coax
A score of lambs and fatted sheep to slaughter.
A sturdy man he look'd to fell an ox,
Bull-fronted, ruddy, with a formal streak
Of well-greas'd hair down either cheek,
As if he dee-dash-dee'd some other flocks
Beside those woolly-headed stubborn blocks
That stood before him, in vexatious huddle—
Poor little lambs, with bleating wethers group'd,
While, now and then, a thirsty creature stoop'd
And meekly snuff'd, but did not taste the puddle.

Fierce bark'd the dog, and many a blow was dealt,
That loin, and chump, and scrag and saddle felt,
Yet still, that fatal step they all declin'd it,—
And shunn'd the tainted door as if they smelt
Onions, mint sauce, and lemon juice behind it.
At last there came a pause of brutal force,
The cur was silent, for his jaws were full
Of tangled locks of tarry wool,
The man had whoop'd and bellow'd till dead hoarse.
The time was ripe for mild expostulation,
And thus it stammer'd from a stander-by—
'Zounds!—my good fellow,—it quite makes me—why,
It really—my dear fellow—do just try
Conciliation!'

Stringing his nerves like flint,
The sturdy butcher seiz'd upon the hint,—
At least he seiz'd upon the foremost wether,—
And hugg'd and lugg'd and tugg'd him neck and crop
Just *nolens volens* thro' the open shop—
If tails come off he didn't care a feather,—
Then walking to the door and smiling grim,
He rubb'd his forehead and his sleeve together—
'There!—I have *con*ciliated him!'

Again—good-humouredly to end our quarrel—
(Good humour should prevail!)
I'll fit you with a tale,
Whereto is tied a moral.

Once on a time a certain English lass
Was seiz'd with symptoms of such deep decline,
Cough, hectic flushes, ev'ry evil sign,
That, as their wont is at such desperate pass,
The Doctors gave her over—to an ass.

Accordingly, the grisly Shade to bilk,
Each morn the patient quaff'd a frothy bowl
Of asinine new milk,
Robbing a shaggy suckling of a foal
Which got proportionately spare and skinny—
Meanwhile the neighbours cried 'poor Mary Ann!
She can't get over it! she never can!'
When lo! to prove each prophet was a ninny
The one that died was the poor wet-nurse Jenny.

To aggravate the case,
There were but two grown donkeys in the place;
And most unluckily for Eve's sick daughter,
The other long-ear'd creature was a male,
Who never in his life had given a pail
Of milk, or even chalk and water.
No matter: at the usual hour of eight
Down trots a donkey to the wicket-gate,
With Mister Simon Gubbins on its back,—
'Your sarvant, Miss,—a werry spring-like day,—
Bad time for hasses tho'! good lack! good lack!
Jenny be dead, Miss,—but I'ze brought ye Jack,
He doesn't give no milk—but he can bray.'

So runs the story,
And, in vain self-glory,
Some Saints would sneer at Gubbins for his blindness—
But what the better are their pious saws
To ailing souls, than dry hee-haws,
Without the milk of human kindness?

'NAPOLEON'S MIDNIGHT REVIEW'

A NEW VERSION

In his bed, bolt upright,
In the dead of the night,
The French Emperor starts like a ghost!
By a dream held in charm,
He uplifts his right arm,
For he dreams of reviewing his host.

To the stable he glides,
For the charger he rides;
And he mounts him, still under the spell;
Then, with echoing tramp,
They proceed through the camp,
All intent on a task he loves well.

Such a sight soon alarms,
And the guards present arms,
As he glides to the posts that they keep;
Then he gives the brief word,
And the bugle is heard,
Like a hound giving tongue in its sleep.

Next the drums they arouse,
But with dull row-de-dows,
And they give but a somnolent sound;
Whilst the foot and horse, both,
Very slowly and loth,
Begin drowsily mustering round.

To the right and left hand,
They fall in, by command,
In a line that might be better dress'd;
Whilst the steeds blink and nod,
And the lancers think odd
To be rous'd like the spears from their rest.

With their mouths of wide shape,
Mortars seem all agape,
Heavy guns look more heavy with sleep;
And, whatever their bore,
Seem to think it one more
In the night such a field day to keep.

Then the arms, christened small,
Fire no volley at all,
But go off, like the rest, in a doze;
And the eagles, poor things,
Tuck their heads 'neath their wings,
And the band ends in tunes through the nose.

Till each pupil of Mars
Takes a wink like the stars—
Open order no eye can obey:
If the plumes in their heads
Were the feathers of beds,
Never top could be sounder than they!

So, just wishing good night,
Bows Napoleon, polite;
But instead of a loyal endeavour
To reply with a cheer;
Not a sound met his ear,
Though each face seem'd to say '*Nap* for ever!'

HIT OR MISS

Twa dogs, that were na thrang *at hame*,
Forgather'd ance upon a time.'—*Burns.*

One morn—it was the very morn
September's sportive month was born—
The hour, about the sunrise, early;
The sky grey, sober, still, and pearly,
With sundry orange streaks and tinges
Through daylight's door, at cracks and hinges;
The air, calm, bracing, freshly cool,
As if just skimm'd from off a pool;
The scene, red, russet, yellow, leaden,
From stubble, fern, and leaves that deaden,
Save here and there a turnip patch,
Too verdant with the rest to match;
And far a-field a hazy figure,
Some roaming lover of the trigger.
Meanwhile the level light perchance
Pick'd out his barrel with a glance;
For all around a distant popping
Told birds were flying off or dropping.
Such was the morn—a morn right fair
To seek for covey or for hare—
When, lo! too far from human feet
For even Ranger's boldest beat,
A Dog, as in some doggish trouble,
Came cant'ring through the crispy stubble,
With dappled head in lowly droop,
But not the scientific stoop;
And flagging, dull, desponding ears,
As if they had been soak'd in tears,
And not the beaded dew that hung
The filmy stalks and weeds among.
His pace, indeed, seem'd not to know
An errand, why, or where to go,
To trot, to walk, or scamper swift—
In short, he seem'd a dog adrift;
His very tail, a listless thing,
With just an accidental swing,
Like rudder to the ripple veering,
When nobody on board is steering.

So, dull and moody, canter'd on
Our vagrant pointer, christen'd Don;

When, rising o'er a gentle slope,
That gave his view a better scope,
He spied, some dozen furrows distant,
But in a spot as inconsistent,
A second dog across his track,
Without a master to his back;
As if for wages, workman-like,
The sporting breed had made a strike,
Resolv'd nor birds nor puss to seek,
Without another paunch a week!

This other was a truant curly,
But, for a spaniel, wondrous surly;
Instead of curvets gay and brisk,
He slouch'd along without a frisk,
With dogged air, as if he had
A good half mind to running mad;
Mayhap the shaking at his ear
Had been a quaver too severe;
Mayhap the whip's 'exclusive dealing'
Had too much hurt e'en spaniel feeling,
Nor if he had been cut, 'twas plain
He did not mean to come again.

Of course the pair soon spied each other;
But neither seem'd to own a brother;
The course on both sides took a curve,
As dogs when shy are apt to swerve;
But each o'er back and shoulder throwing
A look to watch the other's going,
Till, having clear'd sufficient ground,
With one accord they turn'd them round,
And squatting down, for forms not caring,
At one another fell to staring;
As if not proof against a touch
Of what plagues humankind so much,
A prying itch to get at notions
Of all their neighbour's looks and motions.
Sir Don at length was first to rise—
The better dog in point of size,
And, snuffing all the ground between,
Set off, with easy jaunty mien;

While Dash, the stranger, rose to greet him,
And made a dozen steps to meet him—
Their noses touch'd, and rubb'd awhile
(Some savage nations use the style),
And then their tails a wag began,
Though on a very cautious plan,
But in their signals quantum suff.
To say, 'A civil dog enough.'

Thus having held out olive branches,
They sank again, though not on haunches,
But couchant, with their under jaws
Resting between the two forepaws,
The prelude, on a luckier day,
Or sequel, to a game of play:
But now they were in dumps, and thus
Began their worries to discuss,
The Pointer, coming to the point
The first, on times so out of joint.
'Well, Friend,—so here 's a new September,
As fine a first as I remember;
And, thanks to such an early Spring,
Plenty of birds, and strong on wing.'

'Birds!' cried the little crusty chap,
As sharp and sudden as a snap,
'A weasel suck them in the shell!
What matter birds, or flying well,
Or fly at all, or sporting weather,
If fools with guns can't hit a feather!'

'Ay, there 's the rub, indeed,' said Don,
Putting his gravest visage on;
'In vain we beat our beaten way,
And bring our *organs* into play,
Unless the proper killing kind
Of *barrel tunes* are play'd behind:
But when *we* shoot,—that 's me and Squire—
We hit as often as we fire.'

'More luck for you!' cried little Woolly,
Who felt the cruel contrast fully;
'More luck for you, and Squire to boot!
We miss as often as we shoot!'

'Indeed!—No wonder you're unhappy!
I thought you looking rather snappy;
But fancied, when I saw you jogging,
You'd had an overdose of flogging;
Or p'rhaps the gun its range had tried
While you were ranging rather wide.'

'Me! running—running wide—and hit!
Me shot! what, pepper'd?—Deuce a bit!
I almost wish I had! That Dunce,
My master, then would hit for once!
Hit me! Lord, how you talk! why, zounds!
He couldn't hit a pack of hounds!'

'Well, that must be a case provoking.
What, *never*—but, you dog, you're joking!
I see a sort of wicked grin
About your jaw you're keeping in.'

'A joke! an old tin kettle's clatter
Would be as much a joking matter.
To tell the truth, that dog-disaster
Is just the type of me and master,
When fagging over hill and dale,
With his vain rattle at my tail.
Bang, bang, and bang, the whole day's run,
But *leading* nothing but his gun—
The very shot I fancy hisses,
It 's sent upon such awful misses!'

'Of course it does! But p'rhaps the fact is
Your master's hand is out of practice!'

'Practice?—No doctor, where you will,
Has finer—but he cannot kill!
These three years past, thro' furze and furrow,
All covers I have hunted thorough;
Flush'd cocks and snipes about the moors;
And put up hares by scores and scores;
Coveys of birds, and lots of pheasants;—
Yes, game enough to send in presents
To ev'ry friend he has in town,
Provided he had knock'd it down:
But no—the whole three years together,
He has not giv'n me flick or feather—
For all that I have had to do
I wish I had been missing too!'

'Well,—such a hand would drive me mad;
But is he truly quite so bad?'

'Bad!—worse!—you cannot underscore him;
If I could put up, just before him,
The great Balloon that paid the visit
Across the water, he would miss it!
Bite him! I do believe, indeed,
It 's in his very blood and breed!
It marks his life, and runs all through it;
What can be miss'd, he 's sure to do it.
Last Monday he came home to Tooting,
Dog-tir'd, as if he'd been a-shooting,
And kicks at me to vent his rage—
"Get out!" says he—"I've miss'd the stage!"
Of course, thought I—what chance of hitting?
You'd miss the Norwich waggon, sitting!'

'Why, he must be the county's scoff!
He ought to leave, and not let, off!
As fate denies his shooting wishes,
Why don't he take to catching fishes?
Or any other sporting game,
That don't require a bit of aim?'

'Not he!—Some dogs of human kind
Will hunt by sight, because they're blind.
My master angle!—no such luck!
There he might strike, who never struck!
My master shoots because he can't,
And has an eye that aims aslant;

Nay, just by way of making trouble,
He 's changed his single gun for double ;
And now, as girls a-walking do,
His *misses* go by two and two !
I wish he had the mange, or reason
As good, to miss the shooting season !'

' Why yes, it must be main unpleasant
To point to covey, or to pheasant,
For snobs, who, when the point is mooting,
Think *letting fly* as good as shooting ! '

' Snobs !—if he'd wear his ruffled shirts,
Or coats with water-wagtail skirts,
Or trowsers in the place of smalls,
Or those tight fits he wears at balls,
Or pumps, and boots with tops, may-hap,
Why we might pass for Snip and Snap,
And shoot like blazes ! fly or sit,
And none would stare, unless we hit.
But no—to make the more combustion,
He goes in gaiters and in fustian,
Like Captain Ross, or Topping Sparks,
And deuce a miss but some one marks!
For Keepers, shy of such encroachers,
Dog us about like common poachers !
Many 's the covey I've gone by,
When underneath a sporting eye ;
Many a puss I've twigg'd, and pass'd her—
I miss 'em to prevent my master ! '

' And so should I, in such a case !
There 's nothing feels so like disgrace,
Or gives you such a scurvy look—
A kick and pail of slush from Cook,
Cleftsticks, or Kettle, all in one,
As standing to a missing gun !
It 's whirr ! and bang ! and off you bound,
To catch your bird before the ground :
But no—a pump and ginger pop
As soon would get a bird to drop !
So there you stand, quite struck a-heap,
Till all your tail is gone to sleep ;
A sort of stiffness in your nape,
Holding your head well up to gape ;
While off go birds across the ridges,
First small as flies, and then as midges,
Cocksure, as they are living chicks,
Death's Door is not at Number Six ! '

' Yes ! yes ! and then you look at master,
The cause of all the late disaster,
Who gives a stamp, and raps an oath
At gun, or birds, or maybe both ;
P'rhaps curses you, and all your kin,
To raise the hair upon your skin !
Then loads, rams down, and fits new caps,
To go and hunt for more miss-haps ! '

' Yes ! yes ! but, sick and sad, you feel
But one long wish to go to heel ;
You cannot scent for cutting mugs—
Your nose is turning up, like Pug's ;
You can't hold up, but plod and mope;
Your tail like sodden end of rope,
That o'er a wind-bound vessel's side
Has soak'd in harbour, tide and tide.
On thorns and scratches, till that moment
Unnoticed, you begin to comment ;
You never felt such bitter brambles,
Such heavy soil, in all your rambles !
You never felt your fleas so vicious !
Till, sick of life so unpropitious,
You wish at last, to end the passage,
That you were dead, and in your sassage ! '

' Yes ! that 's a miss from end to end!
But, zounds ! you draw so well, my friend,
You've made me shiver, skin and gristle,
As if I heard my master's whistle !
Though how you came to learn the knack—
I thought your Squire was quite a crack ! '

' And so he is !—He always hits—
And sometimes hard, and all to bits.

But ere with him our tongues we task,
I've still one little thing to ask ;
Namely, with such a random master,
Of course you sometimes want a plaster ?
Such missing hands make game of more
Than ever pass'd for game before—
A pounded pig—a widow's cat—
A patent ventilating hat—
For shot, like mud, when thrown so thick,
Will find a coat whereon to stick ! '

'What! accidentals, as they're term'd?
No never — none — since I was worm'd—
Not e'en the Keeper's fatted calves,—
My master does not miss by halves!
His shot are like poor orphans, hurl'd
Abroad upon the whole wide world,—
But whether they be blown to dust,
As often-times I think they must,
Or melted down too near the sun,
What comes of them is known to none—
I never found, since I could bark,
A Barn that bore my master's mark!'

Is that the case ?—Why then, my brother,
Would we could swap with one another !
Or take the Squire, with all my heart,
Nay, all my liver, so we part !
He'll hit you hares—(he uses cartridge)
He'll hit you cocks—he'll hit a partridge ;
He'll hit a snipe ; he'll hit a pheasant ;
He'll hit—he'll hit whatever 's present ;
He'll always hit,—as that 's your wish—
His pepper never lacks a dish ! '

' Come, come, you banter,—let 's be serious ;
I'm sure that I am half delirious,
Your picture set me so a-sighing—
But does he shoot so well—shoot flying ? '

' Shoot flying ? Yes—and running, walking—
I've seen him shoot two farmers talking—
He'll hit the game, whene'er he can,
But failing that he'll hit a man,—
A boy—a horse's tail or head—
Or make a pig a pig of lead,—
Oh, friend ! they say no dog as yet,
However hot, was known to sweat,
But sure I am that I perspire
Sometimes *before my master's fire !*
Misses ! no, no, he *always* hits,
But so as puts me into fits !
He shot my fellow dog this morning,
Which seemed to me sufficient warning ! '

' Quite, quite, enough !—So that 's a hitter !
Why, my own fate I thought was bitter,
And full excuse for cut and run ;
But give me still the missing gun !
Or rather, Sirius ! send me this,
No gun at all, to hit or miss,
Since sporting seems to shoot thus double,
That right or left it brings us trouble!'

So ended Dash ;—and Pointer Don
Prepared to urge the moral on ;
But here a whistle long and shrill
Came sounding o'er the council hill,
And starting up, as if their tails
Had felt the touch of shoes and nails,
Away they scamper'd down the slope,
As fast as other pairs elope,—
Resolv'd, instead of sporting rackets,
To beg, or dance in fancy jackets ;
At butchers' shops to try their luck ;
To help to draw a cart or truck ;
Or lead Stone Blind poor men, at most
Who would but hit or miss a post.

THE OLD POLER'S WARNING

COME, messmates, attend to a warning,
From one who has gone through the whole;
And you'll never set sail, some fine morning,
To seek any sort of a Pole.
It 's not for the icebergs and freezing,
Or dangers you'll have for to court,
It 's the shocks very hard and unpleasing
You'll meet on returning to Port.

It 's joyful to sail up the Channel,
And think of your girls and your wives,
Of the warming-pans, Wallsend and flannel,
To comfort the rest of your lives!
But Lord! you will look like a ninny
To find, when to shore you have got,
That Old England is turned into Guinea,
It feels so confoundedly hot!

The next thing is coming, in Wapping,
To houses you lived at before,
And you find there is no kind of stopping
Without open windows and door!
Then Poll, if dispos'd to be cruel,
Or got someone else in her grace,
She just chucks on a shovel of fuel,
And drives you smack out of the place!

There 's Tomkins, that took for to grapple
With Methody Tracks at the Pole,
Is half crazy he can't go to chapel,
It 's so like Calcutta's Black Hole!
And Block, tho' he 's not a deceiver,
But knows what to marriage belongs,
His own wife he 's oblig'd for to leave her,
Because of her pokers and tongs.

Myself, tho' I'm able at present
To bear with one friend at a time,
And my wife, if she makes herself pleasant,
At first I was plagued with the clime.
Like powder I flew from hot cinders,
And whistled for winds fore and aft,
While I set between two open winders
A-courting a cold thorough-draught!

The first time in bed I was shoven,
The moment I pillow'd my head,
O! I thought I had crept in an oven,
A-baking with all of the bread!

I soon left the blankets behind me,
And ran for a cooler retreat;—
But next morning the Justices fin'd me
For taking a snooze in the street!

Now, there was a chance for a feller!
No roof I could sleep under twice;
Till a Fishmonger let me his cellar,
Of course with the use of the ice.
But still, like old hermits in stories,
I found it a dullish concarn;
With no creature but maids and John Dories,
To listen to spinning a yarn!

Then wanting to see Black-Ey'd Susan,
I went to the Surrey with Sal;
And what next?—in the part most amusin',
I fainted away like a gal!
Well, there I was, stretch'd without motion,
No smells and no fans would suffice,
Till my natur at last gave a notion
To grab at a gentleman's ice!

Then, Messmates, attend to a warning
From one who has gone through the whole,
And you'll never set sail, some fine morning,
To seek any sort of a Pole.
It 's not for the ice-bergs and freezing,
Or dangers you'll have for to court,
It 's the shocks, very hard and unpleasing,
You'll meet on returning to port!

STANZAS

COMPOSED IN A SHOWER-BATH

'Drip, drip, drip—there's nothing here but dripping.'—*Remorse, by Coleridge.*

Trembling, as Father Adam stood
To pull the stalk, before the Fall,
So I stand here, before the Flood,
On my own head the shock to call:
How like our predecessor's luck!
'Tis but to pluck—but needs some pluck!

Still thoughts of gasping like a pup
Will paralyse the nervous pow'r;
Now hoping it will yet hold up,
Invoking now the tumbling show'r;—
But, ah! the shrinking body loathes,
Without a parapluie or clothes!

'Expect some rain about this time!'
My eyes are seal'd, my teeth are set—
But where 's the Stoic so sublime
Can ring unmov'd, for wringing wet?
Of going hogs some folks talk big—
Just let them try *the whole cold pig!*

CLUBS

TURNED UP BY A FEMALE HAND

'Clubs! Clubs! part 'em! part 'em! Clubs! Clubs!'—*Ancient Cries of London.*

Of all the modern schemes of Man,
That time has brought to bear,
A plague upon the wicked plan
That parts the wedded pair!
My female friends they all agree
They hardly know their hubs;
And heart and voice unite with me,
'We hate the name of Clubs!'

One selfish course the Wretches keep;
They come at morning chimes,
To snatch a few short hours of sleep—
Rise—breakfast—read the Times—
Then take their hats, and post away,
Like Clerks or City scrubs,
And no one sees them all the day,—
They live, eat, drink, at Clubs!

On what they say, and what they do,
They close the Club-House gates;
But one may guess a speech or two,
Though shut from their debates:
'The Cook 's a *hasher*—nothing more
The Children noisy grubs—
A Wife 's a quiz, and home 's a bore'—
Yes,—that 's the style at Clubs!

With Rundle, Dr. K., or Glasse,
And such Domestic Books,
They once put up—but now, alas!
It 's hey! for foreign cooks!
'When *will* you dine at home, my Dove?'
I say to Mister Stubbs,—
'When Cook can make an omelette, love,—
An omelette like the Club's!'

Time was, their hearts were only placed
On snug domestic schemes,
The book for two—united taste,—
And such connubial dreams,—
Friends dropping in at close of day
To singles, doubles, rubs,—
A little music—then the tray—
And not a word of Clubs!

But former comforts they condemn;
French kickshaws they discuss,
They take their wine, the wine takes them,
And then they favour us:—
From some offence they can't digest,
As cross as bears with cubs,
Or sleepy, dull, and queer, at best—
That 's how they come from Clubs!

It 's very fine to say 'Subscribe
To Andrews'—can't you read?'
When Wives, the poor neglected tribe,
Complain how they proceed!
They'd better recommend at once
Philosophy and tubs,—
A Woman need not be a dunce
To feel the wrong of Clubs.

A set of savage Goths and Picts,
Would seek us now and then—
They're pretty pattern-Benedicts
To guide our single men!
Indeed my daughters both declare
'Their Beaux shall not be subs.
To White's, or Black's, or anywhere,—
They've seen enough of Clubs!'

They say, '*without* the marriage ties,
They can devote their hours
To catechize, or botanize—
Shells, Sunday Schools, and flow'rs—
Or teach a Pretty Poll new words,
Tend Covent-Garden shrubs,
Nurse dogs and chirp to little birds—
As Wives do since the Clubs.'

Alas! for those departed days
  Of social wedded life,
When married folks had married ways,
  And lived like Man and Wife!
Oh! Wedlock then was picked by none—
  As safe a lock as Chubb's!
But couples, that should be as one,
  Are now the Two of Clubs!

Of all the modern schemes of man
  That time has brought to bear,
A plague upon the wicked plan
  That parts the wedded pair!
My female friends they all allow
  They meet with slights, and snubs,
And say, 'They have no husbands now,—
  They're married to their Clubs!'

A RISE AT THE FATHER OF ANGLING

TO MR. IZAAC WALTON, AT MR. MAJOR'S THE BOOKSELLER'S IN FLEET STREET

MR. WALTON, it 's harsh to say it, but as a Parent I can't help wishing
You'd been hung before you published your book, to set all the young people a fishing!
There 's my Robert, the trouble I've had with him it surpasses a mortal's bearing,
And all thro' those devilish angling works—the Lord forgive me for swearing!
I thought he were took with the Morbus one day, I did with his nasty angle!
For 'oh dear,' says he, and burst out in a cry, 'oh my gut is all got of a tangle!'
It 's a shame to teach a young boy such words—whose blood wouldn't chill in their veins
To hear him, as I overheard him one day, a-talking of blowing out brains?[1]
And didn't I quarrel with Sally the cook, and a precious scolding I give her,
'How dare you,' says I, 'for to stench the whole house by keeping that stinking liver?'
Twas enough to breed a fever, it was! they smelt it next door at the Bagots',—
But it wasn't breeding no fever—not it! 'twas my son a-breeding of maggots!
I declare that I couldn't touch meat for a week, for it all seemed tainting and going,
And after turning my stomach so, they turned to blueflies, all buzzing and blowing;
Boys are nasty enough, goodness knows, of themselves, without putting live things in their craniums;
Well, what next? but he pots a whole cargo of worms along with my choice geraniums.
And another fine trick, tho' it wasn't found out, till the housemaid had given us warning,
He fished at the golden fish in the bowl, before we were up and down in the morning.
I'm sure it was lucky for Ellen, poor thing, that she'd got so attentive a lover,
As brings her fresh fish when the others deceas'd, which they did a dozen times over!

[1] Chewing and spitting out (bullocks') brains into the water for ground bait is called *blowing of brains.—Salter's Angler's Guide.*

Then a whole new loaf was short! for I know, of course, when our bread goes faster,—
And I made a stir with the bill in my hand, and the man was sent off by his master;
But, oh dear, I thought I should sink thro' the earth, with the weight of my own reproaches,
For my own pretty son had made away with the loaf, to make pastry to feed the roaches!
I vow I've suffered a martyrdom—with all sorts of frights and terrors surrounded!
For I never saw him go out of the doors but I thought he'd come home to me drownded.
And, sure enough, I set out one fine Monday to visit my married daughter,
And there he was standing at Sadler's Wells, a-performing with real water.
It 's well he was off on the further side, for I'd have brain'd him else with my patten,
For I thought he was safe at school, the young wretch! a studying Greek and Latin.
And my ridicule basket he'd got on his back, to carry his fishes and gentles;
With a belt I knew he'd made from the belt of his father's regimentals—
Well, I poked his rods and lines in the fire, and his father gave him a birching,
But he'd gone too far to be easy cured of his love for chubbing and perching.
One night he never came home to tea, and altho' it was dark and dripping,
His father set off to Wapping, poor man! for the boy had a turn for shipping;
As for me I set up, and I sobbed and I cried for all the world like a babby,
Till at twelve o'clock he rewards my fears with two gudging from Waltham Abbey!
And a pretty sore throat and fever he caught, that brought me a fortnight's hard nussing,
Till I thought I should go to my grey-hair'd grave, worn out with the fretting and fussing;
But at last he was cur'd, and we did have hopes that the fishing was cured as well,
But no such luck! not a week went by before we'd another such spell.
Tho' he never had got a penny to spend, for such was our strict intentions,
Yet he was soon set up in tackle again, for all boys have such quick inventions.
And I lost my Lady's Own Pocket Book, in spite of all my hunting and poking,
Till I found it chuck-full of tackles and hooks, and besides it had had a good soaking.
Then one Friday morning, I gets a summoning note from a sort of a law attorney,
For the boy had been trespassing people's grounds while his father was gone a journey,
And I had to go and hush it all up by myself, in an office at Hatton Garden;
And to pay for the damage he'd done, to boot, and to beg some strange gentleman's pardon.
And wasn't he once fish'd out himself, and a man had to dive to find him,
And I saw him brought home with my motherly eyes and a mob of people behind him?

Yes, it took a full hour to rub him to life—whilst I was a-screaming and raving,
And a couple of guineas it cost us besides, to reward the humane man for his saving,
And didn't Miss Crump leave us out of her will, all along of her taking dudgeon
At her favourite cat being chok'd, poor Puss, with a hook seow'd up in a gudgeon ?
And old Brown complain'd that he pluck'd his live fowls, and not without show of reason,
For the cocks looked naked about necks and tails, and it wasn't their moulting season ;
And sure and surely, when we came to enquire, there was cause for their screeching and cackles,
For the mischief confess'd he had picked them a bit, for I think he call'd them the hackles.
A pretty tussle we had about that ! but as if it warn't picking enough,
When the winter comes on, to the muff-box I goes, just to shake out my sable muff—
' O mercy ! ' thinks I, ' there 's the moth in the house ! ' for the fur was all gone in patches ;
And then at Ellen's chinchilly I look, and its state of destruction just matches—
But it wasn't no moth, Mr. Walton, but flies—sham flies to go trolling and trouting,
For his father's great coat was all safe and sound, and that first set me a-doubting.
A plague, say I, on all rods and lines, and on young or old watery danglers !
And after all that you'll talk of such stuff as no harm in the world about anglers !
And when all is done, all our worry and fuss, why, we've never had nothing worth dishing ;
So you see, Mister Walton, no good comes at last of your famous book about fishing.
As for Robert's, I burnt it a twelvemonth ago ; but it turned up too late to be lucky,
For he'd got it by heart, as I found to the cost of

Your servant,
JANE ELIZABETH STUCKEY.

THE FORLORN SHEPHERD'S COMPLAINT

AN UNPUBLISHED POEM, FROM SYDNEY

' VELL ! Here I am—no Matter how it suits
A-keeping Company with them dumb Brutes,
Old Park vos no bad Judge—confound his vig !
Of vot vood break the Sperrit of a Prig !

'The like of Me, to come to New Sow Wales
To go a-tagging arter Vethers' Tails
And valk in Herbage as delights the Flock,
But stinks of Sweet Herbs vorser nor the Dock!

'To go to set this solitary Job
To Von whose Vork vos alvay in a Mob!
It 's out of all our Lines, for sure I am
Jack Shepherd even never kep a Lamb!

'I arn't ashamed to say I sit and veep
To think of Seven Year of keepin Sheep,
The spooniest Beasts in Nater, all to Sticks,
And not a Votch to take for all their Ticks!

'If I'd fore-seed how Transports vood turn out
To only Baa! and Botanize about,
I'd quite as leaf have had the t'other Pull,
And come to Cotton as to all this Vool!

'Von only happy moment I have had
Since here I come to be a Farmer's Cad,
And then I cotch'd a vild Beast in a Snooze,
And pick'd her Pouch of three young Kangaroos!

'Vot chance have I to go to Race or Mill?
Or show a sneaking Kindness for a Till;
And as for Vashings, on a hedge to dry,
I'd put the Natives' Linen in my Eye!

'If this whole Lot of Mutton I could scrag,
And find a fence to turn it into Swag,
I'd give it all in Lonnon Streets to stand,
And if I had my pick, I'd say the Strand!

'But ven I goes, as maybe vonce I shall,
To my old Crib to meet with Jack, and Sal,
I've been so gallows honest in this Place,
I shan't not like to show my sheepish Face.

'It 's wery hard for nothing but a Box
Of Irish Blackguard to be keepin' Flocks,
'Mong naked Blacks, sich Savages to hus,
They've nayther got a Pocket nor a Pus.

'But Folks may tell their Troubles till they're sick
To dumb brute Beasts,—and so I'll cut my Stick!
And vot 's the Use a Feller's Eyes to pipe
Vere von can't borrow any Gemman's Vipe?'

MORNING MEDITATIONS

Let Taylor preach, upon a morning breezy,
How well to rise while night and larks are flying—
For my part, getting up seems not so easy
By half as *lying*.

What if the lark *does* carol in the sky,
Soaring beyond the sight to find him out—
Wherefore am I to rise at such a fly?
I'm not a trout!

Talk not to me of bees and such like hums,
The smell of sweet herbs at the morning prime—
Only lie long enough, and bed becomes
A bed of *time*.

To me Dan Phœbus and his care are nought,
His steeds that paw impatiently about,—
Let *them* enjoy, say I, as horses ought,
The first turn-out!

Right beautiful the dewy meads appear,
Besprinkled by the rosy-fingered girl;
What then,—if I prefer my pillow beer
To early *pearl*?

My stomach is not ruled by other men's,
And, grumbling for a reason, quaintly begs
Wherefore should master rise before the hens
Have laid the eggs?

Why from a comfortable pillow start,
To see faint flushes in the east awaken
A fig, say I, for any streaky part,
Excepting bacon!

An early riser Mr. Gray has drawn,
Who used to haste, the dewy grass among,
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn—
Well—he died young!

With charwomen such early hours agree,
And sweeps that earn betimes their bite and sup,
But I'm no climbing boy, and need not be
All up—all up!

So here I'll lie, my morning calls deferring,
Till something nearer to the stroke of noon;—
A man that 's fond precociously of *stirring*,
Must be a *spoon!*

THE BEADLE'S ANNUAL ADDRESS

THE Curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way—
And this is Christmas Eve, and here I be!

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
Save Queen Victoria, who the sceptre holds!

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower
The moping owl does to the moon complain—
Save all the ministers that be in power,
Save all the Royal Sovereigns that reign!

* * * * *

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys and destiny obscure;
Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile,
The Parish Beadle calling at the door!

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray;
Along the cool sequester'd vale of life,
They kept the apple-woman's stalls away!

* * * * *

Yet e'en these bones from insult to protect,
Some frail memorial still erected nigh;
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture deck'd
He never lets the children play thereby.

* * * * *

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn,
Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,
To meet the Reverend Vicar all in lawn!

One morn I miss'd him on the 'custom'd hill,
Along the heath, and near his favourite tree;
Another came, nor yet beside the rill,
Nor at the Magpie and the Stump was he!

The next *with hat and staff, and new array,*
Along all sorts of streets we saw him borne;
Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay
He always brings upon a Christmas morn!

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
Heaven did a recompense as largely send;
He gave to misery (all he had) a tear,
And never failed on Sundays to attend!

No further seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode;
Where they alike in trembling hope repose,
John Bugsby, Number Thirteen, Tibbald's Road.

A TABLE OF ERRATA

(*Hostess loquitur*)

WELL! thanks be to Heaven,
The summons is given;
It 's only gone seven
And should have been six;
There 's fine overdoing
In roasting and stewing
And victuals past chewing
To rags and to sticks!

How dreadfully chilly!
I shake, willy-nilly
That John is so silly
And never will learn!
This plate is a cold one,
That cloth is an old one,
I wish they had told one
The lamp wouldn't burn.

Now then for some blunder,
For nerves to sink under;
I never shall wonder
Whatever goes ill,
That fish is a riddle!
It 's broke in the middle.
A Turbot! a fiddle!
It 's only a Brill!

It 's quite over-boil'd too,
The butter is oil'd too,
The soup is all spoil'd too,
It 's nothing but slop.
The smelts looking flabby,
The soles are as dabby,
It all is so shabby
That Cook shall not stop!

As sure as the morning,
She gets a month's warning,
My orders for scorning—
There 's nothing to eat!
I hear such a rushing,
I feel such a flushing,
I know I am blushing
As red as a beet!

Friends flatter and flatter,
I wish they would chatter;
What can be the matter
That nothing comes next?
How very unpleasant!
Lord! there is the pheasant!
Not wanted at present,
I'm born to be vext!

The pudding brought on too!
And aiming at ton too!
And where is that John too,
The plague that he is?
He 's off on some ramble:
And there is Miss Campbell,
Enjoying the scramble
Detestable Quiz!

The veal they all eye it,
But no one will try it,
An Ogre would shy it
So ruddy as that.
And as for the mutton,
The cold dish it 's put on,
Converts to a button,
Each drop of the fat.

The beef, without mustard !
My fate 's to be fluster'd
And there comes the custard
To eat with the hare !
Such flesh, fowl, and fishing,
Such waiting and dishing,
I cannot help wishing
A woman might swear !

Oh dear ! did I ever—
But no, I did never—
Well, come, that is clever,
To send up the brawn.
That cook, I could scold her,
Gets worse as she 's older ;
I wonder who told her
That woodcocks are drawn !

It 's really audacious !
I cannot look gracious,
Lord help the voracious
That came for a cram !
There 's Alderman Fuller
Gets duller and duller.
Those fowls, by the colour,
Were boil'd with the ham !

Well where is the curry ?
I'm all in a flurry.
No, cook 's in no hurry—
A stoppage again !

And John makes it wider,
A pretty provider !
By bringing up cider
Instead of champagne !

My troubles come faster !
There 's my lord and master
Detects each disaster,
And hardly can sit :
He cannot help seeing,
All things disagreeing ;
If *he* begins d—ing
I'm off in a fit !

This cooking ?—it 's messing,
The spinach wants pressing,
And salads in dressing
Are best with good eggs.
And John—yes, already—
Has had something heady,
That makes him unsteady
In keeping his legs.

How *shall* I get through it !
I never can do it,
I'm quite looking to it,
To sink by and by.
Oh ! would I were dead now,
Or up in my bed now,
To cover my head now
And have a good cry !

ALL ROUND MY HAT

A NEW VERSION

'Meditate—meditate, I beseech you, upon Trim's hat.'—*Tristram Shandy.*

Come, my old hat, my steps attend !
However wags may sneer and scoff,
My castor still shall be my friend,
For I'll not be a caster off.
So take again your olden place,
That always found you fit and pat,
Whatever mode might please the race,
All round my hat, all round my hat !

All round the world while I've a head,
However I may chance to be
Without a home—without a shed,
My tile shall be a roof for me.
Black, rusty grey, devoid of pelt,
A shocking shape or beaten flat,
Still there are joys that may be felt
All round my hat, all round my hat.

The Quaker loves an ample brim,
A hat that bows to no salam—
And dear the beaver is to him
As if it never made a dam.
All men in drab he calleth friends.
But there 's a broader brim than that—
Give me the love that comprehends
All round my hat, all round my hat!

The Monarch binds his brows in gold,
With gems and pearls to sparkle there;
But still a hat, a hat that 's old,
They say is much more easy wear.
At regal state I'll not repine
For Kaiser, King, or Autocrat,
Whilst there 's a golden sun to shine
All round my hat, all round my hat!

The Soldier seeks the field of death,
He fights, he fires, he faints, he falls,—
To gain an airy laurel wreath,
With berries made of musket balls.
No love have I for shot or shell,
With hissings sharp that end in flat—
Chafers and gnats sing just as well
All round my hat, all round my hat!

As yet, my hat, you've got a crown;
A little nap the brush can find;
You are not very, very brown,
Nor very much scrubb'd up behind.
As yet your rim is broad and brave,
I took some little care of that,
By not saluting ev'ry knave
All round my hat, all round my hat!

As yet, my hat, I've got a house,
And dine as other people do,
And fate propitious still allows
A home for me—a peg for you.
But say my bread were but a crumb,
Myself as poor as any rat—
Why, I could cry, 'Good people, come
All round my hat, all round my hat!'

As yet the best of womankind
Continues all that wife should be,
And in the selfsame room I find,
Her bonnet and my hat agree.
But say the bliss should not endure,
That she should turn a perfect cat,
I'd trust to time to bring a cure,
All round my hat, all round my hat!

No acres broad pertain to me
To furnish cattle, coal, or corn;
Like people that are born at sea,
There was no land where I was born:—
Yet when my flag of life is furl'd—
What landlord can do more than that?
I'll leave my heir the whole wide world
All round my hat, all round my hat!

BEN BLUFF

A PATHETIC BALLAD

'Pshaw, you are not on a whaling voyage, where everything that offers is game.'—*The Pilot.*

Ben Bluff was a whaler, and many a day
Had chased the huge fish about Baffin's old Bay;
But time brought a change his division to spoil,
And that was when Gas took the shine out of Oil.

He turn'd up his nose at the fumes of the coke,
And swore the whole scheme was a bottle of smoke:
As to London he briefly deliver'd his mind,
'Sparm-city,' said he—but the City declined.

So Ben cut his line in a sort of a huff,
As soon as his Whales had brought profits enough,
And hard by the Docks settled down for his life,
But, true to his text, went to Wales for a wife.

A big one she was, without figure or waist,
More bulky than lovely, but that was his taste;
In fat she was lapp'd from her sole to her crown,
And, turn'd into oil would have lighted a town.

But Ben like a Whaler was charm'd with the match,
And thought, very truly, his spouse a great catch;
A flesh-and-blood emblem of Plenty and Peace,
And would not have changed her for Helen of Greece.

For Greenland was green in his memory still;
He'd quitted his trade, but retain'd the good-will;
And often when soften'd by bumbo and flip,
Would cry—till he blubber'd—about his old ship.

No craft like the Grampus could work through a floe,
What knots she could run, and what tons she could stow,
And then that rich smell he preferr'd to the rose,
By just nosing the whole without holding his nose!

Now Ben he resolved one fine Saturday night,
A snug Arctic Circle of friends to invite,
Old Tars in the trade, who related old tales,
And drank, and blew clouds that were 'very like whales.'

Of course with their grog there was plenty of chat
Of canting, and flinching, and cutting up fat;
And how Gun Harpoons into fashion had got,
And if they were meant for the Gun-whale or not?

At last they retired, and left Ben to his rest,
By fancies cetaceous, and drink, well possess'd,
When, lo! as he lay by his partner in bed,
He heard something blow through two holes in its head.

'A start!' muttered Ben, in the Grampus afloat,
And made but one jump from the deck to the boat!
'Huzza! pull away for the blubber and bone—
I look on that whale as already my own!'

Then groping about by the light of the moon,
He soon laid his hand on his trusty harpoon;
A moment he poised it, to send it more pat,
And then made a plunge to imbed it in fat!

'Starn all!' he sang out, 'as you care for your lives—
Starn all, as you hope to return to your wives—
Stand by for the flurry! she throws up the foam!
Well done, my old iron, I've sent you right home!'

And scarce had he spoken when lo! bolt upright
The Leviathan rose in a great sheet of white,
And swiftly advanced for a fathom or two,
As only a fish out of water could do.

'Starn all!' echoed Ben, with a movement aback,
But too slow to escape from the creature's attack;
If flippers it had, they were furnish'd with nails,—
'You willin, I'll teach you that Women an't Whales!'

'Avast!' shouted Ben, with a sort of a screech,
'I've heard a Whale spouting, but *here* is a speech!'
'A-spouting, indeed!—very pretty,' said she;
'But it 's you I'll blow up, not the froth of the sea!

'To go to pretend to take *me* for a fish!
You great Polar Bear—but I know what you wish—
You're sick of a wife, that your hankering baulks—
You want to go back to some young Esquimaux!'

'O dearest,' cried Ben, frighten'd out of his life,
'Don't think I would go for to murder a wife
I must long have bewail'd'—But she only cried 'Stuff!
Don't name it, you brute, you've *be-whaled* me enough!'

'Lord, Polly,' said Ben, 'such a deed could I do?
I'd rather have murder'd all Wapping than you!
Come, forgive what is passed,' 'O you monster!' she cried,
'It was none of your fault that it passed of one side!'

However, at last she inclined to forgive:
'But, Ben, take this warning as long as you live—
If the love of harpooning so strong must prevail,
Take a whale for a wife, not a wife for a whale.'

A PLAIN DIRECTION

'Do you never deviate?'—*John Bull.*

In London once I lost my way
In faring to and fro,
And ask'd a little ragged boy
The way that I should go;
He gave a nod, and then a wink,
And told me to get there
'Straight down the Crooked Lane,
And all round the Square.'

I box'd his little saucy ears,
And then away I strode;
But since I've found that weary path
Is quite a common road.
Utopia is a pleasant place,
But how shall I get there?
'Straight down the Crooked Lane,
And all round the Square.'

I've read about a famous town
That drove a famous trade,
Where Whittington walk'd up and found
A fortune ready made.
The very streets are paved with gold ;
But how shall I get there ?
' Straight down the Crooked Lane,
And all round the Square.'

I've read about a Fairy Land,
In some romantic tale,
Where Dwarfs if good are sure to thrive
And wicked Giants fail.
My wish is great, my shoes are strong,
But how shall I get there ?
' Straight down the Crooked Lane,
And all round the Square.'

I've heard about some happy Isle,
Where ev'ry man is free,
And none can lie in bonds for life
For want of L. S. D.
Oh that 's the land of Liberty !
But how shall I get there ?
' Straight down the Crooked Lane,
And all round the Square.'

I've dreamt about some blessed spot,
Beneath the blessed sky,
Where Bread and Justice never rise
Too dear for folks to buy.
It 's cheaper than the Ward of Cheap,
But how shall I get there ?
' Straight down the Crooked Lane,
And all round the Square.'

They say there is an ancient House,
As pure as it is old,
Where Members always speak their minds,
And votes are never sold.
I'm fond of all antiquities,
But how shall I get there ?
' Straight down the Crooked Lane,
And all round the Square.'

They say there is a Royal Court
Maintain'd in noble state,
Where ev'ry able man, and good,
Is certain to be great !

I'm very fond of seeing sights,
But how shall I get there ?
' Straight down the Crooked Lane,
And all round the Square.'

They say there is a Temple too,
Where Christians come to pray ;
But canting knaves and hypocrites,
And bigots keep away.
O ! that 's the parish church for me !
But how shall I get there ?
' Straight down the Crooked Lane,
And all round the Square.'

They say there is a Garden fair,
That 's haunted by the dove,
Where love of gold doth ne'er eclipse
The golden light of love—
The place must be a Paradise,
But how shall I get there ?
' Straight down the Crooked Lane,
And all round the Square.'

I've heard there is a famous Land
For public spirit known—
Whose Patriots love its interests
Much better than their own.
The Land of Promise sure it is !
But how shall I get there ?
' Straight down the Crooked Lane,
And all round the Square.'

I've read about a fine Estate,
A mansion large and strong ;
A view all over Kent and back,
And going for a song.
George Robins knows the very spot,
But how shall I get there ?
' Straight down the Crooked Lane,
And all round the Square.'

I've heard there is a Company
All formal and enroll'd,
Will take your smallest silver coin
And give it back in gold.
Of course the office door is mobb'd,
But how shall I get there ?
' Straight down the Crooked Lane
And all round the Square.'

I've heard about a pleasant land,
Where omelettes grow on trees,
And roasted pigs run crying out,
'Come eat me, if you please.'

My appetite is rather keen,
But how shall I get there?
'Straight down the Crooked Lane,
And all round the Square.'

THE BACHELOR'S DREAM

My pipe is lit, my grog is mix'd,
My curtains drawn and all is snug;
Old Puss is in her elbow-chair,
And Tray is sitting on the rug.
Last night I had a curious dream,
Miss Susan Bates was Mistress Mogg—
What d'ye think of that, my Cat?
What d'ye think of that, my Dog?

She look'd so fair, she sang so well,
I could but woo and she was won,
Myself in blue, the bride in white,
The ring was placed, the deed was done!
Away we went in chaise-and-four,
As fast as grinning boys could flog—
What d'ye think of that, my Cat?
What d'ye think of that, my Dog?

What loving tête-à-têtes to come!
But tête-à-têtes must still defer!
When Susan came to live with me,
Her mother came to live with her!
With sister Belle she couldn't part,
But all *my* ties had leave to jog—
What d'ye think of that, my Cat?
What d'ye think of that, my Dog?

The mother brought a pretty Poll—
A monkey too,—what work he made!
The sister introduced a Beau—
My Susan brought a favourite maid.
She had a tabby of her own,—
A snappish mongrel christen'd Gog—
What d'ye think of that, my Cat?
What d'ye think of that, my Dog?

The Monkey bit—the Parrot scream'd,
All day the sister strumm'd and sung;
The petted maid was such a scold!
My Susan learn'd to use her tongue:

Her mother had such wretched health,
She sate and croak'd like any frog—
What d'ye think of that, my Cat?
What d'ye think of that, my Dog?

No longer Deary, Duck, and Love,
I soon came down to simple 'M!'
The very servants cross'd my wish,
My Susan let me down to them.
The poker hardly seem'd my own,
I might as well have been a log—
What d'ye think of that, my Cat?
What d'ye think of that, my Dog?

My clothes they were the queerest shape!
Such coats and hats she never met!
My ways they were the oddest ways!
My friends were such a vulgar set!
Poor Tomkinson was snubb'd and huff'd—
She could not bear that Mister Blogg—
What d'ye think of that, my Cat?
What d'ye think of that, my Dog?

At times we had a spar, and then
Mamma must mingle in the song—
The sister took a sister's part—
The Maid declared her Master wrong—
The Parrot learn'd to call me 'Fool!'
My life was like a London fog—
What d'ye think of that, my Cat?
What d'ye think of that, my Dog?

My Susan's taste was superfine,
As proved by bills that had no end—
I never had a decent coat—
I never had a coin to spend!
She forced me to resign my Club,
Lay down my pipe, retrench my grog
What d'ye think of that, my Cat?
What d'ye think of that, my Dog?

Each Sunday night we gave a rout
To fops and flirts, a pretty list;
And when I tried to steal away,
I found my study full of whist!
Then, first to come and last to go,
There always was a Captain Hogg—
What d'ye think of that, my Cat?
What d'ye think of that, my Dog?

Now was not that an awful dream
For one who single is and snug—
With Pussy in the elbow-chair
And Tray reposing on the rug?—
If I must totter down the hill,
'Tis safest done without a clog—
What d'ye think of that, my Cat?
What d'ye think of that, my Dog?

RURAL FELICITY

WELL, the country 's a pleasant place, sure enough, for people that 's country born,
And useful, no doubt, in a natural way, for growing our grass and our corn.
It was kindly meant of my cousin Giles, to write and invite me down,
Tho' as yet all I've seen of a pastoral life only makes one more partial to town.

At first I thought I was really come down into all sorts of rural bliss,
For Porkington Place, with its cows and its pigs, and its poultry, looks not much amiss;
There 's something about a dairy farm, with its different kinds of live stock,
That puts one in mind of Paradise, and Adam and his innocent flock;
But somehow the good old Elysium fields have not been well handed down,
And as yet I have found no fields to prefer to dear Leicester Fields up in town.

To be sure it is pleasant to walk in the meads, and so I should like for miles,
If it wasn't for clodpoles of carpenters that put up such crooked stiles;
For the bars jut out, and you must jut out, till you're almost broken in two,
If you clamber you're certain sure of a fall, and you stick if you try to creep through.
Of course, in the end, one learns how to climb without constant tumbles down,
But still as to walking so stylishly, it 's pleasanter done about town.
There 's a way, I know, to avoid the stiles, and that 's by a walk in a lane,
And I did find a very nice shady one, but I never dared go again;
For who should I meet but a rampaging bull, that wouldn't be kept in the pound,
A trying to toss the whole world at once, by sticking his horns in the ground.
And that, by-the-by, is another thing, that pulls rural pleasures down,
Ev'ry day in the country is cattle-day, and there 's only two up in town.
Then I've rose with the sun, to go brushing away at the first early pearly dew,
And to meet Aurory, or whatever 's her name, and I always got wetted through;
My shoes are like sops, and I caught a bad cold, and a nice draggle-tail to my gown,
That 's not the way that we bathe our feet, or wear our pearls, up in town!

As for picking flow'rs, I have tried at a hedge, sweet eglantine roses to snatch,
But, mercy on us! how nettles will sting, and how the long brambles do scratch;
Besides hitching my hat on a nasty thorn that tore all the bows from the crown,
One may walk long enough without hats branching off, or losing one's bows about town.
But worse than that, in a long rural walk, suppose that it blows up for rain,
And all at once you discover yourself in a real St. Swithin's Lane;
And while you're running all ducked and drown'd, and pelted with sixpenny drops,
'Fine weather,' you hear the farmers say; 'a nice growing show'r for the crops!'
But who 's to crop me another new hat, or grow me another new gown?
For you can't take a shilling fare with a plough as you do with the hackneys in town.

Then my nevys too, they must drag me off to go with them gathering nuts,
And we always set out by the longest way and return by the shortest cuts.
Short cuts, indeed! But it 's nuts to them, to get a poor lustyish aunt
To scramble through gaps or jump over a ditch, when they're morally certain she can't,—
For whenever I get in some awkward scrape, and it 's almost daily the case,
Tho' they don't laugh out, the mischievous brats, I see the hooray! in their face.

There 's the other day, for my sight is short, and I saw what was green beyond,
And thought it was all terry firmer and grass till I walked in the duckweed pond:
Or perhaps when I've pully-hauled up a bank they see me come launching down,
As none but a stout London female can do as is come a first time out of town.
Then how sweet, some say, on a mossy bank a verdurous seat to find,
But for my part I always found it a joy that brought a repentance behind;
For the juicy grass with its nasty green has stained a whole breadth of my gown—
And when gowns are dyed, I needn't say, it 's much better done up in town.
As for country fare, the first morning I came I heard such a shrill piece of work!
And ever since—and it 's ten days ago—we've lived upon nothing but pork;
One Sunday except, and then I turn'd sick, a plague take all countrified cooks!
Why didn't they tell me, *before* I had dined, they made pigeon pies of the rooks?
Then the gooseberry wine, tho' it 's pleasant when up, it doesn't agree when it 's down,
But it served me right like a gooseberry fool to look for champagne out of town!

To be sure cousin G. meant it all for the best when he started this pastoral plan,
And his wife is a worthy domestical soul and she teaches me all that she can,
Such as making of cheese, and curing of hams, but I'm sure that I never shall learn,
And I've fetch'd more back-ache than butter as yet by chumping away at the churn;
But in making hay, tho' it 's tanning work, I found it more easy to make,
But it tries one's legs, and no great relief when you're tired to sit down on the rake.
I'd a country dance too at a harvest home, with a regular country clown,
But, Lord! they don't hug one round the waist and give one such smacks in town!
Then I've tried to make friends with the birds and the beasts, but they take to such curious rigs,
I'm always at odds with the turkey-cock, and I can't even please the pigs.
The very hens pick holes in my hands when I grope for the new-laid eggs,
And the gander comes hissing out of the pond on purpose to flap at my legs.
I've been bump'd in a ditch by the cow without horns, and the old sow trampled me down,
The beasts are as vicious as any wild beasts—but they're kept in cages in town!
Another thing is the nasty dogs—thro' the village I hardly can stir
Since giving a bumpkin a pint of beer just to call off a barking cur;
And now you would swear all the dogs in the place were set on to hunt me down,
But neither the brutes nor the people I think are as civilly bred as in town.
Last night about twelve I was scared broad awake, and all in a tremble of fright,
But instead of a family murder it proved an owl that flies screeching at night.
Then there 's plenty of ricks and stacks all about, and I can't help dreaming of Swing—
In short, I think that a pastoral life is not the most happiest thing;
For besides all the troubles I've mentioned before as endur'd for rurality's sake,
I've been stung by the bees, and I've set among ants, and once—ugh! I trod on a snake!
And as to moskitoes they tortured me so, for I've got a particular skin,
I do think it 's the gnats coming out of the ponds that drives the poor suicides in!
And after all an't there new-laid eggs to be had upon Holborn Hill?
And dairy-fed pork in Broad St. Giles's, and fresh butter wherever you will?
And a covered cart that brings Cottage Bread quite rustical-like and brown?
So one isn't so very uncountrified in the very heart of the town.
Howsomever my mind 's made up, and although I'm sure cousin Giles will be vext,
I mean to book me an inside place up to town upon Saturday next,
And if nothing happens, soon after ten, I shall be at the Old Bell and Crown,
And perhaps I may come to the country again, when London is all burnt down!

A FLYING VISIT

'A Calendar! a Calendar! look in the Almanac, find out moonshine—find out moonshine!'—*Midsummer Night's Dream.*

THE by-gone September,
As folks may remember,
At least if their memory saves but an ember,
One fine afternoon,
There went up a Balloon,
Which did not return to the Earth very soon.

For, nearing the sky,
At about a mile high,
The Aeronaut bold had resolved on a fly;
So cutting his string,
In a Parasol thing
Down he came in a field like a lark from the wing.

Meanwhile, thus adrift,
The Balloon made a shift
To rise very fast, with no burden to lift;
It got very small,
Then to nothing at all;
And then rose the question of where it would fall?

Some thought that, for lack
Of the man and his pack,
'Twould rise to the Cherub that watches Poor Jack;
Some held, but in vain,
With the first heavy rain
'Twould surely come down to the Gardens again!

But still not a word
For a month could be heard
Of what had become of the Wonderful Bird:
The firm Gye and Hughes,
Wore their boots out and shoes,
In running about and inquiring for news.

Some thought it must be
Tumbled into the Sea;
Some thought it had gone off to High Germanie;
For Germans, as shown
By their writings, 'tis known
Are always delighted with what is high-flown.

Some hinted a bilk,
And that maidens who milk,
In far distant Shires would be walking in silk:
Some swore that it must,
'As they said at the *fust*,
Have gone agin flashes of lightning and *bust!*'

However, at last,
When six weeks had gone past,
Intelligence came of a plausible cast;
A wondering clown,
At a hamlet near town,
Had seen 'like a moon of green 'cheese' coming down.

Soon spread the alarm,
And from cottage and farm,
The natives buzz'd out like the bees when they swarm;
And off ran the folk,—
It is such a good joke
To see the descent of a bagful of smoke.

And lo! the machine,
Dappled yellow and green,
Was plainly enough in the clouds to be seen:
'Yes, yes,' was the cry,
'It 's the old one, sure*ly*,
Where *can* it have been such a time in the sky?

'Lord! where will it fall?
It can't find out Vauxhall,
Without any pilot to guide it at all!'
Some wager'd that Kent
Would behold the event,
Debrett had been posed to *predict* its descent.

Some thought it would pitch
In the old Tower Ditch,
Some swore on the Cross of St. Paul's it would hitch;
And Farmers cried 'Zounds!
If it drops on our grounds,
We'll try if Balloons can't be put into pounds!'

But still to and fro
It continued to go,
As if looking out for soft places below;
No difficult job,
It had only to bob
Slap-dash down at once on the heads of the mob:

Who, too apt to stare
At some castle in air,
Forget that the earth is their proper affair;
Till, watching the fall
Of some soap-bubble ball,
They tumble themselves with a terrible sprawl.

Meanwhile, from its height
Stooping downward in flight,
The Phenomenon came more distinctly in sight:
Still bigger and bigger,
And strike me a nigger
Unfreed, if there was not a live human figure!

Yes, plain to be seen,
Underneath the machine,
There dangled a mortal—some swore it was Green;
Some Mason could spy;
Others named Mr. Gye;
Or Hollond, compell'd by the Belgians to fly.

'Twas Graham the flighty,
Whom the Duke high and mighty
Resign'd to take care of his own lignum-vitæ;
'Twas Hampton, whose whim
Was in Cloudland to swim,
Till e'en Little Hampton looked little to him!

But all were at fault;
From the heavenly vault
The falling balloon came at last to a halt;
And bounce! with the jar
Of descending so far,
An outlandish Creature was thrown from the car!

At first with the jolt
All his wits made a bolt,
As if he'd been flung by a mettlesome colt;
And while in his faint,
To avoid all complaint,
The muse shall endeavour his portrait to paint.

The face of this elf,
Round as platter of delf,
Was pale as if only a cast of itself:
His head had a rare
Fleece of silvery hair,
Just like the Albino at Bartlemy Fair.

His eyes they were odd,
Like the eyes of a cod,
And gave him the look of a watery God.
His nose was a snub;
Under which, for his grub,
Was a round open mouth like to that of a chub.

His person was small,
Without figure at all,
A plump little body as round as a ball:
With two little fins,
And a couple of pins,
With what has been christened a bow in the shins.

His dress it was new,
A full suit of sky-blue—
With bright silver buckles in each little shoe—
Thus painted complete,
From his head to his feet,
Conceive him laid flat in Squire Hopkins's wheat.

Fine text for the crowd!
Who disputed aloud
What sort of a creature had dropp'd from the cloud—
'He 's come from o'er seas,
He 's a Cochin Chinese—
By jingo! he 's one of the wild Cherokees!'

'Don't nobody know?'
'He 's a young Esquimaux,
Turn'd white like the hares by the Arctical snow.'
'Some angel, my dear,
Sent from some upper *spear*
For Plumtree or Agnew, too good for this-here!'

Meanwhile, with a sigh,
Having open'd one eye,
The Stranger rose up on his seat by and by;
And finding his tongue,
Thus he said, or he sung,
'*Mi criky bo biggamy hickery bung!*'

'Lord! what does he speak?'
'It 's Dog-Latin—it 's Greek!'
'It 's some sort of slang for to puzzle a Beak!'
'It 's no like the Scotch,'
Said a Scot on the watch,
'Phoo! it 's nothing at all but a kind of hotch-potch!'

'It 's not parly voo,'
Cried a schoolboy or two,
'Nor Hebrew at all,' said a wandering Jew.
Some held it was sprung
From the Irvingite tongue,
The same that is used by a child very young.

Some guess'd it high Dutch,
Others thought it had much
In sound of the true Hoky-poky-ish touch;
But none could be poz,
What the Dickins! (not Boz)
No mortal could tell what the Dickins it was!

When who should come pat,
In a moment like that,
But Bowring, to see what the people were at—
A Doctor well able,
Without any fable,
To talk and translate all the babble of Babel.

So just drawing near,
With a vigilant ear,
That took ev'ry syllable in, very clear,
Before one could sip
Up a tumbler of flip,
He knew the whole tongue, from the root to the tip!

Then stretching his hand,
As you see Daniel stand,
In the Feast of Belshazzar, that picture so grand!
Without more delay,
In the Hamilton way
He English'd whatever the Elf had to say.

'*Krak kraziboo ban*,
I'm the Lunatick Man,
Confined in the Moon since creation began—
Sit muggy bigog,
Whom except in a fog
You see with a Lanthorn, a Bush, and a Dog.

'*Lang sinery lear*,
For this many a year,
I've longed to drop in at your own little sphere,—
Och, pad-mad aroon
Till one fine afternoon,
I found that Wind-Coach on the horns of the Moon.

'*Cush quackery go*,
But, besides you must know,
I'd heard of a profiting Prophet below;
Big botherum blether,
Who pretended to gather
The tricks that the Moon meant to play with the weather.

'*So Crismus an crash*,
Being shortish of cash,
I thought I'd a right to partake of the hash—
Slik mizzle an smak,
So I'm come with a pack,
To sell to the trade, of My Own Almanack.

'*Fiz bobbery pershal*
Besides aims commercial,
Much wishing to honour my friend Sir John Herschel,
Cum puddin and tame,
It 's inscribed to his name,
Which is now at the full in celestial fame.

'*Wept wepton wish wept*,
Pray this Copy accept!'——
But here on the Stranger some Kidnappers leapt:
For why? a shrewd man
Had devis'd a sly plan
The Wonder to grab for a show Caravan.

So plotted, so done—
With a fight as in fun,
While mock pugilistical rounds were begun,
A knave who could box,
And give right and left knocks,
Caught hold of the Prize by his silvery locks.

And hard he had fared,
But the people were scared
By what the Interpreter roundly declared:
'You ignorant Turks!
You will be your own Burkes—
He holds all the keys of the lunary works!

'You'd best let him go—
If you keep him below,
The Moon will not change, and the tides will not flow;
He left her at full,
And with such a long pull,
Zounds! ev'ry man Jack will run mad like a bull!'

So awful a threat
Took effect on the set;
The fight, tho', was more than their guest could forget;
So taking a jump,
In the car he came plump,
And threw all the ballast right out in a lump.

Up soar'd the machine,
With its yellow and green;
But still the pale face of the Creature was seen,
Who cried from the car,
'*Dam in zooman bi gar!*'
That is,—'What a sad set of villains you are!'

Howbeit, at some height,
He threw down quite a flight
Of Almanacks wishing to set us all right—
And, thanks to the boon,
We shall see very soon
If Murphy knows most, or the Man in the Moon!

THE DOVES AND THE CROWS

COME all ye sable little girls and boys,
  Ye coal-black Brothers—Sooty Sisters, come!
With kitty-katties make a joyful noise;
  With snaky-snekies, and the Eboe drum!
From this day forth your freedom is your own:
Play, Sambo, play,—and Obadiah, groan!

Ye vocal Blackbirds, bring your native pipes,
  Your own *Moor's* Melodies, ye niggers, bring;
To celebrate the fall of chains and stripes,
  Sing 'Possum up a gum-tree,' roar and sing!
From this day forth your freedom is your own:
Chaunt, Sambo, chaunt,—and Obadiah, groan!

Bring all your woolly piccaninnies dear—
  Bring John Canoe and all his jolly gang:
Stretch ev'ry blubber-mouth from ear to ear,
  And let the driver in his whip go hang!
From this day forth your freedom is your own:
Grin, Sambo, grin,—and Obadiah, groan!

Your working garb indignantly renounce;
  Discard your slops in honour of the day—
Come all in frill, and furbelow, and flounce,
  Come all as fine as Chimney Sweeps in May—
From this day forth your freedom is your own:
Dress, Sambo, dress,—and Obadiah, groan!

Come, join together in the dewy dance,
  With melting maids in steamy mazes go;
Humanity delights to see you prance,
  Up with your sooty legs and jump Jim Crow—
From this day forth your freedom is your own:
Skip, Sambo, skip,—and Obadiah, groan!

Kiss dark Diana on her pouting lips,
  And take black Phœbe by her ample waist—
Tell them to-day is Slavery's eclipse,
  And Love and Liberty must be embraced—
From this day forth your freedom is your own:
Kiss, Sambo, kiss,—and Obadiah, groan!

With bowls of sangaree and toddy come!
  Bring lemons, sugar, old Madeira, limes,
Whole tanks and water-barrels full of rum,
  To toast the whitest date of modern times—
From this day forth your freedom is your own:
Drink, Sambo, drink,—and Obadiah, groan!

Talk, all together, talk! both old and young,
Pour out the fulness of the negro heart;
Let loose the now emancipated tongue,
And all your new-born sentiments impart—
From this day forth your freedom is your own:
Spout, Sambo, spout,—and Obadiah, groan!

Huzza! for equal rights and equal laws;
The British parliament has doff'd your chain—
Join, join in gratitude your jetty paws,
And swear you never will be slaves again—
From this day forth your freedom is your own:
Swear, Sambo, swear,—and Obadiah, groan!

THE DOCTOR

A SKETCH

'Whatever is, is right.'—*Pope.*

THERE once was a Doctor,
(No foe to the proctor,)
A physic-concocter,
Whose dose was so pat,
However it acted,
One speech it extracted,—
'Yes, yes,' said the doctor,
'I meant it for that!'

And first, all unaisy,
Like woman that 's crazy
In flies Mistress Casey,
'Do come to poor Pat
The blood 's running faster!
He 's torn off the plaster—'
'Yes, yes,' said the Doctor,
'I meant it for that!'

Anon, with an antic,
Quite strange and romantic,
A woman comes frantic—
'What could you be at?
My darling dear Aleck,
You've sent him oxalic!'
'Yes, yes,' said the Doctor,
'I meant it for that!'

Then in comes another,
Despatch'd by his mother,
A blubbering brother,
Who gives a rat-tat—
'Oh, poor little sister
Has lick'd off a blister!'
'Yes, yes,' said the Doctor,
'I meant it for that!'

Now home comes the flunkey,
His own powder-monkey,
But dull as a donkey—
With basket and that—
'The draught for the Squire, Sir,
He chuck'd in the fire, Sir—'
'Yes, yes,' said the Doctor,
'I meant it for that!'

The next is the pompous
Head Beadle, old Bumpus—
'Lord! here is a rumpus:
That pauper, Old Nat,
In some drunken notion
Has drunk up his lotion—'
'Yes, yes,' said the Doctor,
'I meant it for that!'

At last comes a servant,
In grief very fervent:
'Alas! Doctor Derwent,
Poor Master is flat!
He 's drawn his last breath, Sir—
That dose was his death, Sir.'
'Yes, yes,' said the Doctor,
'I meant it for that!'

THE VISION

'Plague on't! the last was ill enough,
This cannot but make better proof.'—*Cotton.*

As I sate the other night,
Burning of a single light,
All at once a change there came
In the colour of the flame.

Strange it was the blaze to view,
Blue as summer sky is blue:
One! two! three! four! five! six! seven!
Eight! nine! ten! it struck eleven!

Pale as sheet, with stiffen'd hair,
Motionless in elbow chair—
Blood congealing—dead almost—
'Now,' thought I, 'to see a ghost!'

Strange misgiving, true as strange!
In the air there came a change,
And as plain as mortals be,
Lo! a Shape confronted me!

Lines and features I could trace
Like an old familiar face,
Thin and pallid like my own,
In the morning mirror shown.

'Now,' he said, and near the grate
Drew a chair for tête-à-tête,
Quite at odds with all 'decorum,—
'Now, my boys, let 's have a jorum!'

'Come,' he cried, 'old fellow, come,
Where 's the brandy, where 's the rum?
Where 's the kettle—is it hot?
Shall we have some punch, or what?'

'Feast of reason—flow of soul!
Where 's the sugar, where 's the bowl?
Lemons I will help to squeeze—
Flip, Egg-hot or what you please!'

'Sir,' said I, with hectic cough,
Shock of nerves to carry off—
Looking at him very hard,
'Pray oblige me with a card.'

'Card,' said he—'Phoo—nonsense—stuff!
We're acquainted well enough—
Still, my name if you desire,
Eighteen Thirty-Eight, Esquire.

'Ring for supper! where 's the tray?
No great time I have to stay,
One short hour, and like a May'r,
I must quit the yearly Chair!'

Scarce could I contain my rage—
O'er the retrospective page,
Looking back from date to date,
What I owed to Thirty-Eight.

Sickness here and sickness there,
Pain and sorrow, constant care;
Fifty-two long weeks to fall,
Nor a trump among them all!

'Zounds!' I cried, in quite a huff,
'Go—I've known you long enough.
Seek for supper where you please,
Here you have not bread and cheese.'

'Nay,' cried he, 'were things so ill?
Let me have your pardon still—
What I've done to give you pain
I will never do again.'

'As from others, so from you,
Let me have my honours due;
Soon the parish bells about
Will begin to ring me out.'

'Ring you out?—With all my heart!'
From my chair I made a start,
Pull'd the bell and gave a shout—
'Peter, show the Old Year out!

THE ASSISTANT DRAPERS' PETITION

'Now 's the time and now 's the hour.'—*Burns.*
'Seven 's the main.'—*Crockford.*

PITY the sorrows of a class of men,
  Who, though they bow to fashion and frivolity;
No fancied claims or woes fictitious pen,
  But wrongs ell-wide, and of a lasting quality.

Oppress'd and discontented with our lot,
  Amongst the clamorous we take our station ·
A host of Ribbon Men—yet is there not
  One piece of Irish in our agitation.

We do revere Her Majesty the Queen,
  We venerate our Glorious Constitution;
We joy King William's advent should have been,
  And only want a Counter Revolution.

'Tis not Lord Russell and his final measure,
  'Tis not Lord Melbourne's counsel to the throne,
'Tis not this Bill, or that gives us displeasure,
  The measures we dislike are all our own.

The Cash Law the 'Great Western' loves to name,
  The tone our foreign policy pervading;
The Corn Laws—none of these we care to blame,
  Our evils we refer to over-trading.

By Tax or Tithe our murmurs are not drawn;
  We reverence the Church—but hang the cloth!
We love her ministers—but curse the lawn!
  We have, alas! too much to do with both!

We love the sex:—to serve them is a bliss!
  We trust they find us civil, never surly;
All that we hope of female friends is this,
  That their last linen may be wanted early.

Ah! who can tell the miseries of men
  That serve the very cheapest shops in town?
Till faint and weary, they leave off at ten,
  Knock'd up by ladies beating of 'em down!

But has not Hamlet his opinion given—
  O Hamlet had a heart for Drapers' servants!
'That custom is'—say custom after seven—
  'More honour'd in the breach than the observance.'

O come then, gentle ladies, come in time,
  O'erwhelm our counters, and unload our shelves;
Torment us all until the seventh chime,
  But let us have the remnant to ourselves!

We wish of knowledge to lay in a stock,
  And not remain in ignorance incurable;—
To study Shakspeare, Milton, Dryden, Locke,
  And other fabrics that have proved so durable.

We long for thoughts of intellectual kind,
  And not to go bewilder'd to our beds;
With stuff and fustian taking up the mind,
  And pins and needles running in our heads!

For oh! the brain gets very dull and dry,
  Selling from morn till night for cash or credit;
Or with a vacant face and vacant eye,
  Watching cheap prints that Knight did never edit.

Till sick with toil, and lassitude extreme,
  We often think, when we are dull and vapoury,
The bliss of Paradise was so supreme,
  Because that Adam did not deal in drapery.

LORD DURHAM'S RETURN

'On revient toujours.'—*French Song.*

'And will I see his face again,
And will I hear him speak?'
—*There's nae Luck about the House.*

'THE Inconstant is come!'
It 's in every man's mouth;
From the East to the West,
From the North to the South;
With a flag at her head,
And a flag at her stern;
Whilst the Telegraph hints
At Lord Durham's return.

Turn wherever you will,
It 's the great talk and small;
Going up to Cornhill,
Going down to Whitehall;
If you ask for the news,
It 's the first you will learn,
And the last you will lose,
My Lord Durham's return.

The fat pig in the sty,
And the ox in the stall,
The old dog at the door,
And the cat in the wall;
The wild bird in the bush,
And the hare in the fern,
All appear to have heard
Of Lord Durham's return.

It has flown all abroad,
It is known to goose-pens,
It is bray'd by the ass,
It is cackled by hens:
The Pintadas, indeed,
Make it quite their concern,
All exclaiming, 'Come back!'
At Lord Durham's return.

It 's the text over wine,
And the talk after tea ;
All are singing one tune,
Though not set in one key.
E'en the Barbers unite
Other gossip to spurn,
Whilst they lather away
At Lord Durham's return.

All the Painters leave off,
And the Carpenters go,
And the Tailor above
Joins the Cobbler below,
In whole gallons of beer
To expend what they earn
While discussing one pint,
My Lord Durham's return.

It is timed in the Times,
With the News has a run,
Goes the round of the Globe,
And is writ in the Sun,
Like the Warren on walls,
Fancy seems to discern,
In great letters of chalk,
' Try Lord Durham's return ! '

Not a murder comes out ;
The reporters repine ;
And a hanging is scarce
Worth a penny a line.
If a Ghost reappeared
With his funeral urn,
He'd be thrown in the shade
By Lord Durham's return.

No arrival could raise
Such a fever in town ;
There 's a talk about 'Change
Of the Stocks going down ;
But the Butter gets up
Just as if in the churn,
It forgot it should come
In Lord Durham's return.

The most silent are loud ;
The most sleepy awake ;
Very odd that one man
Such a bustle can make !
But the schools all break up,
And both Houses adjourn,
To debate more at ease
On Lord Durham's return.

Is he well ? is he ill ?
Is he cheerful or sad ?
Has he spoken his mind
Of the breeze that he had ?
It was rather too soon
With home-sickness to yearn ;
There will something come yet
Of Lord Durham's return.

There 's a sound in the wind
Since that ship is come home ;
There are signs in the air
Like the omens of Rome ;
And the lamps in the street,
And the stars as they burn,
Seem to give a flare up
At Lord Durham's return !

VERSES MISTAKEN FOR AN INCENDIARY SONG

Come, all conflagrating fellows,
Let us have a glorious rig :
Sing old Rose, and burn the bellows !
Burn me, but I'll burn my wig !

Christmas time is all before us :
Burn all puddings, north and south.
Burn the Turkey—Burn the Devil !
Burn snap-dragon ! burn your mouth !

Burn the coals ! they're up at sixty !
Burn Burn's Justice—burn Old Coke.
Burn the chestnuts ! Burn the shovel !
Burn a fire, and burn the smoke !

Burn burnt almonds. Burn burnt brandy.
Let all burnings have a turn.
Burn Chabert, the Salamander,—
Burn the man that wouldn't burn !

Burn the old year out, don't ring it;
Burn the one that must begin.
Burn Lang Syne; and, whilst you're burning,
Burn the burn he paidled in.

Burn the boxing! Burn the Beadle!
Burn the baker! Burn his man!
Burn the butcher—Burn the dustmen,
Burn the sweeper, if you can!

Burn the Postman! burn the postage,
Burn the knocker—burn the bell!
Burn the folks that come for money!
Burn the bills—and burn 'em well.

Burn the Parish! Burn the rating!
Burn all taxes in a mass.
Burn the Paving! Burn the Lighting!
Burn the burners! Burn the gas!

Burn all candles, white or yellow—
Burn for war, and not for peace;
Burn the Czar of all the Tallow!
Burn the King of all the Greece!

Burn all canters—burn in Smithfield.
Burn Tea-Total hum and bug.
Burn his kettle, burn his water,
Burn his muffin, burn his mug!

Burn the breeks of meddling vicars,
Picking holes in Anna's Urns!
Burn all Steers's Opodeldoc,
Just for being good for burns.

Burn all Swindlers! Burn Asphaltum!
Burn the money-lenders down—
Burn all schemes that burn one's fingers!
Burn the Cheapest House in town!

Burn all bores and boring topics;
Burn Brunel—aye, in his hole!
Burn all *subjects* that are Irish!
Burn the niggers black as coal!

Burn all Boz's imitators!
Burn all tales without a head!
Burn a candle near the curtain!
Burn your Burns, and burn your bed!

Burn all wrongs that won't be righted,
Poor poor Soup, and Spanish claims—
Burn that Bell, and burn his Vixen!
Burn all sorts of burning shames!

Burn the Whigs! and burn the Tories!
Burn all parties, great and small!
Burn that everlasting Poynder—
Burn his Suttees once for all!

Burn the fop that burns tobacco.
Burn a Critic that condemns.—
Burn Lucifer and all his matches!
Burn the fool that burns the Thames!

Burn all burning agitators—
Burn all torch-parading elves!
And oh! burn Parson Stephen's speeches,
If they haven't burnt themselves.

THE GREEN MAN

Tom Simpson was as nice a kind of man
As ever lived—at least at number Four,
In Austin Friars, in Mrs. Brown's first floor,
At fifty pounds,—or thereabouts,—per ann.
The Lady reckon'd him her best of lodgers,
His rent so punctually paid each quarter,—
He did not smoke like nasty foreign codgers—
Or play French horns like Mr. Rogers—
Or talk his flirting nonsense to her daughter,—

Not that the girl was light behaved or courtable—
Still on one failing tenderly to touch,
The Gentleman did like a drop too much,
(Tho' there are many such)
And took more Port than was exactly portable.
In fact,—to put the cap upon the nipple,
And try the charge,—Tom certainly *did* tipple.
He thought the motto was but sorry stuff
On Cribb's Prize Cup—Yes, wrong in ev'ry letter—
That 'D—d be he who first cries *Hold Enough!*'
The more cups hold, and if enough, the better.
And so to set example in the eyes
Of Fancy's lads, and give a broadish hint to them,
All his cups were of such ample size
That he got into them.

Once in the company of merry mates,
In spite of Temperance's ifs and buts,
So sure as Eating is set off with *plates*,
His Drinking always was bound up with *cuts!*
Howbeit, such Bacchanalian revels
Bring very sad catastrophes about;
Palsy, Dyspepsy, Dropsy, and Blue Devils,
Not to forget the Gout.
Sometimes the liver takes a spleenful whim
To grow to Strasburg's regulation size,
As if for those hepatical goose pies—
Or out of depth the head begins to swim—
Poor Simpson! what a thing occurred to him!
'Twas Christmas—he had drunk the night before,—
Like Baxter, who so 'went beyond his last'—
One bottle more, and then *one* bottle more,
Till oh! the red-wine *Ruby-con* was pass'd!
And homeward, by the short small chimes of day,
With many a circumbendibus to spare,
For instance, twice round Finsbury Square
To use a fitting phrase, he *wound* his way.

Then comes the rising, with repentance bitter,
And all the nerves—(and sparrows)—in a twitter,
Till settled by the sober Chinese cup:
The hands, o'er all, are members that make motions,
A sort of wavering, just like the ocean's,
Which has its swell, too, when it 's getting up —
An awkward circumstance enough for elves
Who shave themselves;
And Simpson just was ready to go thro' it,
When lo! the first short glimpse within the glass—
He jump'd—and who alive would fail to do it?—

To see, however it had come to pass,
One section of his face as green as grass!
In vain each eager wipe,
With soap—without—wet—hot or cold—or dry,
Still, still, and still, to his astonished eye
One cheek was green, the other cherry ripe!
Plump in the nearest chair he sat him down,
Quaking, and quite absorb'd in a deep study,—
But verdant and not brown,—
What could have happened to a tint so ruddy?
Indeed it was a very novel case,
By way of penalty for being jolly,
To have that evergreen stuck in his face,
Just like the windows with their Christmas holly.

'All claret marks,'—thought he—Tom knew his forte—
'Are red—this colour CANNOT come from Port!'

One thing was plain; with such a face as his,
'Twas quite impossible to ever greet
Good Mrs. Brown; nay, any party meet,
Altho' 'twas such a parti-coloured phiz!
As for the public, fancy Sarcy Ned,
The coachman, flying, dog-like, at his head,
With 'Ax your pardon, Sir, but if you please—
Unless it comes too high—
Vere ought a feller, now, to go to buy
The t'other half, Sir, of that 'ere green cheese?'
His mind recoil'd—so he tied up his head,
As with a raging tooth, and took to bed;
Of course with feelings far from the serene,
For all his future prospects seemed to be,
To match his customary tea,
Black, mixt with green.

Meanwhile, good Mrs. Brown
Wondered at Mr. S. not coming down,
And sent the maid up stairs to learn the why;
To whom poor Simpson, half delirious,
Returned an answer so mysterious
That curiosity began to fry;
The more, as Betty, who had caught a snatch
By peeping in upon the patient's bed,
Reported a most bloody, tied-up head,
Got over-night of course—'Harm watch, harm catch,'
From Watchmen in a boxing-match.
So, liberty or not,—
Good lodgers are too scarce to let them off in
A suicidal coffin—
The dame ran up as fast as she could trot;

Appearance,—'fiddle-sticks!' should not deter
From going to the bed,
And looking at the head:
'La! Mister S——, he need not care for her!
A married woman that had had
Nine boys and gals, and none had turned out bad—
Her own dear late would come home late at night,
And liquor always got him in a fight.
She'd been in hospitals—she wouldn't faint
At gores and gashes fingers wide and deep;
She knew what 's good for bruises and what ain't—
Turlington's Drops she made a pint to keep.
Cases she'd seen beneath the surgent's hand—
Such skulls japann'd—she meant to say trepann'd!
Poor wretches! you would think they'd been in battle,
And hadn't hours to live,
From tearing horses' kicks or Smithfield cattle,
Shamefully over-driv!—
Heads forced to have a silver plate atop,
To get the brains to stop.
At imputations of the legs she'd been,
And neither screech'd nor cried——'
Hereat she pluck'd the white cravat aside,
And lo! the whole phenomenon was seen—
'Preserve us all! He 's going to gangrene!'

Alas! through Simpson's brain
Shot the remark, like ball, with mortal pain;
It tallied truly with his own misgiving,
And brought a groan,
To move a heart of stone—
A sort of farewell to the land of living!
And as the case was imminent and urgent,
He did not make a shadow of objection
To Mrs. B.'s proposal for a 'surgent,'
But merely gave a sigh of deep dejection,
While down the verdant cheek a tear of grief
Stole, like a dew-drop on a cabbage-leaf.

Swift flew the summons,—it was life or death!
And in as short a time as he could race it,
Came Doctor Puddicome, as short of breath,
To try his Latin charms against *Hic Jacet.*
He took a seat beside the patient's bed,
Saw tongue—felt pulse—examined the bad cheek,—
Poked, strok'd, pinch'd, kneaded it—hemm'd—shook his head—
Took a long solemn pause the cause to seek,
(Thinking, it seem'd, in Greek,)

Then ask'd—'twas Christmas—' Had he eaten grass,
Or greens—and if the cook was so improper
To boil them up with copper,
Or farthings made of brass;
Or if he drank his Hock from dark green glass,
Or dined at City Festivals, whereat
There 's turtle, and green fat? '
To all of which, with serious tone of woe,
Poor Simpson answered ' No.'
Indeed he might have said in form auricular,
Supposing Puddicombe had been a monk—
He had not eaten (he had only drunk)
Of any thing ' Particular.'
The Doctor was at fault;
A thing so new quite brought him to a halt.
Cases of other colours came in crowds,
He could have found their remedy, and soon;
But green—it sent him up among the clouds,
As if he had gone up with Green's balloon!

Black with Black Jaundice he had seen the skin;
From Yellow Jaundice yellow,
From saffron tints to sallow;—
Then retrospective memory lugg'd in
Old Purple Face, the Host at Kentish Town—
East Indians, without number,
He knew familiarly, by heat done Brown,
From tan to a burnt umber,
Ev'n those eruptions he had never seen
Of which the Caledonian Poet spoke,
As '*rashes* growing green '—
' Phoo! phoo! a rash grow green!
Nothing of course but a broad Scottish joke!
Then as to flaming visages, for those
The Scarlet Fever answer'd, or the Rose—
But verdant! that was quite a novel stroke!
Men turn'd to blue, by Cholera's last stage,
In common practice he had really seen;
But Green—he was too old, and grave, and sage,
To think of the last stage to Turnham Green!

So matters stood in-doors—meanwhile without,
Growing in going like all other rumours,
The modern miracle was buzz'd about,
By people of all humours,
Native or foreign in their dialecticals;
Till all the neighbourhood, as if their noses
Had taken the odd gross from little Moses,
Seem'd looking thro' green spectacles.

'Green faces!' so they all began to comment—
'Yes—opposite to Druggists' lighted shops,
But that 's a flying colour—never stops—
A bottle-green that 's vanish'd in a moment.
Green! nothing of the sort occurs to mind,
Nothing at all to match the present piece;
Jack in the Green has nothing of the kind—
Green-grocers are not green—nor yet green geese!'
The oldest Supercargoes or Old Sailors
Of such a case had never heard,
From Emerald Isle to Cape de Verd;
'Or Greenland!' cried the whalers.
All tongues were full of the Green Man, and still
They could not make him out, with all their skill;
No soul could shape the matter, head or tail—
But Truth steps in where all conjectures fail.

A long half hour, in needless puzzle,
Our Galen's cane had rubbed against his muzzle;
He thought, and thought, and thought, and thought, and thought—
And still it came to nought,
When up rush'd Betty, loudest of Town Criers,
'Lord, Ma'am, the new Police is at the door!
It 's B, ma'am, Twenty-four,—
As brought home Mister S. to Austin Friars,
And says there 's nothing but a simple case—
He got that 'ere green face
By sleeping in the kennel near the Dyer's!'

POMPEY'S GHOST

A PATHETIC BALLAD

'Skins may differ, but affection
Dwells in white and black the same.'—*Cowper.*

'Twas twelve o'clock, not twelve at night,
But twelve o'clock at noon;
Because the sun was shining bright,
And not the silver moon.
A proper time for friends to call,
Or Pots, or Penny Post;
When, lo! as Phœbe sat at work,
She saw her Pompey's Ghost!

Now when a female has a call
From people, that are dead;
Like Paris ladies, she receives
Her visitors in bed.

But Pompey's Spirit could not come
Like spirits that are white,
Because he was a Blackamoor,
And wouldn't show at night!

But of all unexpected things
That happen to us here,
The most unpleasant is a rise
In what is very dear.
So Phœbe screamed an awful scream,
To prove the seaman's text:
That after black appearances,
White squalls will follow next.

'Oh, Phœbe, dear! oh, Phœbe, dear!
Don't go to scream or faint;
You think because I'm black I am
The Devil, but I ain't!
Behind the heels of Lady Lambe
I walked whilst I had breath;
But that is past, and I am now
A-walking after Death!

'No, murder, though, I come to tell
By base and bloody crime;
So Phœbe, dear, put off your fits
Till some more fitting time:
No Crowner, like a boatswain's mate,
My body need attack,
With his round dozen to find out
Why I have died so black.

'One Sunday, shortly after tea,
My skin began to burn
As if I had in my inside
A heater, like the urn.
Delirious in the night I grew,
And as I lay in bed,
They say I gather'd all the wool
You see upon my head.

'His Lordship for his doctor sent,
My treatment to begin—
I wish that he had call'd him out,
Before he call'd him in!
For though to physic he was bred,
And pass'd at Surgeons' Hall,
To make his post a sinecure,
He never cured at all!

'The Doctor look'd about my breast,
And then about my back,
And then he shook his head and said,
"Your case looks very black."
And first he sent me hot cayenne,
And then gamboge to swallow,—
But still my Fever would not turn
To Scarlet or to Yellow!

'With madder and with turmeric
He made his next attack;
But neither he nor all his drugs
Could stop my dying black.

At last I got so sick of life,
And sick of being dosed,
One Monday morning I gave up
My physic and the ghost!

'Oh, Phœbe, dear, what pain it was
To sever every tie!
You know black beetles feel as much
As giants when they die—
And if there is a bridal bed,
Or bride of little worth,
It 's lying in a bed of mould,
Along with Mother Earth.

'Alas; some happy, happy day,
In church I hoped to stand,
And like a muff of sable skin
Receive your lily hand;
But sternly with that piebald match
My fate untimely clashes—
For now, like Pompe-double-i,
I'm sleeping in my ashes!

'And now farewell! a last farewell!
I'm wanted down below,
And have but time enough to add
One word before I go—
In mourning crape and bombazine
Ne'er spend your precious pelf—
Don't go in black for me,—for I
Can do it for myself.

'Henceforth within my grave I rest,
But Death, who there inherits,
Allowed my spirit leave to come,
You seemed so out of spirits:
But do not sigh, and do not cry,
By grief too much engross'd,—
Nor, for a ghost of colour, turn
The colour of a ghost!

'Again farewell, my Phœbe dear!
Once more a last adieu!
For I must make myself as scarce
As swans of sable hue.'
From black to gray, from gray to nought,
The Shape began to fade,—
And, like an egg, though not so white,
The Ghost was newly laid!

AN OPEN QUESTION

'It is the king's highway that we are in, and in this way it is that thou hast placed the lions'—*Bunyan.*

WHAT! shut the Gardens! lock the lattic'd gate!
  Refuse the shilling and the Fellow's ticket!
And hang a wooden notice up to state,
  'On Sundays no admittance at this wicket!'
The Birds, the Beasts, and all the Reptile race
  Denied to friends and visitors till Monday!
Now, really, this appears the common case
  Of putting too much Sabbath into Sunday—
  But what is your opinion, Mrs. Grundy?

The Gardens,—so unlike the ones we dub
  Of Tea, wherein the artisan carouses,—
Mere shrubberies without one drop of shrub,—
  Wherefore should they be closed like public-houses?
No ale is vended at the wild Deer's Head,—
  Nor rum—nor gin—not even of a Monday—
The Lion is not carv'd—or gilt—or red,
  And does not send out porter of a Sunday—
  But what is your opinion, Mrs. Grundy?

The Bear denied! the Leopard under locks!
  As if his spots would give contagious fevers,
The Beaver close as hat within its box,
  So different from other Sunday beavers!
The Birds invisible—the Gnaw-way Rats—
  The Seal hermetically sealed till Monday—
The Monkey tribe—the Family of Cats,—
  We visit other families on Sunday—
  But what is your opinion, Mrs. Grundy?

What is the brute profanity that shocks
  The super-sensitively-serious feeling?
The Kangaroo—is he not orthodox
  To bend his legs, the way he does, in kneeling?
Was strict Sir Andrew, in his Sabbath coat,
  Struck all a heap to see a *Coati Mundi*?
Or did the Kentish Plumtree faint to note
  The Pelicans presenting bills on Sunday?
  But what is your opinion, Mrs. Grundy?

What feature has repulsed the serious set?
  What error in the bestial birth or breeding,
To put their tender fancies on the fret—?
  One thing is plain—it is not in the feeding!

Some stiffish people think that smoking joints
  Are carnal sins 'twixt Saturday and Monday—
But then the beasts are pious on these points,
  For they all eat cold dinners on a Sunday—
  But what is your opinion, Mrs. Grundy ?

What change comes o'er the spirit of the place,
  As if transmuted by some spell organic ?
Turns fell Hyæna of the Ghoulish race ?
  The Snake, *pro tempore*, the true Satanic ?
Do Irish minds,—(whose theory allows
  That now and then Good Friday falls on Monday)—
Do Irish minds suppose that Indian Cows
  Are wicked Bulls of Bashan on a Sunday—
  But what is your opinion, Mrs. Grundy ?

There are some moody Fellows, not a few,
  Who, turn'd by Nature with a gloomy bias,
Renounce black devils to adopt the blue,
  And think when they are dismal they are pious—
Is't possible that Pug's untimely fun
  Has sent the brutes to Coventry till Monday—
Or p'rhaps some animal, no serious one,
  Was overheard in laughter on a Sunday—
  But what is your opinion, Mrs. Grundy ?

What dire offence have serious fellows found
  To raise their spleen against the Regent's spinney ?
Were charitable boxes handed round,
  And would not Guinea Pigs subscribe their guinea ?
Perchance the Demoiselle refused to moult
  The feathers in her head—at least till Monday ;
Or did the Elephant, unseemly, bolt
  A tract presented to be read on Sunday—
  But what is your opinion, Mrs. Grundy ?

At whom did Leo struggle to get loose ?
  Who mourns thro' Monkey tricks his damag'd clothing ?
Who has been hissed by the Canadian Goose ?
  On whom did Llama spit in utter loathing ?
Some Smithfield Saint did jealous feelings tell
  To keep the Puma out of sight till Monday,
Because he prey'd extempore as well
  As certain wild Itinerants on Sunday—
  But what is your opinion, Mrs. Grundy ?

To me it seems, that in the oddest way
  (Begging the pardon of each rigid Socius)
Our would-be Keepers of the Sabbath-day
  Are like the Keepers of the brutes ferocious—

As soon the Tiger might expect to stalk
About the grounds from Saturday till Monday,
As any harmless Man to take a walk,
If Saints could clap him in a cage on Sunday—
But what is your opinion, Mrs. Grundy ?

In spite of all hypocrisy can spin,
As surely as I am a Christian scion,
I cannot think it is a mortal sin—
(Unless he 's loose) to look upon a lion.
I really think that one may go, perchance,
To see a bear, as guiltless as on Monday—
(That is, provided that he did not dance)
Bruin 's no worse than bakin' on a Sunday—
But what is your opinion, Mrs. Grundy ?

In spite of all the fanatic compiles,
I cannot think the day a bit diviner,
Because no children, with forestalling smiles,
Throng, happy, to the gates of Eden Minor—
It is not plain, to my poor faith at least,
That what we christen ' Natural ' on Monday,
The wondrous history of Bird and Beast,
Can be Unnatural because it 's Sunday—
But what is your opinion, Mrs. Grundy ?

Whereon is sinful phantasy to work ?
The Dove,—the wing'd Columbus of Man's haven ?
The tender Love-bird—or the filial Stork ?
The punctual Crane—the providential Raven ?
The Pelican whose bosom feeds her young ?
Nay, must we cut from Saturday till Monday
That feather'd marvel with a human tongue,
Because she does not preach upon a Sunday—
But what is your opinion, Mrs. Grundy ?

The busy Beaver—that sagacious beast !
The Sheep that own'd an Oriental Shepherd—
That Desert-ship the Camel of the East,
The horned Rhinoceros—the spotted Leopard—
The creatures of the Great Creator's hand
Are surely sights for better days than Monday—
The Elephant, although he wears no band,
Has he no sermon in his trunk for Sunday—
But what is your opinion, Mrs. Grundy ?

What harm if men who burn the midnight-oil,
Weary of frame, and worn and wan in feature,
Seek once a-week their spirits to assoil,
And snatch a glimpse of ' Animated Nature ' ?

Better it were, if, in his best of suits,
The artisan, who goes to work on Monday,
Should spend a leisure hour amongst the brutes,
Than make a beast of his own self on Sunday—
But what is your opinion, Mrs. Grundy?

Why, zounds! what raised so Protestant a fuss
(Omit the zounds! for which I make apology)
But that the Papists, like some Fellows, thus
Had somehow mixed up *Dens* with their theology?
Is Brahma's Bull—a Hindoo god at home—
A papal Bull to be tied up till Monday—
Or Leo, like his namesake, Pope of Rome,
That there is such a dread of them on Sunday—
But what is your opinion, Mrs. Grundy?

Spirit of Kant! have we not had enough
To make Religion sad, and sour, and snubbish,
But Saints Zoological must cant their stuff,
As vessels cant their ballast—rattling rubbish!
Once let the sect, triumphant to their text,
Shut Nero up from Saturday till Monday,
And sure as fate they will deny us next
To see the Dandelions on a Sunday—
But what is your opinion, Mrs. Grundy?

MISS KILMANSEGG AND HER PRECIOUS LEG

A GOLDEN LEGEND

'What is here?
Gold? yellow, glittering, precious gold?'—*Timon of Athens.*

Her Pedigree.

To trace the Kilmansegg pedigree,
To the very roots of the family tree,
Were a task as rash as ridiculous:
Through antediluvian mists as thick
As London fog such a line to pick
Were enough, in truth, to puzzle Old Nick,
Not to name Sir Harris Nicholas.

It wouldn't require much verbal strain
To trace the Kill-man, perchance, to Cain;
But waiving all such digressions,
Suffice it, according to family lore,
A Patriarch Kilmansegg lived of yore,
Who was famed for his great possessions.

Tradition said he feather'd his nest
Through an Agricultural Interest
In the Golden Age of Farming;
When golden eggs were laid by the geese,
And Colchian sheep wore a golden fleece,
And golden pippins—the sterling kind
Of Hesperus—now so hard to find—
Made Horticulture quite charming!

A Lord of Land, on his own estate,
He lived at a very lively rate,
But his income would bear carousing;
Such acres he had of pasture and heath,
With herbage so rich from the ore beneath,
The very ewes' and lambkins' teeth
Were turned into gold by browsing.

He gave, without any extra thrift,
A flock of sheep for a birthday gift
To each son of his loins, or daughter:
And his debts—if debts he had—at will
He liquidated by giving each bill
A dip in Pactolian water.

'Twas said that even his pigs of lead,
By crossing with some by Midas bred,
Made a perfect mine of his piggery.
And as for cattle, one yearling bull
Was worth all Smithfield-market full
Of the Golden Bulls of Pope Gregory.

The high-bred horses within his stud,
Like human creatures of birth and blood,
Had their Golden Cups and flagons:
And as for the common husbandry nags,
Their noses were tied in money-bags,
When they stopp'd with the carts and waggons.

Moreover, he had a Golden Ass,
Sometimes at stall, and sometimes at grass,
That was worth his own weight in money—
And a golden hive on a Golden Bank,
Where golden bees by alchemical prank
Gather'd gold instead of honey.

Gold! and gold! and gold without end!
He had gold to lay by, and gold to spend,
Gold to give, and gold to lend,
And reversions of gold in futuro.
In wealth the family revell'd and roll'd;
Himself and wife and sons so bold;
And his daughters sang to their harps of gold
'O bella età del' oro!'

Such was the tale of the Kilmansegg Kin,
In golden text on a vellum skin,
Though certain people would wink and grin,
And declare the whole story a parable—
That the Ancestor rich was one Jacob Ghrimes,
Who held a long lease, in prosperous times,
Of acres, pasture and arable.

That as money makes money his golden bees
Were the five per cents, or which you please,
When his cash was more than plenty—
That the golden cups were racing affairs;
And his daughters, who sang Italian airs,
Had their golden harps of Clementi.

That the Golden Ass, or Golden Bull,
Was English John with his pockets full,

Then at war by land and water:
While beef, and mutton, and other meat,
Were almost as dear as money to eat,
And Farmers reaped Golden Harvests of wheat,
At the Lord knows what per quarter!

Her Birth.

What different dooms our birthdays bring!
For instance, one little mannikin thing
Survives to wear many a wrinkle;
While Death forbids another to wake,
And a son that it took nine moons to make,
Expires without even a twinkle!

Into this world we come like ships,
Launch'd from the docks, and stocks, and slips,
For fortune fair or fatal;
And one little craft is cast away,
In its very first trip in Babbicome Bay,
While another rides safe at Port Natal.

What different lots our stars accord!
This babe to be hail'd and woo'd as a Lord,
And that to be shunned like a leper!
One, to the world's wine, honey, and corn,
Another, like Colchester native, born
To its vinegar, only, and pepper.

One is littered under a roof
Neither wind nor water proof,—
That 's the prose of Love in a Cottage—
A puny, naked, shivering wretch,
The whole of whose birthright would not fetch,
Though Robins himself drew up the sketch,
The bid of 'a mess of pottage.'

Born of Fortunatus's kin,
Another comes tenderly usher'd in
To a prospect all bright and burnish'd:
No tenant he, for life's back slums—
He comes to the world as a gentleman comes
To a lodging ready furnish'd.

And the other sex—the tender—the fair—
What wide reverses of fate are there!
While Margaret, charm'd by the Bulbul rare,
In a garden of Gul reposes—
Poor Peggy hawks nosegays from street to street,
Till—think of that, who find life so sweet!—
She hates the smell of roses!

Not so with the infant Kilmansegg!
She was not born to steal or beg,
Or gather cresses in ditches;
To plait the straw or bind the shoe,
Or sit all day to hem and sew,
As females must, and not a few—
To fill their insides with stitches!

She was not doom'd for bread to eat
To be put to her hands as well as her feet—
To carry home linen from mangles—
Or heavy-hearted, and weary-limb'd,
To dance on a rope in a jacket trimm'd
With as many blows as spangles.

She was one of those who by Fortune's boon
Are born, as they say, with a silver spoon
In her mouth, not a wooden ladle:
To speak according to poet's wont,
Plutus as sponsor stood at her font,
And Midas rock'd the cradle.

At her first *debut* she found her head
On a pillow of down, in a downy bed,

With a damask canopy over.
For although by the vulgar popular saw,
All mothers are said to be 'in the straw,'
Some children are born in clover.

Her very first thought of vital air,
It was not the common chameleon fare
Of Plebeian lungs and noses,—
No—her earliest sniff
Of this world was a whiff
Of the genuine Otto of Roses!

When she saw the light—it was no mere ray
Of that light so common—so every-day—
That the sun each morning launches—
But six wax tapers dazzled her eyes,
From a thing—a gooseberry bush for size—
With a golden stem and branches.

She was born exactly at half-past two,
As witness'd a timepiece in or-molu
That stood on a marble table—
Showing at once the time of day,
And a team of *Gildings* running away
As fast as they were able,
With a golden God with a golden Star,
And a golden spear in a golden Car
According to Grecian fable.

Like other babes, at her birth she cried,
Which made a sensation far and wide,
Ay, for twenty miles around her;
For though to the ear 'twas nothing more
Than an infant's squall, it was really the roar
Of a Fifty-thousand Pounder!
It shook the next heir
In his library chair,
And made him cry, 'Confound her!'

Of signs and omens there was no dearth,
Any more than at Owen Glendower's birth,
Or the advent of other great people:
Two bullocks dropp'd dead,
As if knock'd on the head,
And barrels of stout
And ale ran about,
And the village-bells such a peal rang out,
That they cracked the village steeple.

In no time at all, like mushroom spawn,
Tables sprang up all over the lawn;
Not furnish'd scantly or shabbily,
But on scale as vast
As that huge repast,
With its loads and cargoes
Of drink and botargoes,
At the Birth of the Babe in Rabelais.

Hundreds of men were turn'd into beasts,
Like the guests at Circe's horrible feasts,
By the magic of ale and cider:
And each country lass, and each country lad,
Began to caper and dance like mad,
And even some old ones appear'd to have had
A bite from the Naples Spider.

Then as night came on,
It had scared King John,
Who considered such signs not risible,
To have seen the maroons,
And the whirling moons,
And the serpents of flame,
And wheels of the same,
That according to some were 'whizzable.'

Oh, happy Hope of the Kilmanseggs!
Thrice happy in head, and body, and legs,

That her parents had such full pockets!
For had she been born of Want and Thrift,
For care and nursing all adrift,
It 's ten to one she had had to make shift
With rickets instead of rockets!

And how was the precious Baby drest?
In a robe of the East, with lace of the West,
Like one of Crœsus's issue—
Her best bibs were made
Of rich gold brocade,
And the others of silver tissue.

And when the Baby inclined to nap,
She was lull'd on a Gros de Naples lap,
By a nurse, in a modish Paris cap,
Of notions so exalted,
She drank nothing lower than Curaçoa,
Maraschino, or pink Noyau,
And on principle never malted.

From a golden boat, with a golden spoon,
The babe was fed night, morning, and noon;
And altho' the tale seems fabulous,
'Tis said her tops and bottoms were gilt,
Like the oats in that Stable-yard Palace built
For the Horse of Heliogabalus.

And when she took to squall and kick,
For pain will wring, and pins will prick,
E'en the wealthiest nabob's daughter;—
They gave her no vulgar Dalby or gin,
But a liquor with leaf of gold therein,
Videlicet—Dantzic Water.

In short, she was born, and bred, and nurst,
And drest in the best from the very first,
To please the genteelest censor—
And then, as soon as strength would allow,
Was vaccinated, as babes are now,
With virus ta'en from the best-bred cow
Of Lord Althorpe's—now Earl Spencer.

Her Christening.

Though Shakespeare asks us, 'What 's in a name?'
(As if cognomens were much the same),
There 's really a very great scope in it.
A name?—why, wasn't there Doctor Dodd,
That servant at once of Mammon and God,
Who found four thousand pounds and odd,
A prison—a cart—and a rope in it?

A name?—if the party had a voice,
What mortal would be a Bugg by choice,
As a Hogg, a Grubb, or a Chubb rejoice,
Or any such nauseous blazon?
Not to mention many a vulgar name,
That would make a doorplate blush for shame,
If doorplates were not so brazen!

A name?—it has more than nominal worth,
And belongs to good or bad luck at birth—
As dames of a certain degree know,
In spite of his Page's hat and hose,
His Page's jacket, and buttons in rows,
Bob only sounds like a page of prose
Till turn'd into Rupertino.

Now to christen the infant Kilmansegg,
For days and days it was quite a plague,

To hunt the list in the Lexicon :
And scores were tried like coin by the ring,
Ere names were found just the proper thing
For a minor rich as a Mexican.

Then cards were sent, the presence to beg
Of all the kin of Kilmansegg,
White, yellow, and brown relations:
Brothers, Wardens of City Halls,
And Uncles—rich as three Golden Balls
From taking pledges of nations.

Nephews, whom Fortune seem'd to bewitch,
Rising in life like rockets—
Nieces whose dowries knew no hitch—
Aunts as certain of dying rich
As candles in golden sockets—
Cousins German and cousins' sons,
All thriving and opulent—some had tons
Of Kentish hops in their pockets !

For money had stuck to the race thro' life
(As it did to the bushel when cash so rife
Posed Ali Baba's brother's wife)—
And down to the Cousins and Cozlings,
The fortunate brood of the Kilmanseggs,
As if they had come out of golden eggs
Were all as wealthy as 'Goslings.'

It would fill a Court Gazette to name
What East and West End people came
To the rite of Christianity :
The lofty Lord and the titled Dame,
All di'monds, plumes, and urbanity:
His Lordship the May'r with his golden chain,
And two Gold Sticks, and the Sheriffs twain,
Nine foreign Counts, and other great men
With their orders and stars, to help M or N
To renounce all pomp and vanity.

To paint the maternal Kilmansegg,
The pen of an Eastern Poet would beg,
And need an elaborate sonnet ;
How she sparkled with gems whenever she stirr'd,
And her head niddle-noddled at every word,
And seem'd so happy, a Paradise Bird
Had nidificated upon it.

And Sir Jacob the Father strutted and bow'd,
And smiled to himself, and laugh'd aloud,
To think of his heiress and daughter—
And then in his pockets he made a grope,
And then, in the fulness of joy and hope,
Seem'd washing his hands with invisible soap,
In imperceptible water.

He had roll'd in money like pigs in mud,
Till it seem'd to have enter'd into his blood
By some occult projection :
And his cheeks, instead of a healthy hue,
As yellow as any guinea grew,
Making the common phrase seem true
About a rich complexion.

And now came the Nurse, and during a pause,
Her dead-leaf satin would fitly cause
A very autumnal rustle—
So full of figure, so full of fuss,
As she carried about the babe to buss,
She seem'd to be nothing but bustle.

A wealthy Nabob was Godpapa,
And an Indian Begum was God-mamma,
Whose jewels a Queen might covet—
And the Priest was a Vicar, and Dean withal
Of that Temple we see with a Golden Ball,
And a Golden Cross above it.

The Font was a bowl of American gold,
Won by Raleigh in days of old,
  In spite of Spanish bravado;
And the Book of Pray'r was so over-
    run
With gilt devices, it shone in the sun,
Like a copy—a presentation one—
  Of Humboldt's 'El Dorado.'

Gold! and gold! and nothing but
    gold!
The same auriferous shine behold
  Wherever the eye could settle!
On the walls—the sideboard—the
    ceiling-sky—
On the gorgeous footmen standing by,
In coats to delight a miner's eye,
  With seams of the precious metal.

Gold! and gold! and besides the gold,
The very robe of the infant told
A tale of wealth in every fold;
  It lapp'd her like a vapour!
So fine! so thin! the mind at a loss
Could compare it to nothing, except a
    cross
  Of cobwebs with bank-note paper.

Then her pearls—'twas a perfect
    sight, forsooth,
To see them, like 'the dew of her
    youth,'
  In such a plentiful sprinkle.
Meanwhile, the Vicar read through
    the form,
And gave her another, not overwarm,
  That made her little eyes twinkle.

Then the babe was cross'd, and bless'd
    amain,
But instead of the Kate, or Ann, or
    Jane,
  Which the humbler female en-
    dorses,
Instead of one name, as some people
    prefix,
Kilmansegg went at the tails of six,
  Like a carriage of state with its
    horses.

Oh, then the kisses she got and hugs!
The golden mugs and the golden jugs,
  That lent fresh rays to the midges!
The golden knives, and the golden
    spoons,
The gems that sparkled like fairy
    boons,
It was one of the Kilmanseggs' own
    saloons,
  But looked like Rundell and
    Bridge's!

Gold! and gold! the new and old!
The company ate and drank from gold,
  They revell'd, they sang, and were
    merry;
And one of the Gold Sticks rose from
    his chair,
And toasted 'the Lass with the
    golden hair'
  In a bumper of golden Sherry.

Gold! still gold! it rain'd on the
    Nurse,
Who, unlike Danäe, was none the
    worse;
There was nothing but guineas
    glistening!
  Fifty were given to Doctor James
  For calling the little Baby names,
    And for saying, Amen!
    The Clerk had ten,
And that was the end of the Christen-
    ing.

Her Childhood.

Our youth! our childhood! that spring
    of springs!
'Tis surely one of the blessedest things
  That nature ever invented!
When the rich are wealthy beyond
    their wealth,
And the poor are rich in spirits and
    health,
  And all with their lots contented!

There 's little Phelim, he sings like a
    thrush,
In the selfsame pair of patchwork
    plush,

With the selfsame empty pockets,
That tempted his daddy so often to cut
His throat, or jump in the water-butt.—
But what cares Phelim ? an empty nut
Would sooner bring tears to their sockets.

Give him a collar without a skirt,
That 's the Irish linen for shirt,
And a slice of bread, with a taste of dirt,
That 's Poverty's Irish butter.
And what does he lack to make him blest ?
Some oyster-shells, or a sparrow's nest,
A candle-end and a gutter.

But to leave the happy Phelim alone,
Gnawing, perchance, a marrowless bone,
For which no dog would quarrel—
Turn we to little Miss Kilmansegg,
Cutting her first little toothy-peg
With a fifty-guinea coral—
A peg upon which
About poor and rich
Reflection might hang a moral.

Born in wealth and wealthily nursed,
Capp'd, papp'd, napp'd, and lapp'd from the first
On the knees of Prodigality.
Her childhood was one eternal round
Of the game of going on Tickler's ground,
Picking up gold—in reality.

With extempore carts she never play'd,
Or the odds and ends of a Tinker's trade,
Or little dirt pies and puddings made,
Like children happy and squalid ;
The very puppet she had to pet,
Like a bait for the ' Nix my Dolly ' set,
Was a Dolly of gold—and solid !

Gold ! and gold ! 'twas the burden still !
To gain the Heiress's early goodwill
There was much corruption and bribery—
The yearly cost of her golden toys
Would have given half London's Charity Boys
And Charity Girls the annual joys
Of a holiday dinner at Highbury.

Bon-bons she ate from the gilt *cornet* ;
And gilded queens on St. Bartlemy's day ;
Till her fancy was tinged by her presents—
And first a Goldfinch excited her wish,
Then a spherical bowl with its Golden fish,
And then two Golden Pheasants.

Nay, once she squall'd and scream'd like wild—
And it shows how the bias we give to a child
Is a thing most weighty and solemn ;—
But whence was wonder or blame to spring,
If little Miss K.,—after such a swing—
Made a dust for the flaming gilded thing
On the top of the Fish-street column ?

Her Education.

According to metaphysical creed,
To the earliest books that children read
For much good or much bad they are debtors ;
But before with their A B C they start,
There are things in morals as well as art,
That play a very important part—
' Impressions before the letters.'

Dame Education begins the pile,
Mayhap in the graceful Corinthian style,

But alas for the elevation!
If the Lady's maid or Gossip the Nurse
With a load of rubbish, or something worse,
Have made a rotten foundation.

Even thus with little Miss Kilmansegg,
Before she learnt her E for egg,
Ere her Governess came, or her Masters—
Teachers of quite a different kind
Had 'cramm'd' her beforehand, and put her mind
In a go-cart on golden castors.

Long before her A B and C,
They had taught her by heart her L. S. D.,
And as how she was born a great Heiress;
And as sure as London is built of bricks,
My Lord would ask her the day to fix,
To ride in a fine gilt coach and six,
Like her Worship the Lady May'ress.

Instead of stories from Edgeworth's page,
The true golden lore for our golden age,
Or lessons from Barbauld and Trimmer,
Teaching the worth of Virtue and Health,
All that she knew was the Virtue of Wealth,
Provided by vulgar nursery stealth
With a Book of Leaf Gold for a Primer.

The very metal of merit they told,
And prais'd her for being as 'good as gold'
Till she grew as a peacock haughty;
Of money they talk'd the whole day round,
And weigh'd desert like grapes by the pound,
Till she had an idea from the very sound
That people with naught were naughty.

They praised—poor children with nothing at all!
Lord! how you twaddle and waddle and squall,
Like common-bred geese and ganders!
What sad little bad little figures you make
To the rich Miss K., whose plainest seed-cake
Was stuff'd with corianders!

They prais'd her falls, as well as her walk.
Flatterers make cream cheese of chalk,
They prais'd—how they prais'd—her very small talk,
As if it fell from a Solon;
Or the girl who at each pretty phrase let drop
A ruby comma, a pearl full-stop,
And an emerald semi-colon.

They prais'd her spirit, and now and then,
The Nurse brought her own little 'nevy' Ben,
To play with the future May'ress,
And when he got raps, and taps, and slaps,
Scratches, and pinches, snips, and snaps,
As if from a Tigress or Bearess,
They told him how lords would court that hand,
And always gave him to understand,
While he rubbed, poor soul!
His carroty poll,
That his hair had been pulled by 'a *Hairess.*'

Such were the lessons from maid and nurse,
A Governess helped to make still worse,
Giving an appetite so perverse
Fresh diet whereon to batten—
Beginning with A B C to hold
Like a royal play-bill printed in gold
On a square of pearl-white satin.

The books to teach the verbs and nouns,
And those about countries, cities, and towns,
Instead of their sober drabs and browns,
Were in crimson silk, with gilt edges;—
Her Butler and Enfield and Entick—in short
Her 'Early Lessons' of every sort,
Looked like Souvenirs, Keepsakes, and Pledges.

Old Johnson shone out in as fine array
As he did one night when he went to the play;
Chambaud like a beau of King Charles's day—
Lindley Murray in like conditions—
Each weary, unwelcome, irksome task,
Appear'd in a fancy dress and a mask—
If you wish for similar copies ask
For Howell and James's Editions.

Novels she read to amuse her mind,
But always the affluent match-making kind
That ends with Promessi Sposi,
And a father-in-law so wealthy and grand,
He could give cheque-mate to Coutts in the Strand;
So along with a ring and posy,
He endows the Bride with Golconda offhand,
And gives the Groom Potosi.

Plays she perused—but she liked the best
Those comedy gentlefolks always possessed
Of fortunes so truly romantic—
Of money so ready that right or wrong
It always is ready to go for a song,
Throwing it, going it, pitching it strong—
They ought to have purses as green and long
As the cucumber called the Gigantic.

Then Eastern Tales she loved for the sake
Of the Purse of Oriental make,
And the thousand pieces they put in it—
But Pastoral scenes on her heart fell cold,
For Nature with her had lost its hold,
No field but the Field of the Cloth of Gold
Would ever have caught her foot in it.

What more? She learned to sing, and dance,
To sit on a horse, although he should prance,
And to speak a French not spoken in France
Any more than at Babel's building—
And she painted shells, and flowers, and Turks,
But her great delight was in Fancy Works
That are done with gold or gilding.

Gold! still gold!—the bright and the dead,
With golden beads, and gold lace, and gold thread,
She work'd in gold as if for her bread,
The metal had so undermined her—
Gold ran in her thoughts and fill'd her brain,
She was golden-headed as Peter's cane
With which he walked behind her.

Her Accident.

The horse that carried Miss Kilmansegg,
And a better never lifted leg,
Was a very rich bay, called Banker—
A horse of a breed and a mettle so rare,—
By Bullion out of an Ingot mare,—
That for action, the best of figures, and air,
It made many good judges hanker.

And when she took a ride in the Park,
Equestrian Lord, or pedestrian Clerk,
Was thrown in an amorous fever,
To see the heiress how well she sat,
With her groom behind her, Bob or Nat,
In green, half smother'd with gold, and a hat
With more gold lace than beaver.

And then when Banker obtained a pat,
To see how he arch'd his neck at that!
He snorted with pride and pleasure!
Like the Steed in the fable so lofty and grand,
Who gave the poor Ass to understand,
That *he* didn't carry a bag of sand,
But a burden of golden treasure.

A load of treasure?—alas! alas!
Had her horse but been fed upon English grass
And sheltered in Yorkshire spinneys,
Had he scour'd the sand with the Desert Ass,
Or where the American whinnies,—
But a hunter from Erin's turf and gorse,
A regular thorough-bred Irish horse,
Why, he ran away, as a matter of course,
With a girl worth her weight in guineas!

Mayhap 'tis the trick of such pamper'd nags
To shy at the sight of a beggar in rags;
But away, like the bolt of a rabbit,
Away went the horse in the madness of fright,
And away went the horsewoman mocking the sight—
Was yonder blue flash a flash of blue light,
Or only the skirt of her habit?

Away she flies, with the groom behind,—
It looks like a race of the Calmuck kind,
When Hymen himself is the starter:
And the Maid rides first in the four-footed strife,
Riding, striding, as if for her life,
While the Lover rides after to catch him a wife,
Although it 's catching a Tartar.

But the Groom has lost his glittering hat!
Though he does not sigh and pull up for that—
Alas! his horse is a tit for Tatt,
To sell to a very low bidder—
His wind is ruin'd, his shoulder is sprung,
Things, though a horse be well-bred and young,
A purchaser *will* consider.

But still flies the heiress through stones and dust,
Oh, for a fall, if fall she must,
On the gentle lap of Flora!
But still, thank Heaven! she clings to her seat—
Away! away! she could ride a dead heat
With the Dead who ride so fast and fleet,
In the Ballad of Leonora!

Away she gallops!—it 's awful work!
It 's faster than Turpin's ride to York,
On Bess that notable clipper!
She has circled the Ring!—she crosses the Park!
Mazeppa, although he was stripp'd so stark,
Mazeppa couldn't outstrip her!

The fields seem running away with the folks!
The Elms are having a race for the Oaks!
At a pace that all Jockeys disparages!
All, all is racing! the Serpentine
Seems rushing past like the 'arrowy Rhine,'
The houses have got on a railway line,
And are off like the first-class carriages!

She'll lose her life! she is losing her breath!
A cruel chase, she is chasing Death,
As female shriekings forewarn her:
And now—as gratis as blood of Guelph—
She clears that gate, which has cleared itself
Since then, at Hyde Park Corner!

Alas! for the hope of the Kilmanseggs!
For her head, her brains, her body, and legs,
Her life 's not worth a copper!
Willy-nilly,
In Piccadilly,
A hundred hearts turn sick and chilly,
A hundred voices cry, 'Stop her!'
And one old gentleman stares and stands,
Shakes his head and lifts his hands,
And says, 'How very improper!'

On and on!—what a perilous run!
The iron rails seem all mingling in one,
To shut out the Green Park scenery!
And now the Cellar its dangers reveals,
She shudders—she shrieks—she 's doom'd, she feels,
To be torn by powers of horses and wheels,
Like a spinner by steam machinery!

Sick with horror she shuts her eyes,
But the very stones seem uttering cries,
As they did to that Persian daughter,
When she climb'd up the steep vociferous hill,
Her little silver flagon to fill
With the magical Golden Water!

'Batter her! shatter her!
Throw and scatter her!'
Shouts each stony-hearted chatterer!
'Dash at the heavy Dover!
Spill her! kill her! tear and tatter her!
Smash her! crash her!' (the stones didn't flatter her!)

'Kick her brains out! let her blood spatter her!
Roll on her over and over!'

For so she gathered the awful sense
Of the street in its past unmacadamiz'd tense,
As the wild horse overran it,—
His four heels making the clatter of six,
Like a Devil's tattoo, play'd with iron sticks
On a kettle-drum of granite!

On! still on! she 's dazzled with hints
Of oranges, ribbons, and colour'd prints,
A Kaleidoscope jumble of shapes and tints,
And human faces all flashing,
Bright and brief as the sparks from the flints,
That the desperate hoof keeps dashing!

On and on! still frightfully fast!
Dover-street, Bond-street, all are past!
But—yes—no—yes!—they're down at last!
The Furies and Fates have found them!
Down they go with a sparkle and crash,
Like a Bark that 's struck by the lightning flash—
There 's a shriek—and a sob—
And the dense dark mob
Like a billow closes around them!

* * * * * *
* * * * * *

'She breathes!'
'She don't!'
'She'll recover!'
'She won't!'
'She 's stirring! she 's living, by Nemesis!'

Gold, still gold! on counter and shelf!
Golden dishes as plenty as delf!
Miss Kilmansegg 's coming again to herself
On an opulent Goldsmith's premises!

Gold! fine gold!—both yellow and red,
Beaten, and molten—polish'd, and dead—
To see the gold with profusion spread
In all forms of its manufacture!
But what avails gold to Miss Kilmansegg,
When the femoral bone of her dexter leg
Has met with a compound fracture?

Gold may sooth Adversity's smart;
Nay, help to bind up a broken heart;
But to try it on any other part
Were as certain a disappointment,
As if one should rub the dish and plate,
Taken out of a Staffordshire crate—
In the hope of a Golden Service of State—
With Singleton's 'Golden Ointment.'

Her Precious Leg.

'As the twig is bent, the tree 's inclined,'
Is an adage often recall'd to mind,
Referring to juvenile bias:
And never so well is the verity seen,
As when to the weak, warp'd side we lean,
While Life's tempests and hurricanes try us.

Even thus with Miss K. and her broken limb,
By a very, very remarkable whim,
She show'd her early tuition:
While the buds of character came into blow
With a certain tinge that served to show
The nursery culture long ago,
As the graft is known by fruition!

For the King's Physician, who nursed the case,
His verdict gave with an awful face,
And three others concurr'd to egg it:
That the Patient to give old Death the slip,
Like the Pope, instead of a personal trip,
Must send her Leg as a Legate.

The limb was doom'd—it couldn't be saved!
And like other people the patient behaved,
Nay, bravely that cruel parting braved,
Which makes some persons so falter;
They rather would part without a groan,
With the flesh of their flesh, and bone of their bone,
They obtained at St. George's altar.

But when it came to fitting the stump
With a proxy limb—then flatly and plump
She spoke, in the spirit olden;
She couldn't—she shouldn't—she wouldn't have wood!
Nor a leg of cork, if she never stood,
And she swore an oath, or something as good,
The proxy limb should be golden!

A wooden leg! what, a sort of peg,
For your common Jockeys and Jennies!
No, no, her mother might worry and plague—
Weep, go down on her knees, and beg,
But nothing would move Miss Kilmansegg!
She could—she would have a Golden Leg,
If it cost ten thousand guineas!

Wood indeed, in Forest or Park,
With its sylvan honours and feudal bark,

Is an aristocratical article;
But split and sawn, and hack'd about town,
Serving all needs of pauper or clown,
Trod on! staggered on! Wood cut down
Is vulgar—fibre and particle!

And Cork!—when the noble Cork Tree shades
A lovely group of Castilian maids,
'Tis a thing for a song or sonnet!—
But cork, as it stops the bottle of gin,
Or bungs the beer—the *small* beer!—in—
It pierced her heart like a corking-pin,
To think of standing upon it!

A Leg of Gold—solid gold throughout,
Nothing else, whether slim or stout,
Should ever support her, God willing!
She must—she could—she would have her whim,
Her father, she turned a deaf ear to him—
He might kill her—she didn't mind killing!
He was welcome to cut off her other limb—
He might cut her all off with a shilling!

All other promised gifts were in vain,
Golden Girdle, or Golden Chain
She writhed with impatience more than pain,
And uttered 'pshaws!' and 'pishes!'
But a Leg of Gold! as she lay in bed,
It danced before her—it ran in her head!
It jump'd with her dearest wishes!
Gold—gold—gold! Oh, let it be gold!'
Asleep or awake that tale she told,
And when she grew delirious:
'Till her parents resolved to grant her wish,
If they melted down plate, and goblet, and dish,
The case was getting so serious.

So a Leg was made in a comely mould,
Of Gold, fine virgin glittering gold,
As solid as man could make it—
Solid in foot, and calf, and shank,
A prodigious sum of money it sank;
In fact 'twas a Branch of the family Bank,
And no easy matter to break it.

All sterling metal—not half-and-half,
The Goldsmith's mark was stamped on the calf—
'Twas pure as from Mexican barter!
And to make it more costly, just over the knee—
Where another ligature used to be,
Was a circle of Jewels, worth shillings to see,
A new-fangled Badge of the Garter!

'Twas a splendid, brilliant, beautiful Leg,
Fit for the Court of Scander-Beg,
That Precious Leg of Miss Kilmansegg!
For, thanks to parental bounty,
Secure from Mortification's touch,
She stood on a Member that cost as much
As a Member for all the County!

Her Fame.

To gratify stern ambition's whims,
What hundreds and thousands of precious limbs
On a field of battle we scatter!
Sever'd by sword, or bullet, or saw,
Off they go, all bleeding and raw,—
But the public seems to get the lock-jaw,
So little is said on the matter!

Legs, the tightest that ever were seen,
The tightest, the lightest, that danc'd on the green,
Cutting capers to sweet Kitty Clover;
Shatter'd, scatter'd, cut, bowl'd down,
Off they go, worse off for renown,
A line in the *Times*, or a talk about town,
Than the leg that a fly runs over!

But the Precious Leg of Miss Kilmansegg,
That gowden, goolden, golden leg,
Was the theme of all conversation!
Had it been a Pillar of Church and State,
Or a prop to support the whole Dead Weight,
It could not have furnish'd more debate
To the heads and tails of the nation!

East, and west, and north, and south,
Though useless for either hunger or drouth—
The Leg was in everybody's mouth,
To use a poetical figure,
Rumour, in taking her ravenous swim,
Saw, and seiz'd on the tempting limb,
Like a shark on the leg of a nigger.

Wilful Murder fell very dead;
Debates in the House were hardly read;
In vain the Police Reports were fed
With Irish riots and *rumpuses*—
The Leg! the Leg! was the great event,
Through every circle in life it went,
Like the leg of a pair of compasses.

The last new Novel seem'd tame and flat,
The Leg, a novelty newer than that,
Had tripp'd up the heels of Fiction!
It Burked the very essays of Burke,
And, alas! how Wealth over Wit plays the Turk!
As a regular piece of goldsmith's work,
Got the better of Goldsmith's diction.

'A leg of gold! what, of solid gold!'
Cried rich and poor, and young and old,
And Master and Miss and Madam—
'Twas the talk of 'Change—the Alley—the Bank—
And with men of scientific rank,
It made as much stir as the fossil shank
Of a Lizard coeval with Adam!

Of course with Greenwich and Chelsea elves,
Men who had lost a limb themselves,
Its interest did not dwindle—
But Bill, and Ben, and Jack, and Tom
Could hardly have spun more yarns therefrom,
If the leg had been a spindle.

Meanwhile the story went to and fro,
Till, gathering like the ball of snow,
By the time it got to Stratford-le-Bow,
Through Exaggeration's touches,
The Heiress and Hope of the Kilmanseggs
Was propped on *two* fine Golden Legs,
And a pair of Golden Crutches!

Never had leg so great a run!
'Twas the 'go' and the 'Kick' thrown into one!
The mode—the new thing under the sun,
The rage—the fancy—the passion!
Bonnets were nam'd, and hats were worn,
A la Golden Leg instead of Leghorn,
And stockings and shoes,
Of golden hues,
Took the lead in the walks of fashion!

The Golden Leg had a vast career,
It was sung and danced—and to show how near
Low Folly to lofty approaches,
Down to society's very dregs,
The Belles of Wapping wore 'Kilmanseggs,'
And St. Giles's Beaux sported Golden Legs
In their pinchbeck pins and brooches!

Her First Step.

Supposing the Trunk and Limbs of Man
Shar'd, on the allegorical plan,

By the Passions that mark Humanity,
Whichever might claim the head, or heart,
The stomach, or any other part,
The Legs would be seized by Vanity.

There 's Bardus, a six-foot column of fop,
A lighthouse without any light atop,
Whose height would attract beholders,
If he had not lost some inches clear
By looking down at his kerseymere,
Ogling the limbs he holds so dear,
Till he got a stoop in his shoulders.

Talk of Art, of Science, or Books,
And down go the everlasting looks,
To his crural beauties so wedded!
Try him, wherever you will, you find
His mind in his legs, and his legs in his mind,
All prongs and folly—in short a kind
Of Fork—that is Fiddle-headed.

What wonder, then, if Miss Kilmansegg,
With a splendid, brilliant, beautiful leg,
Fit for the Court of Scander-Beg,
Disdained to hide it, like Joan or Meg,
In petticoats stuff'd or quilted?
Not she! 'twas her convalescent whim
To dazzle the world with the precious limb,—
Nay, to go a little high-kilted.

So cards were sent for that sort of mob
Where Tartars and Africans hob-and-nob,
And the Cherokee talks of his cab and cob
To Polish or Lapland lovers—
Cards, like that hieroglyphical call
To a geographical Fancy Ball
On the present Post-Office covers.

For if Lion-hunters—and great ones too—
Would mob a savage from Latakoo,
Or squeeze for a glimpse of Prince Le Boo,
That unfortunate Sandwich scion—
Hundreds of first-rate people, no doubt,
Would gladly, madly, rush to a rout,
That promis'd a Golden Lion!

Her Fancy Ball.

Of all the spirits of evil fame
That hurt the soul or injure the frame,
And poison what 's honest and hearty,
There 's none more needs a Mathew to preach
A cooling, antiphlogistic speech,
To praise and enforce
A temperate course,
Than the Evil Spirit of Party.

Go to the House of Commons or Lords,
And they seem to be busy with simple words
In their popular sense or pedantic—
But, alas! with their cheers, and sneers, and jeers,
They're really busy, whatever appears,
Putting peas in each other's ears,
To drive their enemies frantic!

Thus Tories love to worry the Whigs,
Who treat them in turn like Schwalbach pigs,
Giving them lashes, thrashes, and digs,
With their writhing and pain delighted—
But after all that 's said, and more,
The malice and spite of Party are poor
To the malice and spite of a party next door,
To a party not invited.

On with the cap and out with the light,
Weariness bids the world good-night,

At least for the usual season ;
But hark ! a clatter of horses' heels ;
And Sleep and Silence are broken on wheels,
Like Wilful Murder and Treason !

Another crash — and the carriage goes—
Again poor Weariness seeks the repose
That Nature demands imperious ;
But Echo takes up the burden now,
With a rattling chorus of row-de-dow-dow,
Till Silence herself seems making a row,
Like a Quaker gone delirious !

'Tis night—a winter night—and the stars
Are shining like winkin'—Venus and Mars
Are rolling along in their golden cars
Through the sky's serene expansion—
But vainly the stars dispense their rays,
Venus and Mars are lost in the blaze
Of the Kilmanseggs' luminous mansion !

Up jumps Fear in a terrible fright !
His bedchamber windows look so bright,
With light all the Square is glutted !
Up he jumps, like a sole from the pan,
And a tremor sickens his inward man,
For he feels as only a gentleman can,
Who thinks he 's being ' gutted.'

Again Fear settles, all snug and warm;
But only to dream of a dreadful storm
From Autumn's sulphurous locker ;
But the only electric body that falls,
Wears a negative coat, and positive smalls,
And draws the peal that so appals
From the Kilmanseggs' brazen knocker !

'Tis Curiosity's Benefit Night—
And perchance 'tis the English Second-Sight ;
But whatever it be, so be it—
As the friends and guests of Miss Kilmansegg
Crowd in to look at her Golden Leg,
As many more
Mob round the door,
To see them going to see it !

In they go—in jackets and cloaks,
Plumes and bonnets, turbans and toques,
As if to a Congress of Nations :
Greeks and Malays, with daggers and dirks,
Spaniards, Jews, Chinese, and Turks,
Some like original foreign works,
But mostly like bad translations.

In they go, and to work like a pack,
Juan, Moses, and Shacabac,
Tom, and Jerry, and Springheel'd Jack,
For some of low Fancy are lovers—
Skirting, zigzagging, casting about,
Here and there, and in and out,
With a crush, and a rush, for a full-bodied rout
Is one of the stiffest of covers.

In they went, and hunted about,
Open-mouthed like chub and trout,
And some with the upper lip thrust out,
Like that fish for routing a barbel—
While Sir Jacob stood to welcome the crowd,
And rubbed his hands, and smiled aloud.
And bow'd, and bow'd, and bow'd, and bow'd,
Like a man who is sawing marble.

For Princes were there, and noble Peers ;
Dukes descended from Norman spears;
Earls that dated from early years ;
And Lords in vast variety—
Besides the Gentry, both new and old—
For people who stand on legs of gold
Are sure to stand well with society.

'But where—where—where?' with one accord
Cried Moses and Mufti, Jack and my Lord,
Wang-fong and Il Bondocani—
When slow, and heavy, and dead as a dump,
They heard a foot begin to stump,
Thump! lump!
Lump! thump!
Like the Spectre in 'Don Giovanni!'

And lo! the Heiress, Miss Kilmansegg,
With her splendid, brilliant, beautiful leg,
In the garb of a Goddess olden—
Like chaste Diana going to hunt,
With a golden spear—which of course was blunt,
And a tunic loop'd up to a gem in front,
To show the Leg that was Golden!

Gold! still gold! her Crescent behold,
That should be silver, but would be gold;
And her robe's auriferous spangles!
Her golden stomacher—how she would melt!
Her golden quiver, and golden belt,
Where a golden bugle dangles!

And her jewelled Garter? Oh, sin! Oh, shame!
Let Pride and Vanity bear the blame,
That bring such blots on female fame!
But to be a true recorder,
Besides its thin transparent stuff,
The tunic was looped quite high enough
To give a glimpse of the Order!

But what have sin or shame to do
With a golden Leg—and a stout one too?
Away with all Prudery's panics!
That the precious metal, by thick and thin,
Will cover square acres of land or sin,
Is a fact made plain
Again and again,
In Morals as well as Mechanics.

A few, indeed, of her proper sex,
Who seemed to feel her foot on their necks,
And feared their charms would meet with checks
From so rare and splendid a blazon—
A few cried 'fie!'—and 'forward'—and 'bold!'
And said of the Leg, it might be gold,
But to them it looked like brazen!

'Twas hard, they hinted, for flesh and blood,
Virtue and Beauty, and all that 's good,
To strike to mere dross their top-gallants—
But what were Beauty, or Virtue, or Worth,
Gentle manners, or gentle birth,
Nay, what the most talented head on earth
To a Leg worth fifty Talents!

But the men sang quite another hymn
Of glory and praise to the precious Limb—
Age, sordid Age, admir'd the whim,
And its indecorum pardon'd—
While half of the young—ay, more than half—
Bowed down and worshipped the Golden Calf,
Like the Jews when their hearts were harden'd.

A Golden Leg! what fancies it fir'd!
What golden wishes and hopes inspir'd!
To give but a mere abridgment—
What a leg to leg-bail Embarrassment's serf!
What a leg for a Leg to take on the turf!
What a leg for a marching regiment!

A Golden Leg!—whatever Love sings,
'Twas worth a bushel of 'Plain Gold Rings,'

With which the Romantic wheedles.
'Twas worth all the legs in stockings and socks—
'Twas a leg that might be put in the Stocks,
N.B.—Not the parish beadle's!

And Lady K. nid-nodded her head,
Lapp'd in a turban fancy-bred,
Just like a love-apple, huge and red,
Some Mussul-womanish mystery;
But whatever she meant
To represent,
She talk'd like the Muse of History.

She told how the filial leg was lost;
And then how much the gold one cost,
With its weight to a Trojan fraction;
And how it took off, and how it put on;
And call'd on Devil, Duke, and Don,
Mahomet, Moses, and Prester John,
To notice its beautiful action.

And then of the Leg she went in quest;
And led it where the light was best;
And made it lay itself up to rest
In postures for painters' studies:
It cost more tricks and trouble by half,
Than it takes to exhibit a Six-Legged Calf
To a boothful of country Cuddies.

Nor yet did the Heiress herself omit
The arts that help to make a hit,
And preserve a prominent station.
She talk'd and laugh'd far more than her share;
And took a part in 'Rich and Rare
Were the gems she wore'—and the gems were there,
Like a Song with an Illustration.

She even stood up with a Count of France—
To dance—alas! the measures we dance
When Vanity plays the Piper:
Vanity, Vanity, apt to betray,
And lead all sorts of legs astray,—
Wood, or metal, or human clay,—
Since Satan first played the Viper!

But first she doff'd her hunting gear,
And favour'd Tom Tug with her golden spear
To row with down the river—
A Bonze had her golden bow to hold;
A Hermit her belt and bugle of gold;
And an Abbot her golden quiver.

And then a space was clear'd on the floor,
And she walked the Minuet de la Cour,
With all the pomp of a Pompadour,
But although she began *andante*,
Conceive the faces of all the Rout,
When she finished off with a whirligig bout,
And the Precious Leg stuck stiffly out
Like the leg of a *Figuranté*!

So the courtly dance was goldenly done,
And golden opinions, of course, it won
From all different sorts of people—
Chiming, ding-dong, with flattering phrase,
In one vociferous peal of praise,
Like the peal that rings on Royal days
From Loyalty's parish-steeple.

And yet, had the leg been one of those
That dance for bread in flesh-colour'd hose,
With Rosina's pastoral bevy,
The jeers it had met,—the shouts! the scoff!
The cutting advice to 'take itself off,'
For sounding but half so heavy.

Had it been a leg like those, perchance,
That teach little girls and boys to dance,
To set, poussette, recede, and advance,
With the steps and figures most proper,—
Had it hopp'd for a weekly or quarterly sum,
How little of praise or grist would have come
To a mill with such a hopper:

But the Leg was none of those limbs forlorn—
Bartering capers and hops for corn—
That meet with public hisses and scorn,
Or the morning journal denounces—
Had it pleas'd to caper from morn till dusk,
There was all the music of 'Money Musk,'
In its ponderous bangs and bounces.

But, hark! as slow as the strokes of a pump,
Lump, thump!
Thump, lump!
As the Giant of Castle Otranto might stump
To a lower room from an upper—
Down she goes with a noisy dint,
For taking the crimson turban's hint,
A noble Lord at the Head of the Mint
Is leading the Leg to supper!

But the supper, alas! must rest untold,
With its blaze of light, and its glitter of gold,
For to paint that scene of glamour,
It would need the Great Enchanter's charm,
Who waves over Palace, and Cot, and Farm,
An arm like the Goldbeater's Golden Arm
That wields a Golden Hammer.

He—only *he* could fitly state
The Massive Service of Golden Plate,
With the proper phrase and expansion—
The rare selection of *Foreign Wines*—
The *Alps of Ice* and *Mountains of Pines*,
The punch in *Oceans* and sugary shrines,
The *Temple of Taste* from *Gunter's Designs*—
In short, all that *Wealth* with *a Feast* combines,
In a *Splendid Family Mansion*.

Suffice it each mask'd outlandish guest,
Ate and drank of the very best,
According to critical conners—
And then they pledg'd the Hostess and Host,
But the Golden Leg was the standing toast,
And as somebody swore,
Walked off with more
Than its share of the 'Hips!' and honours!

'Miss Kilmansegg!—
Full glasses I beg!—
Miss Kilmansegg and her Precious Leg!'
And away went the bottle careering!
Wine in bumpers! and shouts in peals!
Till the Clown didn't know his head from his heels,
The Mussulman's eyes danced two-some reels,
And the Quaker was hoarse with cheering!

Her Dream.

Miss Kilmansegg took off her leg,
And laid it down like a cribbage-peg,
For the Rout was done and the riot:
The Square was hush'd; not a sound was heard;
The sky was grey, and no creature stirr'd,
Except one little precocious bird,
That chirp'd—and then was quiet.

So still without,—so still within;—
It had been a sin
To drop a pin—
So intense is silence after a din,
It seemed like Death's rehearsal!
To stir the air no eddy came;
And the taper burnt with as still a flame,
As to flicker had been a burning shame,
In a calm so universal.

The time for sleep had come at last;
And there was the Bed, so soft, so vast,
Quite a field of Bedfordshire clover;
Softer, cooler, and calmer, no doubt,
From the piece of work just ravell'd out,
For one of the pleasures of having a rout,
Is the pleasure of having it over.

No sordid pallet, or truckle mean,
Of straw, and rug, and tatters unclean;
But a splendid, gilded, carved machine,
That was fit for a Royal Chamber,
On the top was a gorgeous golden wreath;
And the damask curtains hung beneath,
Like clouds of crimson and amber.

Curtains, held up by two little plump things,
With golden bodies and golden wings—
Mere fins for such solidities—
Two Cupids, in short,
Of the regular sort,
But the housemaid called them 'Cupidities.'

No patchwork quilt, all seams and scars,
But velvet, powder'd with golden stars,
A fit mantle for *Night*-Commanders!
And the pillow, as white as snow undimm'd,
And as cool as the pool that the breeze has skimm'd,
Was cased in the finest cambric, and trimm'd
With the costliest lace of Flanders.

And the bed—of the Eider's softest down,
'Twas a place to revel, to smother, to drown
In a bliss inferr'd by the Poet:
For if Ignorance be indeed a bliss,
What blessed ignorance equals this,
To sleep—and not to know it?

Oh, bed! oh, bed! delicious bed!
That heav'n upon earth to the weary head;
But a place that to name would be ill-bred,
To the head with a wakeful trouble—
'Tis held by such a different lease!
To one, a place of comfort and peace,
All stuff'd with the down of stubble geese,
To another, with only the stubble.

To one, a perfect Halcyon nest,
All calm, and balm, and quiet, and rest,
And soft as the fur of the cony—
To another, so restless for body and head,
That the bed seems borrow'd from Nettlebed,
And the pillow from Stratford the Stony!

To the happy, a first-class carriage of ease,
To the land of Nod, or where you please;
But alas! for the watchers and weepers,
Who turn, and turn, and turn again,
But turn, and turn, and turn in vain,
With an anxious brain,
And thoughts in a train
That does not run upon *sleepers!*

Wide awake as the mousing owl,
Night-hawk, or other nocturnal fowl,—
But more profitless vigils keeping,—
Wide awake in the dark they stare,
Filling with phantoms the vacant air,
As if that Crook-Back'd Tyrant Care
Had plotted to kill them sleeping.

And oh! when the blessed diurnal light
Is quench'd by the providential night,
To render our slumber more certain,
Pity, pity the wretches that weep,
For they must be wretched who cannot sleep
When nature herself draws the curtain!

The careful Betty the pillow beats,
And airs the blankets, and smooths the sheets,
And gives the mattress a shaking—
But vainly Betty performs her part,
If a ruffled head and a rumpled heart,
As well as the couch want making.

There 's Morbid, all bile, and verjuice, and nerves,
Where other people would make preserves,
He turns his fruits into pickles :
Jealous, envious, and fretful by day,
At night, to his own sharp fancies a prey,
He lies like a hedgehog rolled up the wrong way,
Tormenting himself with his prickles.

But a child !—that bids the world good-night,
In downright earnest and cuts it quite—
A Cherub no Art can copy,—
'Tis a perfect picture to see him lie
As if he had supp'd on dormouse pie
(An ancient classical dish by the by),
With a sauce of syrup of poppy.

Oh, bed ! bed ! bed ! delicious bed !
That heav'n upon earth to the weary head,
Whether lofty or low its condition !
But instead of putting our plagues on shelves,
In our blankets how often we toss ourselves,.
Or are tossed by such allegorical elves
As Pride, Hate, Greed, and Ambition !

The independent Miss Kilmansegg
Took off her independent Leg
And laid it beneath her pillow,
And then on the bed her frame she cast,
The time for repose had come at last,
But long, long after the storm is past
Rolls the turbid, turbulent billow.

No part she had in vulgar cares
That belong to common household affairs—
Nocturnal annoyances such as theirs
Who lie with a shrewd surmising
That while they are couchant (a bitter cup !)
Their bread and butter are getting up,
And the coals—confound them !—are rising.

No fear she had her sleep to postpone,
Like the crippled Widow who weeps alone,
And cannot make a doze her own,
For the dread that may hap on the morrow,
The true and Christian reading to baulk,
A broker will take up her bed and walk,
By way of curing her sorrow.

No cause like these she had to bewail :
But the breath of applause had blown a gale,
And winds from that quarter seldom fail
To cause some human commotion ;
But whenever such breezes coincide
With the very spring-tide
Of human pride,
There 's no such swell on the ocean !

Peace, and ease, and slumber lost,
She turn'd, and roll'd, and tumbled, and toss'd,
With a tumult that would not settle :
A common case, indeed, with such
As have too little, or think too much,
Of the precious and glittering metal.

Gold !—she saw at her golden foot
The Peer whose tree had an olden root,
The Proud, the Great, the Learned to boot,
The handsome, the gay, and the witty—
The man of Science—of Arms—of Art,
The man who deals but at Pleasure's mart
And the man who deals in the City.

Gold, still gold—and true to the mould!
In the very scheme of her dream it told;
For, by magical transmutation,
From her Leg through her body it seem'd to go,
Till, gold above, and gold below,
She was gold, all gold, from her little gold toe
To her organ of Veneration!

And still she retain'd, through Fancy's art,
The Golden Bow, and the Golden Dart,
With which she had play'd a Goddess's part
In her recent glorification.
And still, like one of the selfsame brood,
On a Plinth of the selfsame metal she stood
For the whole world's adoration.

And hymns and incense around her roll'd,
From Golden Harps and Censers of Gold,—
For Fancy in dreams is as uncontroll'd
As a horse without a bridle:
What wonder, then, from all checks exempt,
If, inspired by the Golden Leg, she dreamt
She was turn'd to a Golden Idol?

Her Courtship.

When leaving Eden's happy land
The grieving Angel led by the hand
Our banish'd Father and Mother,
Forgotten amid their awful doom,
The tears, the fears, and the future's gloom,
On each brow was a wreath of Paradise bloom,
That our Parents had twined for each other.

It was only while sitting like Figures of stone,
For the grieving Angel had skyward flown,
As they sat, those Two, in the world alone,
With disconsolate hearts nigh cloven.
That, scenting the gust of happier hours,
They look'd around for the precious flowers,
And lo!—a last relic of Eden's dear bowers—
The chaplet that Love had woven!

And still, when a pair of Lovers meet,
There 's a sweetness in air, unearthly sweet,
That savours still of that happy retreat
Where Eve by Adam was courted:
Whilst the joyous Thrush, and the gentle Dove,
Woo'd their mates in the boughs above,
And the Serpent, as yet, only sported.

Who hath not felt that breath in the air,
A perfume and freshness strange and rare,
A warmth in the light, and a bliss everywhere,
When young hearts yearn together?
All sweets below, and all sunny above,
Oh! there 's nothing in life like making love,
Save making hay in fine weather!

Who hath not found amongst his flow'rs,
A blossom too bright for this world of ours,
Like a rose among snows of Sweden?
But to turn again to Miss Kilmansegg,
Where must Love have gone to beg,
If such a thing as a Golden Leg
Had put its foot in Eden?

And yet—to tell the rigid truth—
Her favour was sought by Age and Youth—
For the prey will find a prowler!
She was follow'd, flatter'd, courted, address'd,
Woo'd, and coo'd, and wheedled, and press'd,
By suitors from North, South, East, and West,
Like that Heiress, in song, Tibbie Fowler!

But, alas! alas! for the Woman's fate,
Who has from a mob to choose a mate
'Tis a strange and painful mystery!
But the more the eggs, the worse the hatch;
The more the fish, the worse the catch;
The more the sparks, the worse the match;
Is a fact in Woman's history.

Give her between a brace to pick,
And, mayhap, with luck to help the trick,
She will take the Faustus, and leave the Old Nick—
But her future bliss to baffle,
Amongst a score let her have a voice,
And she'll have as little cause to rejoice,
As if she had won the 'Man of her choice'
In a matrimonial raffle!

Thus, even thus, with the Heiress and Hope,
Fulfilling the adage of too much rope,
With so ample a competition,
She chose the least worthy of all the group,
Just as the vulture makes a stoop,
And singles out from the herd or troop,
The beast of the worst condition.

A Foreign Count,—who came incog.,
Not under a cloud, but under a fog,
In a Calais packet's fore-cabin,
To charm some lady, British-born,
With his eyes as black as the fruit of the thorn,
And his hooky nose, and his beard half-shorn,
Like a half-converted Rabbin.

And because the Sex confess a charm,
In the man who has slash'd a head or arm,
Or has been a throat's undoing,
He was dress'd like one of the glorious trade,
At least when Glory is off parade,
With a stock, and a frock, well trimm'd with braid,
And frogs—that went a-wooing.

Moreover, as Counts are apt to do,
On the left-hand side of his dark surtout,
At one of those holes that buttons go through
(To be a precise recorder),
A ribbon he wore, or rather a scrap,
About an inch of ribbon mayhap,
That one of his rivals, a whimsical chap,
Described as his 'Retail Order.'

And then—and much it helped his chance—
He could sing, and play first fiddle, and dance,
Perform charades, and Proverbs of France—
Act the tender, and do the cruel;
For amongst his other killing parts,
He had broken a brace of female hearts,
And murder'd three men in duel!

Savage at heart, and false of tongue,
Subtle with age, and smooth to the young,
Like a snake in his coiling and curling—
Such was the Count—to give him a niche—
Who came to court that Heiress rich,
And knelt at her foot—one needn't say which—
Besieging her Castle of *Sterling*.

With pray'rs and vows he open'd his trench,
And plied her with English, Spanish, and French,
In phrases the most sentimental.
And quoted poems in High and Low Dutch,
With now and then an Italian touch,
Till she yielded, without resisting much,
To homage so continental.

And then the sordid bargain to close,
With a miniature sketch of his hooky nose,
And his dear dark eyes, as black as sloes,
And his beard and whiskers as black as those,
The lady's consent he requited—
And instead of the lock that lovers beg,
The Count received from Miss Kilmansegg
A model in small, of her Precious Leg—
And so the couple were plighted!

But, oh! the love that gold must crown!
Better—better, the love of the clown,
Who admires his lass in her Sunday gown,
As if all the fairies had dress'd her!
Whose brain to no crooked thought gives birth,
Except that he never will part on earth,
With his true love's crooked tester!

Alas, for the love that 's link'd with gold!
Better—better a thousand times told—
Most honest, happy, and laudable,
The downright loving of pretty Cis,
Who wipes her lips, though there 's nothing amiss,
And takes a kiss, and gives a kiss,
In which her heart is audible!

Pretty Cis, so smiling and bright,
Who loves as she labours, with all her might,
And without any sordid leaven!
Who blushes as red as haws and hips,
Down to her very finger-tips,
For Roger's blue ribbons—to her, like strips
Cut out of the azure of Heaven!

Her Marriage.

'Twas morn—a most auspicious one!
From the Golden East, the Golden Sun
Came forth his glorious race to run,
Through clouds of most splendid tinges;
Clouds that lately slept in shade,
But now seemed made
Of gold brocade,
With magnificent golden fringes.

Gold above, and gold below,
The earth reflected the golden glow,
From river, and hill, and valley;
Gilt by the golden light of morn,
The Thames—it looked like the Golden Horn,
And the Barge, that carried coal or corn,
Like Cleopatra's Galley!

Bright as clusters of Golden-rod,
Suburban poplars began to nod,
With extempore splendour furnished;
While London was bright with glittering clocks,
Golden dragons, and Golden cocks,
And above them all,
The dome of St. Paul,
With its Golden Cross and its Golden Ball,
Shone out as if newly burnish'd!

And lo! for Golden Hours and Joys,
Troops of glittering Golden Boys
Danced along with a jocund noise,
And their gilded emblems carried!
In short, 'twas the year's most Golden Day,
By mortals called the First of May,
When Miss Kilmansegg
Of the Golden Leg
With a Golden Ring was married!

And thousands of children, women, and men,
Counted the clock from eight till ten,
From St. James's sonorous steeple;
For next to that interesting job,
The hanging of Jack, or Bill, or Bob,
There 's nothing so draws a London mob
As the noosing of very rich people.

And a treat it was for a mob to behold
The bridal carriage that blazed with gold!
And the Footmen tall, and the Coachman bold,
In liveries so resplendent—
Coats you wonder'd to see in place,
They seemed so rich with golden lace,
That they might have been independent.

Coats that made these menials proud,
Gaze with scorn on the dingy crowd,
From their gilded elevations;
Not to forget that saucy lad
(Ostentation's favourite cad),
The page, who looked so splendidly clad,
Like a page of the 'Wealth of Nations.'

But the coachman carried off the state,
With what was a Lancashire body of late,
Turned into a Dresden Figure;
With a bridal Nosegay of early bloom,
About the size of a birchen broom,
And so huge a White Favour, had Gog been Groom,
He need not have worn a bigger.

And then to see the Groom! the Count!
With Foreign Orders to such an amount,
And whiskers so wild—nay, bestial;
He seem'd to have borrow'd the shaggy hair,
As well as the Stars of the Polar Bear,
To make him look celestial!

And then—Great Jove! the struggle, the crush,
The screams, the heaving, the awful rush,
The swearing, the tearing, and fighting,
The hats and bonnets smash'd like an egg—
To catch a glimpse of the Golden Leg,
Which, between the steps and Miss Kilmansegg,
Was fully display'd in alighting!

From the Golden Ankle up to the Knee,
There it was for the mob to see!
A shocking act had it chanced to be
A crooked leg or a skinny:
But although a magnificent veil she wore,
Such as never was seen before,
In case of blushes, she blushed no more
Than George the First on a guinea!

Another step, and lo! she was launch'd!
All in white, as Brides are *blanch'd*,
With a wreath of most wonderful splendour—
Diamonds, and pearls, so rich in device,
That, according to calculation nice,
Her head was worth as royal a price
As the head of the Young Pretender.

Bravely she shone—and shone the more,
As she sailed through the crowd of squalid and poor,
Thief, beggar, and tatterdemalion—
Led by the Count, with his sloe-black eyes,
Bright with triumph, and some surprise,
Like Anson, on making sure of his Prize,
The famous Mexican Galleon!

Anon, came Lady K., with her face
Quite made up to act with grace,

But she cut the performance shorter;
For instead of pacing stately and stiff,
At the stare of the vulgar she took a miff,
And ran, full speed, into Church, as if
To get married before her daughter.

But Sir Jacob walk'd more slowly, and bow'd
Right and left to the gaping crowd,
Wherever a glance was seizable:
For Sir Jacob thought he bow'd like a Guelph,
And therefore bow'd to imp and elf,
And would gladly have made a bow to himself,
Had such a bow been feasible.

And last—and not the least of the sight,
Six 'Handsome Fortunes,' all in white,
Came to help in the marriage rite,—
And rehearse their own hymeneals—
And then the bright procession to close
They were followed by just as many Beaux,
Quite fine enough for Ideals.

Glittering men, and splendid dames,
Thus they enter'd the porch of St. James,
Pursued by a thunder of laughter;
For the Beadle was forced to intervene,
For Jim the Crow, and his Mayday Queen,
With her gilded ladle, and Jack i' the Green,
Would fain have follow'd after!

Beadle-like he hushed the shout;
But the temple was full 'inside and out,'
And a buzz kept buzzing all round about
Like bees when the day is sunny—
A buzz universal that interfered
With the rite that ought to have been revered,
As if the couple already were smeared
With Wedlock's treacle and honey!

Yet Wedlock 's a very awful thing!
'Tis something like that feat in the ring,
Which requires good nerve to do it—
When one of a 'Grand Equestrian Troop'
Makes a jump at a gilded hoop,
Not certain at all
Of what may befall
After his getting through it!

But the Count he felt the nervous work
No more than any polygamous Turk,
Or bold piratical skipper,
Who, during his buccaneering search,
Would as soon engage 'a hand' in church
As a hand on board his clipper!

And how did the Bride perform her part?
Like any Bride who is cold at heart,
Mere snow with the ice's glitter;
What but a life of winter for her!
Bright but chilly, alive without stir,
So splendidly comfortless,—just like a Fir
When the frost is severe and bitter.

Such were the future man and wife!
Whose bale or bliss to the end of life
A few short words were to settle—
Will you have this woman?
I will—and then,
Will you have this man?
I will, and Amen—
And those Two were one Flesh, in the Angels' ken.
Except one Leg—that was metal.

Then the names were sign'd—and kiss'd the kiss:
And the Bride, who came from her coach a Miss,
As a Countess walked to her carriage—
Whilst Hymen preen'd his plumes like a dove,
And Cupid flutter'd his wings above
In the shape of a fly,—as little a Love
As ever look'd in at a marriage!

Another crash—and away they dash'd,
And the gilded carriage and footmen flash'd
From the eyes of the gaping people—
Who turn'd to gaze at the toe-and heel
Of the Golden Boys beginning a reel
To the merry sound of a wedding-peal
From St. James's musical steeple.

Those wedding bells! those wedding bells!
How sweetly they sound in pastoral dells
From a tow'r in an ivy-green jacket!
But town-made joys how dearly they cost;
And after all are tumbled and tost,
Like a peal from a London steeple, and lost
In town-made riot and racket.

The wedding-peal, how sweetly it peals
With grass or heather beneath our heels,—
For bells are Music's laughter!—
But a London peal, well mingled, be sure,
With vulgar noises and voices impure,
What a harsh and discordant overture
To the Harmony meant to come after!

But hence with Discord—perchance, too soon
To cloud the face of the honeymoon
With a dismal occultation!—
Whatever Fate's concerted trick,
The Countess and Count, at the present nick
Have a chicken and not a crow to pick
At a sumptuous Cold Collation.

A Breakfast—no unsubstantial mess,
But one in the style of Good Queen Bess,
Who,—hearty as hippocampus,—
Broke her fast with ale and beef,
Instead of toast and the Chinese leaf,
And in lieu of anchovy—grampus!
A breakfast of fowl, and fish, and flesh;
Whatever was sweet, or salt, or fresh;
With wines the most rare and curious—
Wines of the richest flavour and hue;
With fruits from the worlds, both Old and New;
And fruits obtained before they were due
At a discount most usurious.

For wealthy palates there be, that scout
What is *in* season, for what is *out*,
And prefer all precocious savour:
For instance, early green peas, of the sort
That costs some four or five guineas a quart;
Where the *Mint* is the principal flavour.

And many a wealthy man was there,
Such as the wealthy City could spare,
To put in a portly appearance—
Men, whom their fathers had help'd to gild;
And men who had their fortunes to build,
And—much to their credit—had richly fill'd
Their purses by *pursy-verance*.

Men, by popular rumour at least,
Not the last to enjoy a feast!
And truly they were not idle!
Luckier far than the chestnut tits,
Which, down at the door, stood champing their bits,
At a different sort of *bridal*.

For the time was come—and the whisker'd Count
Help'd his Bride in the carriage to mount,
And fain would the Muse deny it,
But the crowd, including two Butchers in blue
(The regular killing Whitechapel hue),
Of her Precious Calf had as ample a view,
As if they had come to buy it!

Then away! away! with all the speed
That golden spurs can give to the steed,—
Both Yellow Boys and Guineas, indeed,
Concurred to urge the cattle—
Away they went, with favours white,
Yellow jackets, and panels bright,
And left the mob, like a mob at night,
Agape at the sound of a rattle. 1780

Away! away! they rattled and roll'd,
The Count, and his Bride, and her Leg of Gold—
That fated charm to the charmer!
Away,—through Old Brentford rang the din,
Of wheels and heels, on their way to win
That hill, named after one of her kin,
The hill of the Golden Farmer!

Gold, still gold—it flew like dust!
It tipp'd the post-boy, and paid the trust; 1789
In each open palm it was freely thrust;
There was nothing but giving and taking!
And if gold could ensure the future hour,
What hopes attended that Bride to her bow'r,
But alas! even hearts with a four-horse pow'r
Of opulence end in breaking!

Her Honeymoon.

The moon—the moon, so silver and cold,
Her fickle temper has oft been told,
Now shady—now bright and sunny—
But of all the lunar things that change,
The one that shows most fickle and strange, 1800
And takes the most eccentric range,
Is the moon—so called—of honey!

To some a full-grown orb reveal'd,
As big and as round as Norval's shield,
And as bright as a burner Bude-lighted;
To others as dull, and dingy, and damp
As any oleaginous lamp,
Of the regular old parochial stamp,
In a London fog benighted.

To the loving, a bright and constant sphere, 1810
That makes earth's commonest scenes appear
All poetic, romantic, and tender:
Hanging with jewels a cabbage stump,
And investing a common post or a pump,
A currant-bush, or a gooseberry clump,
With a halo of dreamlike splendour.

A sphere such as shone from Italian skies,
In Juliet's dear, dark, liquid eyes,
Tipping trees with its argent braveries—
And to couples not favour'd with Fortune's boons, 1820
One of the most delightful of moons,
For it brightens their pewter platters and spoons
Like a silver service of Savory's!

For all is bright, and beauteous, and clear,
And the meanest thing most precious and dear,
When the magic of love is present:
Love, that lends a sweetness and grace
To the humblest spot and the plainest face—
That turns Wilderness Row into Paradise Place, 1829
And Garlick Hill to Mount Pleasant!

Love that sweetens sugarless tea,
And makes contentment and joy agree
With the coarsest boarding and bedding:
Love that no golden ties can attach,
But nestles under the humblest thatch,
And will fly away from an Emperor's match
To dance at a Penny Wedding!

Oh, happy, happy, thrice happy state,

When such a bright Planet governs the fate
Of a pair of united lovers!
'Tis theirs, in spite of the Serpent's hiss,
To enjoy the pure primeval kiss,
With as much of the old original bliss
As mortality ever recovers!

There 's strength in double joints, no doubt,
In double X Ale, and Dublin Stout,
That the single sorts know nothing about—
And a fist is strongest when doubled—
And double aqua-fortis, of course,
And double soda-water, perforce,
Are the strongest that ever bubbled!

There 's double beauty whenever a Swan
Swims on a Lake, with her double thereon;
And ask the gardener, Luke or John,
Of the beauty of double-blowing—
A double dahlia delights the eye:
And it 's far the loveliest sight in the sky
When a double rainbow is glowing!

There 's warmth in a pair of double soles;
As well as a double allowance of coals—
In a coat that is double-breasted—
In double windows and double doors;
And a double U wind is blest by scores
For its warmth to the tender-chested.

There 's a twofold sweetness in double pipes;
And a double-barrel and double snipes
Give the sportsman a duplicate pleasure:
There 's double safety in double locks;
And double letters bring cash for the box;
And all the world knows that double knocks
Are gentility's double measure.
There 's a double sweetness in double rhymes,
And a double at Whist, and a double Times
In profit are certainly double—
By doubling, the Hare contrives to escape:
And all seamen delight in a doubled Cape,
And a double-reefed topsail in trouble.

There 's a double chuck at a double chin,
And of course there 's a double pleasure therein,
If the parties were brought to telling:
And however our Dennises take offence,
A double meaning shows double sense;
And if proverbs tell truth,
A double tooth
Is Wisdom's adopted dwelling!

But double wisdom, and pleasure, and sense,
Beauty, respect, strength, comfort, and thence
Through whatever the list discovers,
They are all in the double blessedness summ'd,
Of what was formerly double-drumm'd,
The Marriage of two true Lovers!

Now the Kilmansegg Moon—it must be told—
Though instead of silver it tipp'd with gold—
Shone rather wan, and distant, and cold;
And before its days were at thirty,
Such gloomy clouds began to collect,
With an ominous ring of ill effect,
As gave but too much cause to expect
Such weather as seamen call dirty!

And yet the moon was the 'Young May Moon,'
And the scented hawthorn had blossom'd soon,

And the thrush and the blackbird were singing—
The snow-white lambs were skipping in play,
And the bee was humming a tune all day
To flowers as welcome as flowers in May,
And the Trout in the stream was springing!

But what were the hues of the blooming earth,
Its scents—its sounds—or the music and mirth
Of its furr'd or its feather'd creatures,
To a Pair in the world's last sordid stage,
Who had never look'd into Nature's page,
And had strange ideas of a Golden Age,
Without any Arcadian features?

And what were joys of the pastoral kind
To a Bride—town-made—with a heart and a mind
With simplicity ever at battle?
A bride of an ostentatious race,
Who, thrown in the Golden Farmer's place,
Would have trimm'd her shepherds with golden lace,
And gilt the horns of her cattle.

She could not please the pigs with her whim,
And the sheep wouldn't cast their eyes at a limb
For which she had been such a martyr;
The deer in the park, and the colts at grass,
And the cows unheeded let it pass;
And the ass on the common was such an ass,
That he wouldn't have swapp'd
The thistle he cropp'd
For her Leg, including the Garter!

She hated lanes, and she hated fields—
She hated all that the country yields!
And barely knew turnips from clover;
She hated walking in any shape,
And a country stile was an awkward scrape,
Without the bribe of a mob to gape
At the Leg in clambering over!

O blessed nature, 'O rus! O rus!'
Who cannot sigh for the country thus;
Absorbed in a worldly torpor—
Who does not yearn for its meadow-sweet breath,
Untainted by care, and crime, and death,
And to stand sometimes upon grass or heath—
That soul, spite of gold, is a pauper!

But to hail the pearly advent of morn,
And relish the odour fresh from the thorn,
She was far too pamper'd a madam—
Or to joy in the daylight waxing strong,
While, after ages of sorrow and wrong,
The scorn of the proud, the misrule of the strong,
And all the woes that to man belong,
The Lark still carols the self-same song
That he did to the uncurst Adam!

The Lark!—she had given all Leipzig's flocks
For a Vauxhall tune in a musical box;
And as for the birds in the thicket,
Thrush or ouzel in leafy niche,
The linnet or finch—she was far too rich
To care for a Morning concert, to which
She was welcome without any ticket.

Gold, still gold, her standard of old,
All pastoral joys were tried by gold,
Or by fancies golden and crural—
Till ere she had pass'd one week unblest,
As her agricultural Uncle's guest,
Her mind was made up and fully imprest
That felicity could not be rural!

And the Count ?—to the snow-white lambs at play,
And all the scents and the sights of May,
And the birds that warbled their passion,
His ears, and dark eyes, and decided nose,
Were as deaf and as blind and as dull as those
That overlook the Bouquet de Rose,
The Huile Antique,
And Parfum Unique,
In a Barber's Temple of Fashion.

To tell, indeed, the true extent
Of his rural bias, so far it went
As to covet estates in ring fences—
And for rural lore he had learn'd in town,
That the country was green, turn'd up with brown,
And garnish'd with trees that a man might cut down
Instead of his own expenses.

And yet had that fault been his only one,
The Pair might have had few quarrels or none,
For their tastes thus far were in common ;
But faults he had, that a haughty bride
With a Golden Leg could hardly abide—
Faults that would even have roused the pride
Of a far less metalsome woman !

It was early days indeed for a wife,
In the very spring of her married life,
To be chill'd by its wintry weather—
But instead of sitting as Love-Birds do,
Or Hymen's turtles that bill and coo,
Enjoying their ' moon and honey for two,'
They were scarcely seen together !

In vain she sat with her Precious Leg,
A little exposed, *à la* Kilmansegg,
And rolled her eyes in their sockets;
He left her in spite of her tender regards,
And those loving murmurs describ'd by bards,
For the rattling of dice and the shuffling of cards,
And the poking of balls into pockets!

Moreover he lov'd the deepest stake
And the heaviest bet that players would make ;
And he drank—the reverse of sparely,—
And he used strange curses that made her fret ;
And when he played with herself at piquet,
She found, to her cost,
For she always lost,
That the Count did not count quite fairly.

And then came dark mistrust and doubt,
Gathered by worming his secrets out,
And slips in his conversations—
Fears, which all her peace destroy'd,
That his title was null,—his coffers were void—
And his French Château was in Spain, or enjoy'd
The most airy of situations.

But still his heart—if he had such a part—
She—only she—might possess his heart,
And hold his affections in fetters—
Alas ! that Hope, like a crazy ship,
Was forced its anchor and cable to slip
When, seduced by her fears, she took a dip
In his private papers and letters.

Letters that told of dangerous leagues;
And notes that hinted as many intrigues

As the Count's in the 'Barber of Seville'—
In short such mysteries came to light,
That the Countess-Bride, on the thirtieth night,
Woke and started up in affright,
And kick'd and scream'd with all her might,
And finally fainted away outright,
For she dreamt she had married the Devil!

Her Misery.

Who hath not met with home-made bread,
A heavy compound of putty and lead—
And home-made wines that rack the head,
And home-made liqueurs and waters?
Home-made pop that will not foam,
And home-made dishes that drive one from home,
Not to name each mess,
For the face or dress,
Home-made by the homely daughters?

Home-made physic, that sickens the sick;
Thick for thin and thin for thick;—
In short each homogeneous trick
For poisoning domesticity?
And since our Parents, called the First,
A little family squabble nurst,
Of all our evils the worst of the worst
Is home-made infelicity.

There 's a Golden Bird that claps its wings,
And dances for joy on its perch, and sings
With a Persian exaltation:
For the Sun is shining into the room,
And brightens up the carpet-bloom,
As if it were new, bran new from the loom,
Or the lone Nun's fabrication.

And thence the glorious radiance flames
On pictures in massy gilded frames—
Enshrining, however, no painted Dames,
But portraits of colts and fillies—
Pictures hanging on walls which shine,
In spite of the bard's familiar line,
With clusters of 'gilded lilies.'

And still the flooding sunlight shares
Its lustre with gilded sofas and chairs,
That shine as if freshly burnish'd—
And gilded tables, with glittering stocks
Of gilded china, and golden clocks,
Toy, and trinket, and musical box,
That Peace and Paris have furnish'd.

And lo! with the brightest gleam of all
The glowing sunbeam is seen to fall
On an object as rare as splendid—
The golden foot of the Golden Leg
Of the Countess—once Miss Kilmansegg—
But there all sunshine is ended.

Her cheek is pale, and her eye is dim,
And downward cast, yet not at the limb,
Once the centre of all speculation;
But downward drooping in comfort's dearth,
As gloomy thoughts are drawn to the earth—
Whence human sorrows derive their birth—
By a moral gravitation.

Her golden hair is out of its braids,
And her sighs betray the gloomy shades
That her evil planet revolves in—
And tears are falling that catch a gleam
So bright as they drop in the sunny beam,
That tears of *aqua regia* they seem,
The water that Gold dissolves in!

Yet, not in filial grief were shed
Those tears for a mother's insanity;
Nor yet because her father was dead,
For the bowing Sir Jacob had bow'd his head
To Death—with his usual urbanity;
The waters that down her visage rill'd
Were drops of unrectified spirit distill'd
From the limbeck of Pride and Vanity.

Tears that fell alone and uncheckt,
Without relief, and without respect,
Like the fabled pearls that the pigs neglect,
When pigs have that opportunity—
And of all the griefs that mortals share,
The one that seems the hardest to bear
Is the grief without community.

How blessed the heart that has a friend
A sympathizing ear to lend
To troubles too great to smother!
For as ale and porter, when flat, are restored,
Till a sparkling, bubbling head they afford,
So sorrow is cheer'd by being pour'd
From one vessel into another.

But friend or gossip she had not one
To hear the vile deeds that the Count had done,
How night after night he rambled;
And how she learn'd, by sad degrees,
That he drank, and smok'd, and worse than these,
That he 'swindled, intrigued, and gambled.'

How he kiss'd the maids, and sparr'd with John;
And came to bed with his garments on;
With other offences as heinous—
And brought *strange* gentlemen home to dine,
That he said were in the Fancy Line,
And they fancied spirits instead of wine,
And called her lap-dog 'Wenus.'

Of 'making a book,' how he made a stir,
But never had written a line to her,
Once his idol and Cara Sposa:
And how he had storm'd, and treated her ill,
Because she refused to go down to a mill,
She didn't know where, but remember'd still
That the Miller's name was Mendoza.

How often he wak'd her up at night,
And oftener still by the morning light,
Reeling home from his haunts unlawful;
Singing songs that shouldn't be sung,
Except by beggars and thieves unhung—
Or volleying oaths, that a foreign tongue
Made still more horrid and awful!

How oft, instead of otto of rose,
With vulgar smells he offended her nose,
From gin, tobacco, and onion!
And then how wildly he used to stare!
And shake his fist at nothing, and swear,—
And pluck by the handful his shaggy hair,
Till he looked like a study of Giant Despair
For a new Edition of Bunyan!

For dice will run the contrary way,
As well is known to all who play,
And cards will conspire as in treason:
And what with keeping a hunting-box,
Following fox—
Friends in flocks,
Burgundies, Hocks,
From London Docks;
Stultz's frocks,
Manton and Nock's
Barrels and locks,
Shooting blue rocks:

Trainers and jocks,
Buskins and socks,
Pugilistical knocks,
And fighting-cocks,
If he found himself short in funds and stocks,
These rhymes will furnish the reason!

His friends, indeed, were falling away—
Friends who insist on play or pay—
And he fear'd at no very distant day
To be cut by Lord and by cadger,
As one who was gone or going to smash,
For his cheques no longer drew the cash,
Because, as his comrades explain'd in flash,
'He had overdrawn his badger.'

Gold, gold—alas! for the gold
Spent where souls are bought and sold,
In Vice's Walpurgis revel!
Alas! for muffles, and bulldogs, and guns,
The leg that walks, and the leg that runs,
All real evils, though Fancy ones,
When they lead to debt, dishonour, and duns,
Nay, to death, and perchance, the Devil!

Alas! for the last of a Golden race!
Had she cried her wrongs in the market-place,
She had warrant for all her clamour—
For the worst of rogues, and brutes, and rakes,
Was breaking her heart by constant aches,
With as little remorse as the pauper who breaks
A flint with a parish hammer!

HER LAST WILL.

Now the Precious Leg, while cash was flush,
Or the Count's acceptance worth a rush,
Had never excited dissension;
But no sooner the stocks began to fall,
Than, without any ossification at all,
The limb became what people call
A perfect bone of contention.

For alter'd days brought alter'd ways,
And instead of the complimentary phrase,
So current before her bridal—
The Countess heard, in language low,
That her Precious Leg was precious slow,
A good 'un to look at but bad to go,
And kept quite a sum lying idle.

That instead of playing musical airs,
Like Colin's foot in going up-stairs—
As the wife in the Scottish ballad declares—
It made an infernal stumping.
Whereas a member of cork or wood,
Would be lighter and cheaper, and quite as good,
Without the unbearable thumping.

P'rhaps she thought it a decent thing,
To show her calf to cobbler and king,
But nothing could be absurder—
While none but the crazy would advertise
Their gold before their servants' eyes,
Who of course some night would make it a prize,
By a Shocking and Barbarous Murder.

But spite of hint, and threat, and scoff,
The Leg kept its situation:
For legs are not to be taken off
By a verbal amputation.

And mortals when they take a whim,
The greater the folly the stiffer the limb
That stands upon it or by it—
So the Countess, then Miss Kilmansegg,
At her marriage refused to stir a peg,
Till the Lawyers had fastened on her Leg,
As fast as the Law could tie it.

Firmly then—and more firmly yet—
With scorn for scorn, and with threat for threat,
The Proud One confronted the Cruel:
And loud and bitter the quarrel arose,
Fierce and merciless—one of those,
With spoken daggers, and looks like blows,
In all but the bloodshed a duel!

Rash, and wild, and wretched, and wrong,
Were the words that came from Weak and Strong,
Till maddened for desperate matters
Fierce as tigress escap'd from her den,
She flew to her desk—'twas opened—and then,
In the time it takes to try a pen,
Or the clerk to utter his slow Amen,
Her Will was in fifty tatters!

But the Count, instead of curses wild,
Only nodded his head and smil'd,
As if at the spleen of an angry child;
But the calm was deceitful and sinister!
A lull like those of the treacherous sea—
For Hate in that moment had sworn to be
The Golden Leg's sole Legatee,
And that very night to administer!

Her Death.

'Tis a stern and startling thing to think
How often mortality stands on the brink
Of its grave without any misgiving:
And yet in this slippery world of strife,
In the stir of human bustle so rife,
There are daily sounds to tell us that Life
Is dying, and Death is living!

Ay, Beauty the Girl, and Love the Boy,
Bright as they are with hope and joy,
How their souls would sadden instanter,
To remember that one of those wedding-bells,
That ring so merrily through the dells,
Is the same that knells
Our last farewells,
Only broken into a canter!

But breath and blood set doom at nought—
How little the wretched Countess thought,
When at night she unloos'd her sandal,
That the Fates had woven her burial-cloth,
And that Death, in the shape of a Death's Head Moth,
Was fluttering round her candle!

As she look'd at her clock of or-molu,
For the hours she had gone so wearily through
At the end of a day of trial—
How little she saw in her pride of prime
The Dart of Death in the Hand of Time—
That hand which mov'd on the dial!

As she went with her taper up the stair,
How little her swollen eye was aware
That the shadow which follow'd was double!
Or when she clos'd her chamber door,
It was shutting out, and for evermore,
The world—and its worldly trouble.

Little she dreamt, as she laid aside
Her jewels—after one glance of pride—
They were solemn bequests to Vanity—
Or when her robe she began to doff,
That she stood so near to the putting off
Of the flesh that clothes humanity.

And when she quench'd the taper's light,
How little she thought as the smoke took flight,
That her day was done—and merg'd in a night
Of dreams and duration uncertain—
Or, along with her own,
That a hand of bone
Was closing mortality's curtain!

But life is sweet, and mortality blind,
And youth is hopeful, and Fate is kind
In concealing the day of sorrow;
And enough is the present tense of toil—
For this world is, to all, a stiffish soil—
And the mind flies back with a glad recoil
From the debts not due till to-morrow.

Wherefore else does the Spirit fly
And bid its daily cares good-bye,
Along with its daily clothing?
Just as the Felon condemn'd to die—
With a very natural loathing—
Leaving the Sheriff to dream of ropes,
From his gloomy cell in a vision elopes,
To caper on sunny greens and slopes,
Instead of the dance upon nothing.

Thus, even thus, the Countess slept,
While Death still nearer and nearer crept,
Like the Thane who smote the sleeping—
But her mind was busy with early joys,
Her golden treasures and golden toys,
That flash'd a bright
And golden light
Under lids still red with weeping.

The golden doll that she used to hug!
Her coral of gold, and the golden mug!
Her godfather's golden presents!
The golden service she had at her meals,
The golden watch, and chain, and seals,
Her golden scissors, and thread, and reels,
And her golden fishes and pheasants!
The golden guineas in silken purse—
And the Golden Legends she heard from her nurse,
Of the Mayor in his gilded carriage—
And London streets that were pav'd with gold—
And the Golden Eggs that were laid of old—
With each golden thing
To the golden ring
At her own auriferous Marriage!

And still the golden light of the sun
Through her golden dream appear'd to run,
Though the night that roar'd without was one
To terrify seamen or gipsies—
While the moon, as if in malicious mirth,
Kept peeping down at the ruffled earth,
As though she enjoyed the tempest's birth,
In revenge of her old eclipses.

But vainly, vainly, the thunder fell,
For the soul of the sleeper was under a spell
That Time had lately embitter'd—
The Count, as once at her feet he knelt—
That Foot which now he wanted to melt!
But—hush!—'twas a stir at her pillow she felt—
And some object before her glitter'd.

'Twas the Golden Leg!—she knew its gleam!
And up she started, and tried to scream,—
But ev'n in the moment she started—
Down came the limb with a frightful smash,
And, lost in the universal flash
That her eyeballs made at so mortal a crash,
The Spark, called Vital, departed!

Gold, still gold! hard, yellow, and cold,
For gold she had lived, and she died for gold—
By a golden weapon—not oaken;
In the morning they found her all alone—
Stiff, and bloody, and cold as stone—
But her Leg, the Golden Leg, was gone,
And the 'Golden Bowl was broken!'

Gold, still gold! it haunted her yet—
At the Golden Lion the Inquest met—
Its foreman, a carver and gilder—
And the jury debated from twelve till three
What the Verdict ought to be,
And they brought it in as Felo de Se,
'Because her own Leg had killed her!'

Her Moral.

Gold! Gold! Gold! Gold!
Bright and yellow, hard and cold,
Molten, graven, hammer'd, and roll'd;
Heavy to get, and light to hold;
Hoarded, barter'd, bought, and sold,
Stolen, borrow'd, squander'd, doled:
Spurn'd by the young, but hugg'd by the old
To the very verge of the churchyard mould;
Price of many a crime untold;
Gold! Gold! Gold! Gold:
Good or bad a thousand fold!
How widely its agencies vary—
To save—to ruin—to curse—to bless—
As even its minted coins express,
Now stamp'd with the image of Good Queen Bess,
And now of a Bloody Mary!

ON A LATE IMMERSION

Long Life and hard frosts to the fortunate Prince!
And for many a skating may Providence spare him!
For surely his accident served to evince
That the Queen dearly loved, tho' *the ice couldn't bear* him!

A TALE OF A TRUMPET

'Old woman, old woman, will you go a-shearing?
Speak a little louder, for I'm very hard of hearing.'—*Old Ballad.*

Of all old women hard of hearing
The deafest, sure, was Dame Eleanor Spearing!
On her head, it is true,
Two flaps there grew,
That serv'd for a pair of gold rings to go through,
But for any purpose of ears in a parley,
They heard no more than ears of barley.

No hint was needed from D. E. F.
You saw in her face that the woman was deaf:
From her twisted mouth to her eyes so peery,
Each queer feature ask'd a query;
A look that said in a silent way,
'Who? and What? and How? and Eh?
I'd give my ears to know what you say!'

And well she might! for each auricular
Was deaf as a post—and that post in particular
That stands at the corner of Dyott-street now,
And never hears a word of a row!
Ears that might serve her now and then
As extempore racks for an idle pen,
Or to hang with hoops from jewellers' shops
With coral, ruby, or garnet drops;
Or, provided the owner so inclin'd,
Ears to stick a blister behind;
But as for hearing wisdom, or wit,
Falsehood, or folly, or tell-tale-tit,
Or politics, whether of Fox or Pitt,
Sermon, lecture, or musical bit,
Harp, piano, fiddle, or kit,
They might as well, for any such wish,
Have been butter'd, done brown, and laid in a dish!

She was deaf as a post,—as said before—
And as deaf as twenty similes more,
Including the adder, that deafest of snakes,
Which never hears the coil it makes.

She was deaf as a house—which modern tricks
Of language would call as deaf as bricks—
For all her human kind were dumb,
Her drum, indeed, was so muffled a drum,
That none could get a sound to come,
Unless the Devil that had Two Sticks!
She was deaf as a stone—say, one of the stones
Demosthenes suck'd to improve his tones;
And surely deafness no further could reach
Than to be in his mouth without hearing his speech!

She was deaf as a nut—for nuts, no doubt,
Are deaf to the grub that 's hollowing out—
As deaf, alas! as the dead and forgotten—
(Gray has noticed the waste of breath,
In addressing the 'dull, cold ear of death'),
Or the Felon's ear that was stuff'd with Cotton—
Or Charles the First *in statue quo*;
Or the still-born figures of Madame Tussaud,
With their eyes of glass, and their hair of flax,
That only stare whatever you 'ax,'
For their ears, you know, are nothing but wax.

She was deaf as the ducks that swam in the pond,
And wouldn't listen to Mrs. Bond,—
As deaf as any Frenchman appears,
When he puts his shoulders into his ears:
And—whatever the citizen tells his son—
As deaf as Gog and Magog at one!
Or, still to be a simile-seeker,
As deaf as dogs'-ears to Enfield's Speaker!

She was deaf as any tradesman's dummy,
Or as Pharaoh's mother's mother's mummy;
Whose organs, for fear of our modern sceptics,
Were plugg'd with gums and antiseptics.

She was deaf as a nail—that you cannot hammer
A meaning into for all your clamour—
There never *was* such a deaf old Gammer
So formed to worry
Both Lindley and Murray,
By having no ear for Music or Grammar!

Deaf to sounds, as a ship out of soundings,
Deaf to verbs, and all their compoundings,
Adjective, noun, and adverb, and particle,
Deaf to even the definite article—
No verbal message was worth a pin,
Though you hired an earwig to carry it in!

In short, she was twice as deaf as Deaf Burke,
Or all the Deafness in Yearsley's Work,
Who in spite of his skill in hardness of hearing,
Boring, blasting, and pioneering,
To give the dummy organ a clearing,
Could never have cured Dame Eleanor Spearing.

Of course the loss was a great privation,
For one of her sex—whatever her station—
And none the less that the Dame had a turn
For making all families one concern,
And learning whatever there was to learn
In the prattling, tattling village of Tringham—
As who wore silk? and who wore gingham?
And what the Atkins's shop might bring 'em?

How the Smiths contrived to live? and whether
The fourteen Murphys all pigg'd together?
The wages per week of the Weavers and Skinners,
And what they boil'd for their Sunday dinners—
What plates the Bugsbys had on the shelf,
Crockery, china, wooden, or delf?
And if the parlour of Mrs. O'Grady
Had a wicked French print, or Death and the Lady?

Did Snip and his wife continue to jangle?
Had Mrs. Wilkinson sold her mangle?
What liquor was drunk by Jones and Brown?
And the weekly score they ran up at the Crown?
If the Cobbler could read, and believed in the Pope?
And how the Grubbs were off for soap?

If the Snobbs had furnish'd their room up-stairs,
And how they managed for tables and chairs,
Beds, and other household affairs,
Iron, wooden, and Staffordshire wares?
And if they could muster a whole pair of bellows?
In fact, she had much of the spirit that lies
Perdu in a notable set of Paul Prys,
By courtesy call'd Statistical Fellows—
A prying, spying, inquisitive clan,
Who have gone upon much of the self-same plan,
Jotting the Labouring Class's riches;
And after poking in pot and pan,
And routing garments in want of stitches,
Have ascertain'd that a working man
Wears a pair and a quarter of average breeches!

But this, alas! from her loss of hearing,
Was all a seal'd book to Dame Eleanor Spearing;
And often her tears would rise to their founts—
Supposing a little scandal at play
'Twixt Mrs. O'Fie and Mrs. Au Fait—
That she couldn't audit the Gossips' accounts.
'Tis true to her cottage still they came,
And ate her muffins just the same,
And drank the tea of the widow'd Dame,

And never swallow'd a thimble the less
Of something the Reader is left to guess,
For all the deafness of Mrs. S.,
Who *saw* them talk, and chuckle, and cough,
But to *see* and not share in the social flow,
She might as well have liv'd, you know,
In one of the houses in Owen's Row,
Near the New River Head, with its water cut off!

And yet the almond-oil she had tried,
And fifty infallible things beside,
Hot, and cold, and thick, and thin,
Dabb'd, and dribbled, and squirted in:
But all remedies fail'd; and though some it was clear
(Like the brandy and salt
We now exalt)
Had made a noise in the public ear,
She was just as deaf as ever, poor dear!

At last—one very fine day in June—
Suppose her sitting,
Busily knitting,
And humming she didn't quite know what tune;
For nothing she heard but a sort of a whizz,
Which unless the sound of the circulation,
Or of Thoughts in the process of fabrication,
By a Spinning-Jennyish operation,
It 's hard to say what buzzing it is.
However, except that ghost of a sound,
She sat in a silence most profound—
The cat was purring about the mat,
But her Mistress heard no more of that
Than if it had been a boatswain's cat:
And as for the clock the moments nicking,
The Dame only gave it credit for ticking.
The bark of her dog she did not catch;
Nor yet the click of the lifted latch;
Nor yet the creak of the opening door;
Nor yet the fall of a foot on the floor—
But she saw the shadow that crept on her gown
And turned its skirt of a darker brown.

And lo! a man!—a pedlar! ay, marry,
With the little back-shop that such tradesmen carry,
Stock'd with brooches, ribbons, and rings,
Spectacles, razors, and other odd things,
For lad and lass, as Autolycus sings;
A chapman for goodness and cheapness of ware,
Held a fair dealer enough at a fair,
But deem'd a piratical sort of invader
By him we dub the 'regular trader,'
Who—luring the passengers in as they pass
By lamps, gay panels, and mouldings of brass,
And windows with only one huge pane of glass,
And his name in gilt characters, German or Roman,—
If he isn't a Pedlar, at least is a Showman!

However, in the stranger came,
And, the moment he met the eyes of the Dame,
Threw her as knowing a nod as though
He had known her fifty long years ago;
And presto! before she could utter
'Jack'—
Much less 'Robinson'—open'd his pack—
And then from amongst his portable gear,
With even more than a pedlar's tact,
(Slick himself might have envied the act)—
Before she had time to be deaf, in fact—
Popp'd a trumpet into her ear.

'There, ma'am! try it!
You needn't buy it—
The last New Patent—and nothing comes nigh it

For affording the Deaf, at little expense,
The sense of hearing, and hearing of sense!
A Real Blessing—and no mistake,
Invented for poor Humanity's sake;
For what can be a greater privation
Than playing dummy to all creation,
And only looking at conversation—
Great Philosophers talking like Platos,
And Members of Parliament moral as Catos,
And your ears as dull as waxy potatoes!
Not to name the mischievous quizzers,
Sharp as knives, but double as scissors,
Who get you to answer quite by guess
Yes for No, and No for Yes.'
('That 's very true,' says Dame Eleanor S.)

'Try it again! No harm in trying—
I'm sure you'll find it worth your buying,
A little practice—that is all—
And you'll hear a whisper, however small,
Through an Act of Parliament party-wall,—
Ev'ry syllable clear as day,
And even what people are going to say—
I wouldn't tell a lie, I wouldn't,
But my Trumpets have heard what Solomon's couldn't.
And as for Scott he promises fine,
But can he warrant his horns like mine
Never to hear what a Lady shouldn't—
Only a guinea—and can't take less.'
('That 's very dear,' says Dame Eleanor S.)

'Dear!—Oh dear, to call it dear!
Why it isn't a horn you buy, but an ear;
Only think, and you'll find on reflection
You're bargaining, ma'am, for the Voice of Affection;
For the language of Wisdom, and Virtue, and Truth,
And the sweet little innocent prattle of youth:
Not to mention the striking of clocks—
Cackle of hens—crowing of cocks—
Lowing of cow, and bull, and ox—
Bleating of pretty pastoral flocks—
Murmur of waterfall over the rocks—
Every sound that Echo mocks—
Vocals, fiddles, and musical-box—
And zounds! to call such a concert dear!
But I mustn't swear with my horn in your ear.
Why, in buying that Trumpet you buy all those
That Harper, or any trumpeter, blows
At the Queen's Levees or the Lord Mayor's Shows,
At least as far as the music goes,
Including the wonderful lively sound,
Of the one-key'd bugles all the year round:
Come—suppose we call it a pound!

'Come,' said the talkative Man of the Pack,
'Before I put my box on my back,
For this elegant, useful Conductor of Sound,
Come—suppose we call it a pound!

'Only a pound! it 's only the price
Of hearing a Concert once or twice,
It 's only the fee
You might give Mr. C.,
And after all not hear his advice,
But common prudence would bid you stump it;
For, not to enlarge,
It 's the regular charge
At a Fancy Fair for a penny trumpet.
Lord! what 's a pound to the blessing of hearing!'
('A pound 's a pound,' said Dame Eleanor Spearing.)

'Try it again! no harm in trying!
A pound 's a pound there 's no denying;

But think what thousands and thousands of pounds
We pay for nothing but hearing sounds,
Sounds of Equity, Justice, and Law,
Parliamentary jabber and jaw,
Pious cant and moral saw,
Hocus-pocus, and Mon-tong-paw,
And empty sounds not worth a straw—
Why it costs a guinea, as I'm a sinner,
To hear the sounds at a Public Dinner!
One pound one thrown into the puddle,
To listen to Fiddle, Faddle, and Fuddle!
Not to forget the sounds we buy
From those who sell their sounds so high,
That, unless the Managers pitch it strong,
To get a Signora to warble a song,
You must fork out the blunt with a haymaker's prong!

'It 's not the thing for me—I know it,
To crack my own Trumpet up and blow it;
But it is the best, and time will show it.
There was Mrs. F.
So very deaf,
That she might have worn a percussion-cap,
And been knock'd on the head without hearing it snap.
Well, I sold her a horn, and the very next day
She heard from her husband at Botany Bay!
Come—eighteen shillings—that's very low,
You'll save the money as shillings go,
And I never knew so bad a lot,
By hearing whether they ring or not!

'Eighteen shillings! it 's worth the price,
Supposing you're delicate minded and rather nice,
To have the medical man of your choice,
Instead of the one with the strongest voice—
Who comes and asks you, how 's your liver,
And where you ache, and whether you shiver;
And as to your nerves so apt to quiver
As if he was hailing a boat on the river!
And then with a shout, like Pat in a riot,
Tells you to keep yourself perfectly quiet!
Or a tradesman comes—as tradesmen will—
Short and crusty about his bill,
Of patience, indeed, a perfect scorner,
And because you're deaf and unable to pay,
Shouts whatever he has to say,
In a vulgar voice, that goes over the way,
Down the street and round the corner!
Come—speak your mind—it 's "No or Yes."'
('I've half a mind,' said Dame Eleanor S.)

'Try it again—no harm in trying,
Of course you hear me, as easy as lying—
No pain at all, like a surgical trick,
To make you squall, and struggle, and kick,
Like Juno, or Rose,
Whose ear undergoes
Such horrid tugs at membrane and gristle,
For being as deaf as yourself to a whistle!

'You may go to surgical chaps if you choose,
Who will blow up your tubes like copper flues,
Or cut your tonsils right away,
As you'd shell out your almonds for Christmas-day;

And after all a matter of doubt,
Whether you ever would hear the shout
Of the little blackguards that bawl about,
"There you go with your tonsils out!"
Why I knew a deaf Welshman, who came from Glamorgan
On purpose to try a surgical spell,
And paid a guinea, and might as well
Have called a monkey into his organ!
For the Aurist only took a mug,
And pour'd in his ear some acoustical drug,
That, instead of curing, deafened him rather,
As Hamlet's uncle served Hamlet's father!
That 's the way with your surgical gentry!
And happy your luck
If you don't get stuck
Through your liver and lights at a royal entry,
Because you never answer'd the sentry!

'Try it again, dear madam, try it!
Many would sell their beds to buy it.
I warrant you often wake up in the night,
Ready to shake to a jelly with fright,
And up you must get to strike a light,
And down you go, in you know what,
Whether the weather is chilly or hot,
That 's the way a cold is got,—
To see if you heard a noise or not!

'Why, bless you, a woman with organs like yours
Is hardly safe to step out of doors!
Just fancy a horse that comes full pelt,
But as quiet as if he was "shod with felt,"
Till he rushes against you with all his force,
And then I needn't describe the course,
While he kicks you about without remorse,
How awkward it is to be groom'd by a horse!

Or a bullock comes, as mad as King Lear,
And you never dream that the brute is near,
Till he pokes his horn right into your ear,
Whether you like the thing or lump it,—
And all for want of buying a trumpet!

'I'm not a female to fret and vex,
But if I belonged to the sensitive sex,
Exposed to all sorts of indelicate sounds,
I wouldn't be deaf for a thousand pounds.

'Lord! only think of chucking a copper
To Jack or Bob with a timber limb,
Who looks as if he was singing a hymn,
Instead of a song that 's very improper!

'Or just suppose in a public place
You see a great fellow a-pulling a face,
With his staring eyes and his mouth like an O,—
And how is a poor deaf lady to know,
The lower orders are up to such games—
If he 's calling "Green Peas," or calling her names?'
('They're tenpence a peck!' said the deafest of Dames.)

''Tis strange what very strong advising,
By word of mouth, or advertising,
By chalking on walls, or placarding on vans,
With fifty other different plans,
The very high pressure in fact of pressing,
It needs to persuade one to purchase a blessing!
Whether the Soothing American Syrup,
A Safety Hat, or a Safety Stirrup,—
Infallible Pills for the human frame,
Or Rowland's O-don't-O (an ominous name!)

A Doudney's suit which the shape so hits
That it beats all others into *fits*;
A Mechi's Razor for beards unshorn,
Or a Ghost-of-a-Whisper-Catching Horn!

'Try it again, Ma'am, only try!'
Was still the voluble Pedlar's cry—
'It 's a great privation, there 's no dispute,
To live like the dumb unsociable brute,
And hear no more of the *pro* and *con*,
And how Society 's going on,
Than Mumbo Jumbo or Prester John,
And all for want of this *Sine Quâ Non*;
Whereas with a horn that never offends,
You may join the genteelest party that is,
And enjoy all the scandal, and gossip, and quiz,
And be certain to hear of your absent friends—
Not that elegant ladies, in fact,
In genteel society ever detract,
Or lend a brush when a friend is black'd,
At least as a mere malicious act,
But only talk scandal for fear some fool
Should think they were bred at *Charity*-School.
Or, maybe, you like a little flirtation,
Which even the most Don Juanish rake
Would surely object to undertake
At the same high pitch as an altercation.

'It 's not for me, of course, to judge
How much a Deaf Lady ought to begrudge,
But half-a-guinea seems no great matter—
Letting alone more rational patter—
Only to hear a parrot chatter:
Not to mention that feather'd wit,
The Starling, who speaks when his tongue is slit;
The Pies and Jays that utter words,
And other Dicky Gossips of birds,
That talk with as much good sense and decorum,
As many *Beaks* who belong to the Quorum.

'Try it—buy it—say ten and six—
The lowest price a miser could fix!
I don't pretend with horns of mine,
Like some in the advertising line,
To "*magnify sounds*" on such marvellous scales,
That the Sounds of a Cod seem as big as a Whale's;
But popular rumours, right or wrong,
Charity Sermons, short or long,—
Lecture, Speech, Concerto, or Song,
All noises and voices, feeble or strong,
From the hum of a gnat to the clash of a gong,
This tube will deliver distinct and clear;
Or supposing by chance
You wish to dance,
Why, it 's putting a *Horn-pipe* into your ear!

'Try it—buy it!
Buy it—try it!
The last New Patent, and nothing comes nigh it,
For guiding sounds to their proper tunnel!
Only try till the end of June,
And if you and the Trumpet are out of tune
I'll turn it gratis into a Funnel!'
In short, the Pedlar so beset her,—
Lord Bacon couldn't have gammon'd her better,—
With flatteries plump and indirect,
And plied his tongue with such effect,
A tongue that could almost have butter'd a crumpet,—
The deaf Old Woman bought the Trumpet.

* * * * *

The Pedlar was gone. With the Horn's assistance,
She heard his steps die away in the distance;
And then she heard the tick of the clock,
The purring of Puss, and the snoring of Shock;
And she purposely dropp'd a pin that was little,
And heard it fall as plain as a skittle!

'Twas a wonderful Horn, to be but just!
Nor meant to gather dust, must and rust;
So in half a jiffy, or less than that,
In her scarlet cloak and her steeple-hat,
Like old Dame Trot, but without her Cat,
The Gossip was hunting all Tringham thorough—
As if she meant to canvass the Borough,
Trumpet in hand, or up to the cavity,
And sure, had the Horn been one of those
The wild Rhinoceros wears on his nose,
It couldn't have ripp'd up more depravity!

Depravity! Mercy shield her ears!
'Twas plain enough that her village peers
In the ways of vice were no raw beginners:
For whenever she rais'd the tube to her drum
Such sounds were transmitted as only come
From the very Brass Band of human Sinners!
Ribald jest and blasphemous curse
(Bunyan never vented worse),
With all those weeds, not flowers, of speech
Which the Seven Dialecticians teach;
Filthy Conjunctions, and dissolute Nouns,
And Particles pick'd from the Kennels of towns,
With Irregular Verbs for irregular jobs,
Chiefly Active in rows and mobs,
Picking Possessive Pronouns' fobs;
And Interjections as bad as a blight,
Or an Eastern blast, to the blood and the sight—
Fanciful phrases for crime and sin,
And smacking of vulgar lips where gin,
Garlic, tobacco, and offals go in—
A jargon so truly adapted, in fact,
To each thievish, obscene, and ferocious act,
So fit for the brute with the human shape,
Savage Baboon, or libidinous Ape,
From their ugly mouths it will certainly come,
Should they ever get weary of shamming dumb!

Alas! for the voice of Virtue and Truth,
And the sweet little innocent prattle of Youth!
The smallest urchin whose tongue could tang,
Shock'd the Dame with a volley of slang,
Fit for Fagin's juvenile gang;
While the charity chap,
With his muffin-cap,
His crimson coat, and his badge so garish,
Playing at dumps, or pitch in the hole,
Curs'd his eyes, limbs, body and soul,
As if they didn't belong to the Parish!

'Twas awful to hear, as she went along,
The wicked words of the popular song;
Or supposing she listened—as Gossips will—
At a door ajar, or a window agape,
To catch the sounds they allowed to escape,
Those sounds belonged to Depravity still!

The dark allusion,—or bolder brag
Of the dexterous 'dodge,' and the lots of 'swag,'
The plunder'd house—or the stolen nag—
The blazing rick, or the darker crime,
That quench'd the spark before its time—
The wanton speech of the wife immoral—
The noise of drunken or deadly quarrel,
With savage menace which threaten'd the life,
Till the heart seem'd merely a strop for '*the Knife*';
The human liver, no better than that
Which is sliced and thrown to an old woman's cat;
And the head, so useful for shaking and nodding,
To be punch'd into holes, like a shocking bad hat,
That is only fit to be punch'd into wadding!

In short, wherever she turn'd the Horn
To the highly-bred, or the lowly-born,—
The working man, who looked over the hedge—
Or the Mother nursing her infant pledge—
The sober Quaker, averse to quarrels—
Or the Governess pacing the village thro',
With her twelve Young Ladies, two and two,
Looking, as such young ladies do,
Truss'd by Decorum and stuff'd with Morals—
Whether she listen'd to Hob or Bob,
Nob or Snob, the Squire on his cob,
Or Trudge and his ass at a tinkering job,—
To the Saint who expounded at Little Zion—
Or the Sinner who kept the Golden Lion—
The man teetotally wean'd from liquor—
The Beadle, the Clerk, or the Reverend Vicar—
Nay, the very Pie in its cage of wicker,—
She gather'd such meanings, double or single,
That, like the bell
With 'muffins to sell,'
Her ear was kept in a constant tingle!

But this was nought to the tales of shame,
The constant runnings of evil fame,
Foul, and dirty, and black as ink,
That her ancient Cronies, with nod and wink,
Pour'd in her horn like slops in a sink:
While sitting in conclave, as gossips do,
With their Hyson or Howqua, black or green,
And not a little of feline spleen
Lapp'd up in 'Catty Packages,' too,
To give a zest to the sipping and supping;
For still, by some invisible tether,
Scandal and Tea are link'd together,
As surely as Scarification and Cupping—
Yet never since Scandal drank Bohea,
Or sloe, or whatever it happen'd to be,—
For some grocerly thieves
Turn over new leaves,
Without much amending their lives or their tea—
No, never since cup was fill'd or stirr'd,
Were such vile and horrible anecdotes heard,
As blacken'd their neighbours of either gender,
Especially that which is call'd the Tender,
But instead of the softness we fancy therewith,
Was harden'd in vice as the vice of a smith.

Women !—the wretches had soil'd and marr'd
Whatever to womanly nature belongs,
For the marriage-tie they had no regard—
Nay, sped their mates to the Sexton's yard,
(Like Madame Laffarge, with poisonous pinches
Cutting off her L—— by inches)—
And as for drinking, they drank so hard,
That they drank their flat-irons, pokers, and tongs!

The men ?—they fought and gambled at fairs ;
And poached—and didn't respect grey hairs—
Stole linen, money, plate, poultry, and corses ;
And broke in houses as well as horses ;
Unfolded folds to kill their own mutton ;
And would their own Mothers and Wives for a button :—
But not to repeat the deeds they did,
Backsliding in spite of all moral skid,
If all were true that fell from the tongue
There wasn't a villager, old or young,
But deserved to be whipt, imprison'd, or hung,
Or sent on those travels which nobody hurries
To publish at Colburn's, or Longman's, or Murray's.

Meanwhile the Trumpet, *con amore*,
Transmitted each vile diabolical story,
And gave the least whisper of slips and falls
As that Gallery does in the Dome of St. Paul's,
Which, as all the world knows by practice or print,
Is famous for making the most of a hint.

Not a murmur of shame,
Or buzz of blame,
Not a flying report that flew at a name,
Not a plausible gloss, or significant note,
Not a word in the scandalous circles afloat,
From the beam in the eye to diminutive mote,
But vortex-like that tube of tin
Suck'd the censorious particle in :
And, truth to tell, for as willing an organ
As ever listened to serpent hiss,
Nor took the viperous sound amiss,
On the snaky head of an ancient Gorgon !

The Dame, it is true, would mutter
'Shocking ! '
And give her head a sorrowful rocking;
And make a clucking with palate and tongue,
Like the call of Partlet to gather her young,—
A sound when human that always proclaims
At least a thousand pities and shames;
But still the darker the tale of sin,
Like certain folks when calamities burst,
Who find a comfort in 'hearing the worst'—
The further she poked the Trumpet in.

Nay, worse, whatever she heard, she spread
East and West, and North and South,
Like the ball which, according to Captain Z,
Went in at his ear and came out at his mouth.

What wonder, between the Horn and the Dame,
Such mischief was made wherever they came,
That the parish of Tringham was all in a flame ?

For although it requires such loud discharges,
Such peals of thunder as rumbled at Lear,
To turn the smallest of table-beer,
A little whisper breathed into the ear
Will sour a temper 'as sour as varges.'
In fact, such very ill blood there grew,
From this private circulation of stories,
That the nearest neighbours the village through,
Look'd at each other as yellow and blue,
As any electioneering crew
Wearing the colours of Whigs and Tories.

Ah! well the Poet said, in sooth,
That 'whispering tongues can poison Truth;'
Yea—like a dose of Oxalic Acid,
Wrench and convulse poor Peace, the placid,
And rack dear Love with internal fuel,
Like arsenic pastry, or what is as cruel,
Sugar of lead to sweeten gruel—
At least such torments began to wring 'em
From the very morn
When that mischievous Horn
Caught the whisper of tongues in Tringham.

The Social Clubs dissolved in huffs.
And the Sons of Harmony came to cuffs,
While feuds arose and family quarrels,
That discomposed the mechanics of morals,
For screws were loose between brother and brother,
While sisters fastened their nails on each other;
Such wrangle, and jangle, and miff, and tiff,
And spar, and jar, and breezes as stiff
As ever upset a friendship, or skiff!

The plighted lovers who used to walk,
Refused to meet, and declined to talk;
And wish'd for *two* moons to reflect the sun
That they mightn't look together on one;
While wedded affection ran so low,
That the oldest John Anderson snubbed his Jo,
And instead of the toddle adown the hill,
Hand in hand,
As the song has plann'd,
Scratch'd her penniless out of his will!

In short, to describe what came to pass
In a true, tho' somewhat theatrical way,
Instead of 'Love in a Village'—alas!
The piece they perform'd was 'The Devil to Pay!'

However, as secrets are brought to light,
And mischief comes home like chickens at night;
And rivers are track'd throughout their course;
And forgeries trac'd to their proper source—
And the sow that ought
By the ear is caught—
And the sin to the sinful door is brought;
And the cat at last escapes from the bag;
And the saddle is placed on the proper nag;
And the fog blows off, and the key is found;
And the faulty scent is picked out by the hound;
And the fact turns up like a worm from the ground;
And the matter gets wind to waft it about;
And a hint goes abroad and the murder is out—

And the riddle is guess'd and the puzzle is known—
So the truth was sniff'd, and the Trumpet was *blown!*

* * * * * *
* * * * * *

'Tis a day in November—a day of fog—
But the Tringham people are all agog,
Fathers, Mothers, and Mothers' Sons,
With sticks, and staves, and swords, and guns,
As if in pursuit of a rabid dog—
But their voices—raised to the highest pitch,
Declare that the game is a Witch!—a Witch!—
Over the Green, and along by the George,
Past the Stocks, and the Church, and the Forge,
And round the Pound, and skirting the Pond,
Till they come to the whitewash'd cottage beyond,
And there at the door they muster and cluster,
And thump, and kick, and bellow, and bluster,
Enough to put Old Nick in a fluster!
A noise, indeed, so loud and long,
And mix'd with expressions so very strong,
That supposing according to popular fame
'Wise Woman' and Witch to be the same,
No Hag with a broom would unwisely stop,
But up and away through the chimney-top;
Whereas the moment they burst the door,
Planted fast on her sanded floor,
With her Trumpet up to her organ of hearing,
Lo and behold! Dame Eleanor Spearing!
Oh then arises the fearful shout!
Bawl'd and scream'd and bandied about,
'Seize her! Drag the old Jezebel out!'
While the Beadle, the foremost of all the band,
Snatches the Horn from her trembling hand,
And after a pause of doubt and fear,
Puts it up to his sharpest ear.
'Now silence—silence—one and all!'
For the Clerk is quoting from Holy Paul!
But before he rehearses
A couple of verses,
The Beadle lets the Trumpet fall:
For instead of the words so pious and humble,
He hears a supernatural grumble!
Enough, enough, and more than enough!—
Twenty impatient hands, and rough,
By arm, and leg, and neck, and scruff,
Apron, kerchief, gown of stuff,
Cap, and pinner, sleeve, and cuff,
Are clutching the Witch wherever they can,
With the spite of Woman and fury of Man.
And then—but first they kill her cat,
And murder her dog on the very mat—
And crush the infernal Trumpet flat—
And then they hurry her through the door
She never, never will enter more.
Away! away! down the dusty lane
They pull her, and haul her, with might and main—
And happy the hawbuck, Tom or Harry,
Dandie, or Sandy, Jerry or Larry,
Who happens to 'get a leg to carry!'
And happy the foot that can give her a kick;
And happy the hand that can find a brick;
And happy the fingers that hold a stick,
Knife to cut, or pin to prick;
And happy the Boy who can lend her a lick;

Nay, happy the Urchin, Charity-bred,
Who can shy very nigh to her wicked old head!

Alas! to think how people's creeds
Are contradicted by people's deeds!
But though the wishes that Witches utter
Can play the most diabolical rigs;
Send styes in the eye—and measle the pigs—
Grease horses' heels—and spoil the butter—
Smut and mildew the corn on the stalk,—
And turn new milk to water and chalk,—
Blight apples—and give the chickens the pip—
And cramp the stomach—and cripple the hip—
And waste the body—and addle the eggs—
And give a Baby bandy legs—
Or freeze the blood with such wicked chills
That the teeth must chatter like Harry Gill's:—
Though in common belief a Witch's curse
Involves all these horrible things, and worse,
As ignorant bumpkins all profess,
No Bumpkin makes a poke the less
At the back or the ribs of old Eleanor S.,
As if she were only a sack of barley;
Or gives her credit for greater might
Than the Powers of Darkness confer at night
On that other old woman, the parish Charley!

Ay, now's the time for a witch to call
On her Imps and Sucklings one and all—
Newes, Pyewacket, or Peck in the Crown,
(As Matthew Hopkins has handed them down)
Dick, and Willet, and Sugar-and-Sack,
Greedy Grizel, Jamara the Black,
Vinegar Tom and the rest of the pack—
Aye, now's the nick for her friend Old Harry
To come 'with his tail' like the bold Glengarry,
And drive her foes from their savage job
As a mad Black Bullock would scatter a mob:—
But no such matter is down in the bond;
And spite of her cries that never cease,
But scare the ducks and astonish the geese,
The Dame is dragg'd to the fatal pond!
And now they come to the water's brim,
And in they bundle her, sink or swim,
Though it's twenty to one that the wretch must drown,
With twenty sticks to hold her down;
Including the help to the self same end,
Which a travelling Pedlar stops to lend.—
A Pedlar!—Yes!—the same!—the same!
Who sold the Horn to the drowning Dame;
And now is foremost amid the stir,
With a token only reveal'd to her;
A token that makes her shudder and shriek,
And point with her finger—and strive to speak—
But before she can utter the name of the Devil,
Her head is under the water's level!

MORAL

There are folks about Town—to name no names—
Who much resemble that deafest of Dames;
And over their tea, and muffins, and crumpets,
Circulate many a scandalous word,
And whisper tales they could only have heard
Through some such Diabolical Trumpets.

A BULL

ONE day, no matter where or when,
Except 'twas after some Hibernian revel,
For why? an Irishman is ready then
'To play the Devil'—
A Pat, whose surname has escaped the Bards,
Agreed to play with Nick a game at Cards.

The stake, the same that the old Source of Sin
From German Faustus and his German cousins
Had won by dozens;
The only one in fact he cares a pin
To win.

By luck or roguery of course Old Nick
Won ev'ry trick;
The score was full, the last turn-up had done it—
'Your soul—I've won it!'

'It's true for you I've lost that same,'
Said Pat a little hazy in his wits—
'My soul is yours—but come, another game—
Double, or quits!'

A REFLECTION

WHEN Eve upon the first of Men
The apple press'd with specious cant
Oh! what a thousand pities then
That Adam was not Adamant!

ON A ROYAL DEMISE

How Monarchs die is easily explain'd,
And thus it might upon the Tomb be chisel'd,
'As long as George the Fourth could *reign* he *reign'd*,
And then he *mizzled*.'

'UP THE RHINE'

WHY, Tourist, why
With Passport have to do?
Pr'ythee stay at home and pass
The Port and Sherry too.

Why, Tourist, why
Embark for Rotterdam?
Pr'ythee stay at home and take
Thy Hollands in a dram.

Why, Tourist, why
To foreign climes repair?

Pr'ythee take thy German Flute,
And breathe a German air.

Why, Tourist, why
The Seven Mountains view?
Any one at home can tint
A hill with Prussian Blue.

Why, Tourist, why
To old Colonia's walls?
Sure, to see a *Wrenish* Dome,
One needn't leave St. Paul's.

THE PURSUIT OF LETTERS

THE Germans for Learning enjoy great repute;
But the English make *Letters* still more a pursuit;
For a Cockney will go from the banks of the Thames
To Cologne for an *O* and to Nassau for M's.

EPIGRAM

After such years of dissension and strife,
Some wonder that Peter should weep for his wife:
But his tears on her grave are nothing surprising,—
He 's laying her dust, for fear of its rising.

ON A NATIVE SINGER

(AFTER HEARING MISS ADELAIDE KEMBLE)

As sweet as the Bird that by calm Bendemeer
Pours such rich modulations of tone—
As potent, as tender, as brilliant, as clear—
Still her Voice has a charm of its own.

For lo! like the skylark, when after its song
It drops down to its nest from above,
She reminds us her home and her music belong
To the very same soil that we love.

TO C. DICKENS, ESQ.

ON HIS DEPARTURE FOR AMERICA

Pshaw! away with leaf and berry,
And the sober-sided cup!
Bring a goblet, and bright sherry,
And a bumper fill me up!
Though a pledge I had to shiver,
And the longest ever was!
Ere his vessel leaves the river
I will drink a health to Boz!

Here 's success to all his antics,
Since it pleases him to roam,
And to paddle o'er Atlantics
After such a *sale* at home!—
May he shun all rocks whatever,
And each shallow sand that lurks,
And his *Passage* be as clever
As the best among his works.

31 Decr. 1841 T. Hood.

NIGHT-SONG—WRITTEN AT SEA

'Tis night—my bark is on the ocean,
No sound I hear, no sight I see,
Not e'en the darkened waves whose motion
Still bears me, Fanny! far from thee;—
But from the misty skies are gleaming
Two smiling stars that look, my love,
As if thine eyes, though veiled, were beaming
Benignly on me from above.

Good-night and bless thee, Fanny dearest!
Nor let the sound disturb thy sleep,
If when the midnight wind thou hearest,
Thy thoughts are on the distant deep.

Thy lover there is safe and fearless,
For heaven still guards and guides his track,
Nor can his dreaming heart be cheerless,
For still to thee 'tis wafted back.

'Tis sweet on the benighted billow
To trust in Him whom all adore;
'Tis sweet to think that from her pillow
Her prayers for me shall Fanny pour.

The wind, self-lullabied, is dozing,
The winking stars withdraw their light,
Fanny! methinks thine eyes are closing,
Bless thee, my love! Good night, good night!

THE ELM TREE

A DREAM IN THE WOODS

'And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees.'—*As You Like It.*

'Twas in a shady Avenue,
Where lofty Elms abound—
And from a tree
There came to me
A sad and solemn sound,
That sometimes murmur'd overhead,
And sometimes underground.

Amongst the leaves it seem'd to sigh,
Amid the boughs to moan;
It mutter'd in the stem, and then
The roots took up the tone;
As if beneath the dewy grass
The Dead began to groan.

No breeze there was to stir the leaves;
No bolts that tempests launch,
To rend the trunk or rugged bark;
No gale to bend the branch;
No quake of earth to heave the roots,
That stood so stiff and staunch.

No bird was preening up aloft,
To rustle with its wing;
No squirrel, in its sport or fear,
From bough to bough to spring;
The solid bole
Had ne'er a hole
To hide a living thing!

No scooping hollow cell to lodge
A furtive beast or fowl,
The marten, bat,
Or forest cat
That nightly loves to prowl,
Nor ivy nook so apt to shroud
The moping, snoring owl.

But still the sound was in my ear,
A sad and solemn sound,
That sometimes murmur'd overhead,
And sometimes underground—
'Twas in a shady Avenue
Where lofty Elms abound.

O hath the Dryad still a tongue
In this ungenial clime?
Have Sylvan Spirits still a voice
As in the classic prime—
To make the forest voluble,
As in the olden time?

The olden time is dead and gone;
Its years have fill'd their sum—
And e'en in Greece—her native Greece—
The Sylvan Nymph is dumb—
From ash, and beech, and aged oak,
No classic whispers come.

From Poplar, Pine, and drooping Birch,
And fragrant Linden Trees;
No living sound
E'er hovers round,
Unless the vagrant breeze,
The music of the merry bird,
Or hum of busy bees.

But busy bees forsake the Elm
That bears no bloom aloft—
The Finch was in the hawthorn-bush,
The Blackbird in the croft;
And among the firs the brooding Dove,
That else might murmur soft.

Yet still I heard that solemn sound,
And sad it was to boot,
From ev'ry overhanging bough,
And each minuter shoot;
From rugged trunk and mossy rind,
And from the twisted root.

From these,—a melancholy moan;
From those,—a dreary sigh;
As if the boughs were wintry bare,
And wild winds sweeping by—
Whereas the smallest fleecy cloud
Was steadfast in the sky.

No sign or touch of stirring air
Could either sense observe—
The zephyr had not breath enough
The thistle-down to swerve,
Or force the filmy gossamers
To take another curve.

In still and silent slumber hush'd
All Nature seem'd to be:
From heaven above, or earth beneath,
No whisper came to me—
Except the solemn sound and sad
From that MYSTERIOUS TREE!

A hollow, hollow, hollow sound,
As is that dreamy roar
When distant billows boil and bound
Along a shingly shore—
But the ocean brim was far aloof,
A hundred miles or more.

No murmur of the gusty sea,
No tumult of the beach,
However they may foam and fret,
The bounded sense could reach—
Methought the trees in mystic tongue
Were talking each to each!—

Mayhap, rehearsing ancient tales
Of greenwood love or guilt,
Of whisper'd vows
Beneath their boughs;
Or blood obscurely spilt;
Or of that near-hand Mansion House
A Royal Tudor built.

Perchance, of booty won or shared
Beneath the starry cope—
Or where the suicidal wretch
Hung up the fatal rope;
Or Beauty kept an evil tryste,
Insnared by Love and Hope.

Of graves, perchance, untimely scoop'd
At midnight dark and dank—
And what is underneath the sod
Whereon the grass is rank—
Of old intrigues,
And privy leagues,
Tradition leaves in blank.

Of traitor lips that mutter'd plots—
Of Kin who fought and fell—
God knows the undiscover'd schemes,
The arts and acts of Hell,
Perform'd long generations since,
If trees had tongues to tell!

With wary eyes, and ears alert,
As one who walks afraid,
I wander'd down the dappled path
Of mingled light and shade—
How sweetly gleam'd that arch of blue
Beyond the green arcade!

How cheerly shone the glimpse of Heav'n
Beyond that verdant aisle!
All overarch'd with lofty elms,
That quench'd the light, the while,
As dim and chill
As serves to fill
Some old Cathedral pile!

And many a gnarlèd trunk was there,
That ages long had stood,
Till Time had wrought them into shapes
Like Pan's fantastic brood;
Or still more foul and hideous forms
That Pagans carve in wood!

A crouching Satyr lurking here—
And there a Goblin grim—
As staring full of demon life
As Gothic sculptor's whim—
A marvel it had scarcely been
To hear a voice from him!

Some whisper from that horrid mouth
Of strange, unearthly tone;
Or wild infernal laugh, to chill
One's marrow in the bone.
But no——it grins like rigid Death,
And silent as a stone!

As silent as its fellows be,
For all is mute with them—
The branch that climbs the leafy roof—
The rough and mossy stem—
The crooked root,
And tender shoot,
Where hangs the dewy gem.

One mystic Tree alone there is,
Of sad and solemn sound—
That sometimes murmurs overhead,
And sometimes underground—
In all that shady Avenue,
Where lofty Elms abound.

PART II.

THE Scene is changed! No green Arcade,
No Trees all ranged a-row—
But scatter'd like a beaten host,
Dispersing to and fro;
With here and there a sylvan corse,
That fell before the foe.

The Foe that down in yonder dell
Pursues his daily toil;
As witness many a prostrate trunk,
Bereft of leafy spoil,
Hard by its wooden stump, whereon
The adder loves to coil.

Alone he works—his ringing blows
Have banish'd bird and beast;
The Hind and Fawn have canter'd off
A hundred yards at least;
And on the maple's lofty top,
The linnet's song has ceased.

No eye his labour overlooks,
Or when he takes his rest;
Except the timid thrush that peeps
Above her secret nest,
Forbid by love to leave the young
Beneath her speckled breast.

The Woodman's heart is in his work,
His axe is sharp and good:
With sturdy arm and steady aim
He smites the gaping wood;
From distant rocks
His lusty knocks
Re-echo many a rood.

His axe is keen, his arm is strong;
The muscles serve him well;
His years have reach'd an extra span,
The number none can tell;
But still his lifelong task has been
The Timber Tree to fell.

Through Summer's parching sultriness,
And Winter's freezing cold,
From sapling youth
To virile growth,
And Age's rigid mould,
His energetic axe hath rung
Within that Forest old.

Aloft, upon his poising steel
The vivid sunbeams glance—
About his head and round his feet
The forest shadows dance;
And bounding from his russet coat
The acorn drops askance.

His face is like a Druid's face,
With wrinkles furrow'd deep,
And tann'd by scorching suns as brown
As corn that 's ripe to reap;
But the hair on brow, and cheek, and chin,
Is white as wool of sheep.

His frame is like a giant's frame ;
His legs are long and stark ;
His arms like limbs of knotted yew ;
His hands like rugged bark ;
So he felleth still
With right good will,
As if to build an Ark !

Oh ! well within *His* fatal path
The fearful Tree might quake
Through every fibre, twig, and leaf,
With aspen tremour shake ;
Through trunk and root,
And branch and shoot,
A low complaining make !

Oh ! well to *Him* the Tree might breathe
A sad and solemn sound,
A sigh that murmur'd overhead,
And groans from underground ;
As in that shady Avenue
Where lofty Elms abound !

But calm and mute the Maple stands,
The Plane, the Ash, the Fir,
The Elm, the Beech, the drooping Birch,
Without the least demur ;
And e'en the Aspen's hoary leaf
Makes no unusual stir.

The Pines—those old gigantic Pines,
That writhe—recalling soon
The famous Human Group that writhes
With Snakes in wild festoon—
In ramous wrestlings interlaced
A Forest Läocoon—

Like Titans of primeval girth
By tortures overcome,
Their brown enormous limbs they twine
Bedew'd with tears of gum—
Fierce agonies that ought to yell,
But, like the marble, dumb.

Nay, yonder blasted Elm that stands
So like a man of sin,
Who, frantic, flings his arms abroad
To feel the Worm within—
For all that gesture, so intense,
It makes no sort of din !

An universal silence reigns
In rugged bark or peel,
Except that very trunk which rings
Beneath the biting steel—
Meanwhile the Woodman plies his axe
With unrelenting zeal !

No rustic song is on his tongue,
No whistle on his lips ;
But with a quiet thoughtfulness
His trusty tool he grips,
And, stroke on stroke, keeps hacking out
The bright and flying chips.

Stroke after stroke, with frequent dint
He spreads the fatal gash ;
Till lo ! the remnant fibres rend,
With harsh and sudden crash,
And on the dull resounding turf
The jarring branches lash !

Oh ! now the Forest Trees may sigh,
The Ash, the Poplar tall,
The Elm, the Birch, the drooping Beech,
The Aspens—one and all,
With solemn groan
And hollow moan
Lament a comrade's fall !

A goodly Elm, of noble birth,
That, thrice the human span—
While on their variegated course
The constant Seasons ran—
Through gale, and hail, and fiery bolt,
Had stood erect as Man.

But now, like Mortal Man himself,
Struck down by hand of God,
Or heathen Idol tumbled prone
Beneath th' Eternal's nod,
In all its giant bulk and length
It lies along the sod !—

Ay, now the Forest Trees may grieve
And make a common moan
Around that patriarchal trunk
So newly overthrown ;
And with a murmur recognize
A doom to be their own !

The Echo sleeps: the idle axe,
A disregarded tool,
Lies crushing with its passive weight
The toad's reputed stool—
The Woodman wipes his dewy brow
Within the shadows cool.

No Zephyr stirs: the ear may catch
The smallest insect-hum;
But on the disappointed sense
No mystic whispers come;
No tone of sylvan sympathy,
The Forest Trees are dumb.

No leafy noise, nor inward voice,
No sad and solemn sound,
That sometimes murmurs overhead,
And sometimes underground;
As in that shady Avenue,
Where lofty Elms abound!

PART III.

THE deed is done: the Tree is low
That stood so long and firm;
The Woodman and his axe are gone,
His toil has found its term;
And where he wrought the speckled Thrush
Securely hunts the worm.

The Cony from the sandy bank
Has run a rapid race,
Through thistle, bent, and tangled fern,
To seek the open space;
And on its haunches sits erect
To clean its furry face.

The dappled Fawn is close at hand,
The Hind is browsing near,—
And on the Larch's lowest bough
The Ousel whistles clear;
But checks the note
Within its throat,
As choked with sudden fear!

With sudden fear her wormy quest
The thrush abruptly quits—
Through thistle, bent, and tangled fern
The startled Cony flits;
And on the Larch's lowest bough
No more the Ousel sits.

With sudden fear
The dappled Deer
Effect a swift escape;
But well might bolder creatures start,
And fly, or stand agape,
With rising hair, and curdled blood,
To see so grim a Shape!

The very sky turns pale above;
The earth grows dark beneath;
The human Terror thrills with cold,
And draws a shorter breath—
An universal panic owns
The dread approach of DEATH!

With silent pace, as shadows come,
And dark as shadows be,
The grisly Phantom takes his stand
Beside the fallen Tree,
And scans it with his gloomy eyes,
And laughs with horrid glee—

A dreary laugh and desolate,
Where mirth is void and null,
As hollow as its echo sounds
Within the hollow skull—
'Whoever laid this tree along,
His hatchet was not dull!

'The human arm and human tool
Have done their duty well!
But after sound of ringing axe
Must sound the ringing knell;
When Elm or Oak
Have felt the stroke
My turn it is to fell!

'No passive unregarded tree,
A senseless thing of wood,
Wherein the sluggish sap ascends
To swell the vernal bud—
But conscious, moving, breathing trunks
That throb with living blood!

'No forest Monarch yearly clad
In mantle green or brown;
That unrecorded lives, and falls
By hand of rustic clown—
But Kings who don the purple robe,
And wear the jewelled crown.

'Ah! little recks the Royal mind,
Within his Banquet Hall,
While tapers shine and Music breathes
And Beauty leads the Ball,—
He little recks the oaken plank
Shall be his palace wall!

'Ah, little dreams the haughty Peer,
The while his Falcon flies—
Or on the blood-bedabbled turf
The antler'd quarry dies—
That in his own ancestral Park
The narrow dwelling lies!

'But haughty Peer and mighty King
One doom shall overwhelm!
The oaken cell
Shall lodge him well
Whose sceptre ruled a realm—
While he who never knew a home,
Shall find it in the Elm!

'The tatter'd, lean, dejected wretch,
Who begs from door to door,
And dies within the cressy ditch,
Or on the barren moor,
The friendly Elm shall lodge and clothe
That houseless man, and poor!

'Yea, this recumbent rugged trunk,
That lies so long and prone,
With many a fallen acorn-cup,
And mast, and firry cone—
This rugged trunk shall hold its share
Of mortal flesh and bone!

'A Miser hoarding heaps of gold,
But pale with ague-fears—
A Wife lamenting love's decay,
With secret cruel tears,
Distilling bitter, bitter drops
From sweets of former years—

'A Man within whose gloomy mind,
Offence had darkly sunk,
Who out of fierce Revenge's cup
Hath madly, darkly drunk—
Grief, Avarice, and Hate shall sleep
Within this very trunk!

'This massy trunk that lies along,
And many more must fall—
For the very knave
Who digs the grave,
The man who spreads the pall,
And he who tolls the funeral bell,
The Elm shall have them all!

'The tall abounding Elm that grows
In hedgerows up and down;
In field and forest, copse and park,
And in the peopled town,
With colonies of noisy rooks
That nestle on its crown.

'And well th' abounding Elm may grow
In field and hedge so rife,
In forest, copse, and wooded park,
And mid the city's strife,
For, every hour that passes by,
Shall end a human life!'

The Phantom ends: the shade is gone;
The sky is clear and bright;
On turf, and moss, and fallen Tree,
There glows a ruddy light;
And bounding through the golden fern
The Rabbit comes to bite.

The Thrush's mate beside her sits
And pipes a merry lay;
The Dove is in the evergreens;
And on the Larch's spray
The Fly-bird flutters up and down,
To catch its tiny prey.

The gentle Hind and dappled Fawn
Are coming up the glade;
Each harmless furr'd and feather'd thing
Is glad, and not afraid—
But on my sadden'd spirit still
The Shadow leaves a shade.

A secret, vague prophetic gloom,
As though by certain mark
I knew the fore-appointed Tree,
Within whose rugged bark
This warm and living frame shall find
Its narrow house and dark.

That mystic Tree which breathed to me
A sad and solemn sound,
That sometimes murmur'd overhead
And sometimes underground;
Within that shady Avenue
Where lofty Elms abound.

RONDEAU

To-day it is my natal day,
And threescore years have pass'd away,
While Time has turn'd to silver grey
My hairs.

Pursuing pleasure, love, and fun,
A longish course I've had to run,
And, thanks to Fortune, I have won
My hares.

But now, exhausted in the race,
No longer I can go the pace,
And others must take up the chase—
My heirs!

EPIGRAM

ON A CERTAIN HERO AND HEROINE

In raising names to noble rank
Not always true desert prevails;
But Honour's self may take delight
In hoisting such top-gallant Sales!

ADDRESS DELIVERED AT THE HAYMARKET THEATRE

AUGUST 2, 1843, BY MRS. WARNER

Hush! not a sound! no whisper! no demur!
No restless motion! no intrusive stir!
But with staid presence, and a quiet breath,
One solemn moment dedicate to death! [*A Pause.*
For now no fancied miseries bespeak
The panting bosom and the wetted cheek;
No fabled tempest, or dramatic wreck,
Nor royal sire washed from the mimic deck,
And dirged by sea nymphs in his briny grave:—
Alas! deep, deep beneath the sullen wave—
His heart, once warm and throbbing as your own,
Now cold and senseless as the shingle-stone!
His lips—so eloquent!—choked, up with sand!
The bright eye glazed, and the impressive hand

Idly entangled in the ocean weed—
Full fathom five, A FATHER lies indeed!
Yes, where the foaming billows roam the while
Around the rocky Ferns and Holy Isle,
Deaf to their roar, as to the dear applause
That greets deserving in the Drama's cause—
Blind to the horrors that appal the bold—
To all he hoped, or fear'd, or prized, of old,
To love—and love's deep agony—a-cold!
He who could move the passions—mov'd by none,
Drifts an unconscious corse!—Poor Elton's race is run!

Mourn for the dead! Yet not alone for him,
O'er whom the cormorant and gannet swim;
Weep for the dead! yet do not merely weep
For him who slumbers in the oozy deep:
But, like Grace Darling, in her little boat,
Stretch forth a saving hand to those who float,—
The Orphan Seven! so prematurely hurl'd
Amidst the surges of this stormy world,
And struggling—save your pity take their part—
With breakers huge enough to break the heart!

SONNET

My heart is sick with longing, tho' I feed
On hope, Time goes with such a heavy pace
That neither gives nor takes from thy embrace,
As if he slept, forgetting his old speed:
For as in sunshine only we can read
The march of minutes on the dial's face;
So in the shadows of this lonely place,
There is no love, and time is dead indeed!
But when, dear lady, I am near thy heart,
Thy smile is time, and then so swift it flies,
It seems we only meet to tear apart,
With aching hands, and lingering of eyes—
Alas! alas! that we must learn hours' flight,
By the same light of love that makes them bright!

A DROP OF GIN

Gin! Gin! a Drop of Gin!
What magnified Monsters circle therein!
Ragged, and stained with filth and mud,
Some plague-spotted, and some with blood!
Shapes of Misery, Shame, and Sin!
Figures that make us loathe and tremble,
Creatures scarce human that more resemble
Broods of diabolical kin,
Ghoule and Vampyre, Demon and Jin!

Gin ! Gin ! a Drop of Gin !
The dram of Satan! the liquor of Sin!—
Distill'd from the fell
Alembics of Hell,
By Guilt and Death, his own brother and twin !
That man might fall
Still lower than all
The meanest creatures with scale and fin.
But hold—we are neither Barebones nor Prynne,
Who lash'd with such rage
The sins of the age ;
Then, instead of making too much of din,
Let Anger be mute,
And sweet Mercy dilute,
With a drop of Pity, the Drop of Gin !

Gin ! Gin ! a Drop of Gin !—
When darkly Adversity's day 's set in,
And the friends and peers
Of earlier years
Prove warm without, but cold within,—
And cannot retrace
A familiar face
That 's steep'd in poverty up to the chin ;—
But snub, neglect, cold-shoulder, and cut
The ragged pauper, misfortune's butt,
Hardly acknowledg'd by kith and kin,
Because, poor rat !
He has no cravat ;
A seedy coat, and a hole in that !—
No sole to his shoe, and no brim to his hat ;
Nor a change of linen—except his skin ;—
No gloves—no vest,
Either second or best ;
And what is worse than all the rest,
No light heart, tho' his breeches are thin,—
While Time elopes
With all golden hopes,
And even with those of pewter and tin,—
The brightest dreams,
And the best of schemes,
All knocked down, like a wicket by Mynn,—
Each castle in air
Seized by Giant Despair,
No prospect in life worth a minikin pin,—
No credit—no cash,
No cold mutton to hash,
No bread—not even potatoes to mash ;
No coal in the cellar, no wine in the binn,—
Smash'd, broken to bits,
With judgments and writs,
Bonds, bills, and cognovits distracting the wits,
In the webs that the spiders of Chancery spin,—
Till weary of life, its worry and strife,
Black visions are rife, of a razor, a knife,
Of poison—a rope—' louping over a linn.'—

Gin ! Gin ! a Drop of Gin !
Oh ! then its tremendous temptations begin,
To take, alas !
To the fatal glass,—
And happy the wretch that it does not win
To change the black hue
Of his ruin to blue—
While Angels sorrow, and Demons grin—
And lose the rheumatic
Chill of his attic
By plunging into the Palace of Gin !

THE SONG OF THE SHIRT

With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A Woman sat, in unwomanly rags,
Plying her needle and thread—
Stitch! stitch! stitch!
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch
She sang the 'Song of the Shirt!'

'Work! work! work!
While the cock is crowing aloof!
And work—work—work,
Till the stars shine through the roof!
It's O! to be a slave
Along with the barbarous Turk,
Where woman has never a soul to save,
If this is Christian work!

'Work—work—work
Till the brain begins to swim;
Work—work—work
Till the eyes are heavy and dim!
Seam, and gusset, and band,
Band, and gusset, and seam,
Till over the buttons I fall asleep,
And sew them on in a dream!

'O! Men with Sisters dear!
O! Men! with Mothers and Wives!
It is not linen you're wearing out,
But human creatures' lives!
Stitch—stitch—stitch,
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
Sewing at once, with a double thread,
A Shroud as well as a Shirt.

'But why do I talk of Death?
That Phantom of grisly bone,
I hardly fear his terrible shape,
It seems so like my own—
It seems so like my own,
Because of the fasts I keep,
Oh! God! that bread should be so dear,
And flesh and blood so cheap!

'Work—work—work!
My labour never flags;
And what are its wages? A bed of straw,
A crust of bread—and rags.
That shatter'd roof,—and this naked floor—
A table—a broken chair—
And a wall so blank, my shadow I thank
For sometimes falling there!

'Work—work—work!
From weary chime to chime,
Work—work—work—
As prisoners work for crime!
Band, and gusset, and seam,
Seam, and gusset, and band,
Till the heart is sick, and the brain benumb'd,
As well as the weary hand.

'Work—work—work,
In the dull December light,
And work—work—work,
When the weather is warm and bright—
While underneath the eaves
The brooding swallows cling
As if to show me their sunny backs
And twit me with the spring.

'Oh! but to breathe the breath
Of the cowslip and primrose sweet—
With the sky above my head,
And the grass beneath my feet,
For only one short hour.
To feel as I used to feel,
Before I knew the woes of want
And the walk that costs a meal!

'Oh but for one short hour!
A respite however brief!
No blessed leisure for Love or Hope,
But only time for Grief!
A little weeping would ease my heart,
But in their briny bed
My tears must stop, for every drop
Hinders needle and thread!'

[Seam, and gusset, and band,
Band, and gusset, and seam,
Work, work, work,
Like the Engine that works by Steam!
A mere machine of iron and wood
That toils for Mammon's sake—
Without a brain to ponder and craze
Or a heart to feel—and break!][1]

With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A Woman sate in unwomanly rags,
Plying her needle and thread—
Stitch! stitch! stitch!
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch,
Would that its tone could reach the Rich!—
She sang this 'Song of the Shirt!'

THE PAUPER'S CHRISTMAS CAROL

FULL of drink and full of meat,
On our SAVIOUR'S natal day,
CHARITY'S perennial treat;
Thus I heard a Pauper say:—
'Ought not I to dance and sing
Thus supplied with famous cheer?
Heigho!
I hardly know—
Christmas comes but once a year!

'After labour's long turmoil,
Sorry fare and frequent fast,
Two-and-fifty weeks of toil,
Pudding-time is come at last!
But are raisins high or low,
Flour and suet cheap or dear?
Heigho!
I hardly know—
Christmas comes but once a year.

'Fed upon the coarsest fare
Three hundred days and sixty-four
But for *one* on viands rare,
Just as if I wasn't poor!
Ought not I to bless my stars,
Warden, clerk, and overseer?
Heigho!
I hardly know—
Christmas comes but once a year.

'Treated like a welcome guest,
One of Nature's social chain,
Seated, tended on, and press'd—
But when shall I be press'd again,
Twice to pudding, thrice to beef,
A dozen times to ale and beer?
Heigho!
I hardly know,
Christmas comes but once a year.

'Come to-morrow how it will;
Diet scant and usage rough,
Hunger once has had its fill,
Thirst for once has had enough,
But shall I ever dine again?
Or see another feast appear?
Heigho!
I only know
Christmas comes but once a year.

'Frozen cares begin to melt,
Hopes revive and spirits flow—
Feeling as I have not felt
Since a dozen months ago—
Glad enough to sing a song—
To-morrow shall I volunteer?
Heigho!
I hardly know—
Christmas comes but once a year.

'Bright and blessed is the time,
Sorrows end and joys begin,
While the bells with merry chime
Ring the Day of Plenty in!
But the happy tide to hail,
With a sigh or with a tear,
Heigho!
I hardly know—
Christmas comes but once a year!'

[1] The stanza in brackets was omitted when the 'Song' was originally published.

THE MARY

A SEA-SIDE SKETCH

Lov'st thou not, Alice, with the early tide
To see the hardy Fisher hoist his mast,
And stretch his sail towards the ocean wide,—
Like God's own beadsman going forth to cast
His net into the deep, which doth provide
Enormous bounties, hidden in its vast
Bosom like Charity's, for all who seek
And take its gracious boon thankful and meek?

The sea is bright with morning,—but the dark
Seems still to linger on his broad black sail,
For it is early hoisted, like a mark
For the low sun to shoot at with his pale
And level beams:—All round the shadowy bark
The green wave glimmers, and the gentle gale
Swells in her canvas, till the waters show
The keel's new speed, and whiten at the bow.

Then look abaft—(for thou canst understand
That phrase)—and there he sitteth at the stern,
Grasping the tiller in his broad brown hand,
The hardy Fisherman. Thou may'st discern
Ten fathoms off the wrinkles in the tann'd
And honest countenance that he will turn
To look upon us, with a quiet gaze—
As we are passing on our several ways.

So, some ten days ago, on such a morn,
The Mary, like a seamew, sought her spoil
Amongst the finny race: 'twas when the corn
Woo'd the sharp sickle, and the golden toil
Summon'd all rustic hands to fill the horn
Of Ceres to the brim, that brave turmoil
Was at the prime, and Woodgate went to reap
His harvest too, upon the broad blue deep.

His mast was up, his anchor heaved aboard,
His mainsail stretching in the first gray gleams
Of morning, for the wind. Ben's eye was stored
With fishes—fishes swam in all his dreams,
And all the goodly east seem'd but a hoard
Of silvery fishes, that in shoals and streams
Groped into the deep dusk that fill'd the sky,
For him to catch in meshes of his eye.

For Ben had the true sailor's sanguine heart,
And saw the future with a boy's brave thought,
No doubts, nor faint misgivings had a part
In his bright visions—ay, before he caught
His fish, he sold them in the scaly mart,
And summ'd the net proceeds. This should have brought
Despair upon him when his hopes were foil'd,
But though one crop was marr'd, again he toil'd

And sow'd his seed afresh.—Many foul blights
Perish'd his hardwon gains—yet he had plann'd
No schemes of too extravagant delights—
No goodly houses on the Goodwin sand—
But a small humble home, and loving nights,
Such as his honest heart and earnest hand
Might fairly purchase. Were these hopes too airy?
Such as they were, they rested on thee, Mary.

She was the prize of many a toilsome year,
And hardwon wages, on the perilous sea—
Of savings ever since the shipboy's tear
Was shed for home, that lay beyond the lee;—
She was purveyor for his other dear
Mary, and for the infant yet to be
Fruit of their married loves. These made him dote
Upon the homely beauties of his boat,

Whose pitch black hull roll'd darkly on the wave,
No gayer than one single stripe of blue
Could make her swarthy sides. She seem'd a slave,
A negro among boats—that only knew
Hardship and rugged toil—no pennons brave
Flaunted upon the mast—but oft a few
Dark dripping jackets flutter'd to the air,
Ensigns of hardihood and toilsome care.

And when she ventured for the deep, she spread
A tawny sail against the sunbright sky,
Dark as a cloud that journeys overhead—
But then those tawny wings were stretch'd to fly
Across the wide sea desert for the bread
Of babes and mothers—many an anxious eye
Dwelt on her course, and many a fervent pray'r
Invoked the Heavens to protect and spare.

Where is she now? The secrets of the deep
Are dark and hidden from the human ken;
Only the sea-bird saw the surges sweep
Over the bark of the devoted Ben,—
Meanwhile a widow sobs and orphans weep,
And sighs are heard from weatherbeaten men,
Dark sunburnt men, uncouth and rude and hairy,
While loungers idly ask, 'Where is the Mary?'

THE HAUNTED HOUSE

A ROMANCE

'A jolly place, said he, in times of old,
But something ails it now; the spot is curst.'
—*Hartleap Well, by Wordsworth.*

PART I.

SOME dreams we have are nothing else but dreams,
Unnatural, and full of contradictions;
Yet others of our most romantic schemes
Are something more than fictions.

It might be only on enchanted ground;
It might be merely by a thought's expansion;
But in the spirit, or the flesh, I found
An old deserted Mansion.

A residence for woman, child, and man,
A dwelling-place,—and yet no habitation;
A House,—but under some prodigious ban
Of excommunication.

Unhinged the iron gates half open hung,
Jarr'd by the gusty gales of many winters,
That from its crumbled pedestal had flung
One marble globe in splinters.

No dog was at the threshold, great or small;
No pigeon on the roof—no household creature—
No cat demurely dozing on the wall—
Not one domestic feature.

No human figure stirr'd, to go or come,
No face look'd forth from shut or open casement;
No chimney smoked—there was no sign of Home
From parapet to basement.

With shatter'd panes the grassy court was starr'd;
The time-worn coping-stone had tumbled after!
And thro' the ragged roof the sky shone, barr'd
With naked beam and rafter.

O'er all there hung a shadow and a fear;
A sense of mystery the spirit daunted,
And said, as plain as whisper in the ear,
The place is Haunted!

The flow'r grew wild and rankly as the weed,
Roses with thistles struggled for espial,
And vagrant plants of parasitic breed
Had overgrown the Dial.

But gay or gloomy, steadfast or infirm,
No heart was there to heed the hour's duration;
All times and tides were lost in one long term
Of stagnant desolation.

The wren had built within the Porch, she found
Its quiet loneliness so sure and thorough;
And on the lawn,—within its turfy mound,—
The rabbit made its burrow.

The rabbit wild and gray, that flitted thro'
The shrubby clumps, and frisk'd, and sat, and vanish'd,
But leisurely and bold, as if he knew
His enemy was banish'd.

The wary crow,—the pheasant from the woods—
Lull'd by the still and everlasting sameness,
Close to the Mansion, like domestic broods,
Fed with a 'shocking tameness.'

The coot was swimming in the reedy pond,
Beside the water-hen, so soon affrighted;
And in the weedy moat the heron, fond
Of solitude, alighted.

The moping heron, motionless and stiff,
That on a stone, as silently and stilly,
Stood, an apparent sentinel, as if
To guard the water-lily.

No sound was heard except, from far away,
The ringing of the Whitwall's shrilly laughter,
Or, now and then, the chatter of the jay,
That Echo murmur'd after.

But Echo never mock'd the human tongue;
Some weighty crime, that Heaven could not pardon,
A secret curse on that old Building hung,
And its deserted Garden.

The beds were all untouch'd by hand or tool;
No footstep mark'd the damp and mossy gravel,
Each walk as green as is the mantled pool,
For want of human travel.

The vine unprun'd, and the neglected peach,
Droop'd from the wall with which they used to grapple;
And on the canker'd tree, in easy reach,
Rotted the golden apple.

But awfully the truant shunn'd the ground,
The vagrant kept aloof, and daring Poacher,
In spite of gaps that thro' the fences round
Invited the encroacher.

For over all there hung a cloud of fear,
A sense of mystery the spirit daunted,
And said, as plain as whisper in the ear,
The place is Haunted!

The pear and quince lay squander'd on the grass;
The mould was purple with unheeded showers
Of bloomy plums—a Wilderness it was
Of fruits, and weeds, and flowers!

The marigold amidst the nettles blew,
The gourd embraced the rose bush in its ramble.
The thistle and the stock together grew,
The holly-hock and bramble.

The bear-bine with the lilac interlaced,
The sturdy bur-dock choked its slender neighbour,
The spicy pink. All tokens were effac'd
Of human care and labour.

The very yew Formality had train'd
To such a rigid pyramidal stature,
For want of trimming had almost regain'd
The raggedness of nature.

The Fountain was a-dry—neglect and time
Had marr'd the work of artisan and mason,
And efts and croaking frogs, begot of slime,
Sprawl'd in the ruin'd bason.

The Statue, fallen from its marble base,
Amidst the refuse leaves, and herbage rotten,
Lay like the Idol of some bygone race,
Its name and rites forgotten.

On ev'ry side the aspect was the same,
All ruin'd, desolate, forlorn, and savage :
No hand or foot within the precinct came
To rectify or ravage.

For over all there hung a cloud of fear,
A sense of mystery the spirit daunted,
And said as plain as whisper in the ear,
The place is Haunted !

PART II.

O, very gloomy is the House of Woe,
Where tears are falling while the bell is knelling,
With all the dark solemnities which show
That Death is in the dwelling !

O very, very dreary is the room
Where Love, domestic Love, no longer nestles,
But smitten by the common stroke of doom,
The Corpse lies on the trestles !

But House of Woe, and hearse, and sable pall,
The narrow home of the departed mortal,
Ne'er look'd so gloomy as that Ghostly Hall,
With its deserted portal !

The centipede along the threshold crept,
The cobweb hung across in mazy tangle,
And in its winding-sheet the maggot slept,
At every nook and angle.

The keyhole lodged the earwig and her brood,
The emmets of the steps had old possession,
And march'd in search of their diurnal food
In undisturbed procession.

As undisturb'd as the prehensile cell
Of moth or maggot, or the spider's tissue,
For never foot upon that threshold fell,
To enter or to issue.

O'er all there hung the shadow of a fear,
A sense of mystery the spirit daunted,
And said, as plain as whisper in the ear,
The place is Haunted !

Howbeit, the door I pushed—or so I dream'd—
Which slowly, slowly gaped,—the hinges creaking
With such a rusty eloquence, it seem'd
That Time himself was speaking.

But Time was dumb within that Mansion old,
Or left his tale to the heraldic banners,
That hung from the corroded walls, and told
Of former men and manners :—

Those tatter'd flags, that with the open'd door,
Seem'd the old wave of battle to remember,
While fallen fragments danced upon the floor,
Like dead leaves in December.

The startled bats flew out—bird after bird—
The screech-owl overhead began to flutter,
And seem'd to mock the cry that she had heard
Some dying victim utter !

A shriek that echo'd from the joisted roof,
And up the stair, and further still and further,
Till in some ringing chamber far aloof
It ceased its tale of murther !

Meanwhile the rusty armour rattled round,
The banner shudder'd, and the ragged streamer;
All things the horrid tenor of the sound
Acknowledged with a tremor.

The antlers, where the helmet hung and belt,
Stirr'd as the tempest stirs the forest branches,
Or as the stag had trembled when he felt
The blood-hound at his haunches.

The window jingled in its crumbled frame,
And thro' its many gaps of destitution
Dolorous moans and hollow sighings came,
Like those of dissolution.

The wood-louse dropped and rolled into a ball,
Touch'd by some impulse occult or mechanic;
And nameless beetles ran along the wall
In universal panic.

The subtle spider, that from overhead
Hung like a spy on human guilt and error,
Suddenly turn'd, and up its slender thread
Ran with a nimble terror.

The very stains and fractures on the wall
Assuming features solemn and terrific,
Hinted some tragedy of that old Hall,
Lock'd up in Hieroglyphic.

Some tale that might, perchance, have solved the doubt,
Wherefore amongst those flags so dull and livid,
The banner of the Bloody Hand shone out
So ominously vivid.

Some key to that inscrutable appeal,
Which made the very frame of Nature quiver;
And every thrilling nerve and fibre feel
So ague-like a shiver.

For over all there hung a cloud of fear,
A sense of mystery the spirit daunted,
And said, as plain as whisper in the ear,
The place is Haunted!

If but a rat had lingered in the house,
To lure the thought into a social channel!
But not a rat remain'd, or tiny mouse,
To squeak behind the panel.

Huge drops roll'd down the walls, as if they wept;
And where the cricket used to chirp so shrilly,
The toad was squatting, and the lizard crept
On that damp hearth and chilly.

For years no cheerful blaze had sparkled there,
Or glanc'd on coat of buff or knightly metal;
The slug was crawling on the vacant chair,—
The snail upon the settle.

The floor was redolent of mould and must,
The fungus in the rotten seams had quicken'd;
While on the oaken table coats of dust
Perennially had thicken'd.

No mark of leathern jack or metal can,
No cup—no horn—no hospitable token—
All social ties between that board and Man
Had long ago been broken.

There was so foul a rumour in the air,
The shadow of a Presence so atrocious;
No human creature could have feasted there,
Even the most ferocious.

For over all there hung a cloud of fear,
A sense of mystery the spirit daunted,
And said, as plain as whisper in the ear,
The place is Haunted !

PART III.

'Tis hard for human actions to account,
Whether from reason or from impulse only—
But some internal prompting bade me mount
The gloomy stairs and lonely.

Those gloomy stairs, so dark, and damp, and cold,
With odours as from bones and relics carnal,
Deprived of rite, and consecrated mould,
The chapel vault, or charnel.

Those dreary stairs, where with the sounding stress
Of ev'ry step so many echoes blended,
The mind, with dark misgivings, fear'd to guess
How many feet ascended.

The tempest with its spoils had drifted in,
Till each unwholesome stone was darkly spotted,
As thickly as the leopard's dappled skin,
With leaves that rankly rotted.

The air was thick—and in the upper gloom
The bat—or something in its shape—was winging,
And on the wall, as chilly as a tomb,
The Death's Head moth was clinging.

That mystic moth, which, with a sense profound
Of all unholy presence, augurs truly ;
And with a grim significance flits round
The taper burning bluely.

Such omens in the place there seem'd to be,
At ev'ry crooked turn, or on the landing,
The straining eyeball was prepared to see
Some Apparition standing.

For over all there hung a cloud of fear,
A sense of mystery the spirit daunted,
And said, as plain as whisper in the ear,
The place is Haunted !

Yet no portentous Shape the sight amaz'd ;
Each object plain, and tangible, and valid ;
But from their tarnish'd frames dark Figures gaz'd,
And Faces spectre-pallid.

Not merely with the mimic life that lies
Within the compass of Art's simulation ;
Their souls were looking thro' their painted eyes
With awful speculation.

On every lip a speechless horror dwelt;
On ev'ry brow the burthen of affliction;
The old Ancestral Spirits knew and felt
The House's malediction.

Such earnest woe their features overcast,
They might have stirr'd, or sigh'd, or wept, or spoken ;
But, save the hollow moaning of the blast,
The stillness was unbroken.

No other sound or stir of life was there,
Except my steps in solitary clamber,
From flight to flight, from humid stair to stair,
From chamber into chamber.

Deserted rooms of luxury and state,
That old magnificence had richly furnish'd
With pictures, cabinets of ancient date,
And carvings gilt and burnish'd.

Rich hangings, storied by the needle's art,
With scripture history, or classic fable;
But all had faded, save one ragged part,
Where Cain was slaying Abel.

The silent waste of mildew and the moth
Had marr'd the tissue with a partial ravage;
But undecaying frown'd upon the cloth
Each feature stern and savage.

The sky was pale; the cloud a thing of doubt;
Some hues were fresh, and some decay'd and duller;
But still the BLOODY HAND shone strangely out
With vehemence of colour!

The BLOODY HAND that with a lurid stain
Shone on the dusty floor, a dismal token,
Projected from the casement's painted pane,
Where all beside was broken.

The BLOODY HAND significant of crime,
That glaring on the old heraldic banner,
Had kept its crimson unimpair'd by time,
In such a wondrous manner!

O'er all there hung the shadow of a fear,
A sense of mystery the spirit daunted,
And said, as plain as whisper in the ear,
The place is Haunted!

The Death Watch tick'd behind the panel'd oak,
Inexplicable tremors shook the arras,
And echoes strange and mystical awoke,
The fancy to embarrass.

Prophetic hints that filled the soul with dread,
But thro' one gloomy entrance pointing mostly,
The while some secret inspiration said
That Chamber is the Ghostly!

Across the door no gossamer festoon
Swung pendulous—no web—no dusty fringes,
No silky chrysalis or white cocoon
About its nooks and hinges.

The spider shunn'd the interdicted room,
The moth, the beetle, and the fly were banish'd,
And where the sunbeam fell athwart the gloom,
The very midge had vanish'd.

One lonely ray that glanc'd upon a Bed,
As if with awful aim direct and certain,
To show the BLOODY HAND in burning red
Embroider'd on the curtain.

And yet no gory stain was on the quilt—
The pillow in its place had slowly rotted;
The floor alone retain'd the trace of guilt,
Those boards obscurely spotted.

Obscurely spotted to the door, and thence
With mazy doubles to the grated casement—
Oh what a tale they told of fear intense,
Of horror and amazement!

What human creature in the dead of night
Had coursed like hunted hare that cruel distance ?
Had sought the door, the window in his flight,
Striving for dear existence ?
What shrieking Spirit in that bloody room
Its mortal frame had violently quitted ?—
Across the sunbeam, with a sudden gloom,
A ghostly Shadow flitted.

Across the sunbeam, and along the wall,
But painted on the air so very dimly,
It hardly veil'd the tapestry at all,
Or portrait frowning grimly.

O'er all there hung the shadow of a fear,
A sense of mystery the spirit daunted,
And said, as plain as whisper in the ear,
The place is Haunted !

A DISCOVERY IN ASTRONOMY

One day—I had it from a hasty mouth,
Accustom'd to make many blunders daily.
And therefore will not name, precisely, South,
Herschell, or Baily—
But one of those great men who watch the skies,
With all their rolling, winking eyes,
Was looking at that Orb whose ancient God
Was patron of the Ode, and Song, and Sonnet,
When thus he musing cried—' It 's very odd
That no Astronomer of all the squad
Can tell the nature of those spots upon it ! '

' Lord, master ! ' muttered John, a liveried elf,
' To wonder so at spots upon the sun !
I'll tell you what he 's done—
Freckled hisself ! '

A SONG FOR THE MILLION

ON WILHELM'S METHOD

THERE 's a music aloft in the air
As if Cherubs were humming a song,
Now it 's high, now it 's low, here and there,
There 's a Harmony floating along !
While the steeples are loud in their joy
To the tune of the bell's ring-a-ding,
Let us chime in a peal, one and all,
For we all should be able to sing
Hullahbaloo !

We are Chartists, Destructives and rogues,
We are Radicals, Tories, and Whigs,
We are Churchmen, Dissenters, what not,
We are asses, curs, monkeys and pigs,
But in spite of the slanderous names,
Partisans on each other will fling,
Tho' in concord we cannot agree,
Yet we all in a chorus may sing
Hullahbaloo!

We may not have a happy New Year,
Be perplex'd by all possible ills—
Find the bread and the meat very dear,
And be troubled with very *hard* bills—
Yet like linnets, cock-robins, and wrens,
Larks, and nightingales joyous in Spring,
Or the finches saluting their hens,
Sure we all should be able to sing
Hullahbaloo!

We may have but a Lilliput purse,
And the change in the purse very small,
And our notes may not pass at the Bank,
But they're current at Exeter Hall!
Then a fig for foul weather and fogs!
And whatever misfortune may bring,
If we go to the dogs—like the dogs
In a pack we are able to sing
Hullahbaloo!

Though the coat may be worn with a badge—
Or the kerchief no prize for a prig—
Or the shirt never sent to the wash—
There 's the Gamut for little and big!
O then come, rich and poor, young and old,
For of course it 's a very fine thing,
Spite of Misery, Hunger and Cold,
That we all are so able to sing
Hullahbaloo!

There are Demons to worry the rich,
There are monsters to torture the poor,
There 's the Worm that will gnaw at the heart,
There 's the Wolf that will come to the door!

We may even be short of the cash
For the tax to a queen or a king,
And the broker may sell off our beds,
But we still shall be able to sing
Hullahbaloo!

There 's Consumption to wither the weak,
There are fevers that humble the stout—
A disease may be rife with the young,
Or a pestilence walking about—
Desolation may visit our hives,
And old Death's metaphorical sting
May dispose of the dearest of wives,
But we all shall be able to sing
Hullahbaloo!

We may farm, at a very high rent,
And with guano manure an inch deep,
We may sow, whether broadcast or drill,
And have only the whirlwind to reap;
All our corn may be spoil'd in the ear,
And our barns be ignited by Swing,
And our sheep may die off with the rot,
But we all shall be able to sing
Hullahbaloo!

Our acquaintance may cut us direct,
Even Love may become rather cold,
And a friend of our earlier years
May look shy at the coat that is old:
We may not have a twig or a straw,
Not a reed where affection may cling,
Not a dog for our love, or a cat,
But we still shall be able to sing,
Hullahbaloo!

Some are pallid with watching and want,
Some are burning with blushes of shame;
Some have lost all they had in the world,
And are bankrupts in honour and name.
Some have wasted a fortune in trade—
And by going at all in the ring,
Some have lost e'en a voice in the House;
But they all will be able to sing
Hullahbaloo!

Some are deep in the Slough of Despond,
And so sick of the burthen of life,
That they dream of leaps over a bridge,
Of the pistol, rope, poison, and knife;
To the Temples of Riches and Fame
We are not going up in a string;
And to some even Heaven seems black,
But we all shall be able to sing
Hullahbaloo!

We may give up the struggle with Care,
And the last little hope that would stop,
We may strive with a Giant Despair—
From the very blue sky we may drop,
By some sudden bewildering blow
Stricken down like a bird on the wing,—
Or with hearts breaking surely and slow—
But we all shall be able to sing
Hullahbaloo!

Oh! no matter how wretched we be,
How ill-lodg'd, or ill-clad, or ill-fed,
And with only one tile for a roof,—
That we carry about on the head:
We may croak with a very bad cold,
Or a throat that 's as dry as a ling,—
There 's the street or the stage for us all,
For we all shall be able to sing
Hullahbaloo!

There 's a Music aloft in the air,
As if Cherubs were humming a song,
Now it 's high, now it 's low, here and there.
There 's a Harmony floating along!
While the steeples are loud in their joy,
To the tune of the bell's ring-a-ding,
Let us chime in a peal, one and all,
For we all should be able to sing
Hullahbaloo!

SKIPPING. A MYSTERY

Little Children skip,
The rope so gaily gripping,
Tom and Harry,
Jane and Mary,
Kate, Diana,
Susan, Anna,
All are fond of skipping!

The Grasshoppers all skip,
The early dew-drop sipping,
Under, over,
Bent and clover,
Daisy, sorrel,
Without quarrel,
All are fond of skipping!

The tiny Fairies skip,
At midnight softly tripping;
Puck and Peri,
Never weary,
With an antic
Quite romantic,
All are fond of skipping.

The little Boats they skip,
Beside the heavy Shipping
While the squalling
Winds are calling,
Falling, rising,
Rising, falling,
All are fond of skipping!

The pale Diana skips,
The silver billows tipping,
With a dancing
Lustre glancing
To the motion
Of the ocean—
All are fond of skipping!

The little Flounders skip,
When they feel the dripping;
Scorching, frying,
Jumping, trying
If there is not
Any shying,
All are fond of skipping!

The very Dogs they skip,
While threatened with a whipping,
Wheeling, prancing,
Learning dancing,
To a measure,
What a pleasure!
All are fond of skipping!

The little fleas they skip,
And nightly come a nipping,
Lord and Lady,
Jude and Thady,
In the night
So dark and shady—
All are fond of skipping!

The Autumn Leaves they skip;
When blasts the trees are stripping;
Bounding, whirling,
Sweeping, twirling,
And in wanton
Mazes curling,
All are fond of skipping!

The Apparitions skip,
Some mortal grievance ripping,
Thorough many
A crack and cranny,
And the keyhole
Good as any—
All are fond of skipping!

But oh! how Readers skip,
In heavy volumes dipping!
* * * * * and * * * * *
* * * * and * * * * *
* * * and * * * * *
* * * * * * * * *
All are fond of skipping!

A TALE OF TEMPER

Of all cross breeds of human sinners,
The crabbedest are those who dress our dinners;
Whether the ardent fires at which they roast
And broil and bake themselves like Smithfield martyrs,
Are apt to make them crusty, like a toast,
Or drams, encouraged by so hot a post;
However, cooks are generally Tartars;
And altogether might be safely cluster'd
In scientific catalogues
Under two names, like Dinmont's dogs
Pepper and Mustard.

The case thus being very common,
It followed, quite of course, when Mr. Jervis
Engaged a clever culinary woman,
He took a mere Xantippe in his service—
In fact—her metal not to burnish,
As vile a shrew as Shrewsbury could furnish—
One who in temper, language, manners, looks,
In every respect
Might just have come direct
From him, who is supposed to send us cooks.

The very day she came into her place
She slapp'd the scullion's face;
The next, the housemaid being rather pert,
Snatching the broom, she 'treated her like dirt'—
The third, a quarrel with the groom she hit on—
Cyrus, the page, had half-a-dozen knocks;
And John, the coachman, got a box
He couldn't sit on.

Meanwhile, her strength to rally,
Brandy, and rum, and shrub she drank by stealth,
Besides the Cream of some mysterious Valley
That may, or may not, be the Vale of Health:
At least while credit lasted, or her wealth,—
For finding that her blows came only thicker,
Invectives and foul names but flew the quicker,
The more she drank, the more inclin'd to bicker,
The other servants, one and all,
Took Bible oaths whatever might befal,
Neither to lend her cash, nor fetch her liquor!

This caused, of course, a dreadful schism,
And what was worse, in spite of all endeavour,
After a fortnight of Tea-totalism,
The Plague broke out more virulent than ever!
The life she led her fellows down the stairs!
The life she led her betters in the parlour!
No parrot ever gave herself such airs,
No pug-dog cynical was such a snarler!
At woman, man, and child, she flew and snapp'd,
No rattlesnake on earth so fierce and rancorous—
No household cat that ever lapp'd
To swear and spit was half so apt—
No bear, sore-headed, could be more cantankerous—
No fretful porcupine more sharp and crabbed—
No wolverine
More full of spleen—
In short, the woman was completely rabid!

The least offence of look or phrase,
The slightest verbal joke, the merest frolic,
Like a snap-dragon set her in a blaze,
Her spirit was so alcoholic!
And woe to him who felt her tongue!
It burnt like caustic—like a nettle stung,
Her speech was scalding,—scorching,—vitriolic!
And larded, not with bacon fat,
Or anything so mild as that,
But curses so intensely diabolic,
So broiling hot, that he, at whom she levell'd,
Felt in his very gizzard he was devil'd!

Often and often Mr. Jervis
Long'd, and yet feared, to turn her from his service;
For why? Of all his philosophic loads
Of reptiles loathsome, spiteful, and pernicious,
Stuff'd Lizards, bottled Snakes, and pickled Toads,
Potted Tarantulas, and Asps malicious,
And Scorpions cured by scientific modes,
He had not any creature half so vicious!

At last one morning
The coachman had already given warning,
And little Cyrus
Was gravely thinking of a new cockade,
For open War's rough sanguinary trade,
Or any other service, quite desirous,
Instead of quarrelling with such a jade,—
When accident explain'd the coil she made,
And whence her Temper had derived the virus!

Struck with the fever, called the scarlet,
The Termagant was lying sick in bed,
And little Cyrus, that precocious varlet,

Was just declaring her 'as good as dead,'
When down the attic stairs the housemaid, Charlotte,
Came running from the chamber overhead,
Like one demented;
Flapping her hands, and casting up her eyes,
And giving gasps of horror and surprise,
Which thus she vented—
'O Lord! I wonder that she didn't bite us!
Or sting us like a Tantalizer [1],
(The note will make the reader wiser,)
And set us all a dancing like St. Witus!
'Temper! No wonder that the creature had
A temper so uncommon bad!
She 's just confessed to Doctor Griper
That being out of Rum, and like denials,—
Which always was prodigious trials,—
Because she couldn't pay the piper,
She went one day, she did, to master's wials,
And drunk the spirit as preserv'd the Wiper!'

EPIGRAM

ON THE ARRANGEMENT OF THE STATUES IN TRAFALGAR SQUARE

If Nelson looks down on a couple of Kings,
However it pleases the Loyals;
Tis after the fashion of nautical things,
A Sky-scraper over the Royals.

REFLECTIONS ON NEW YEAR'S DAY

Yes, yes, it 's very true and very clear!
By way of compliment, and common chat,
It's very well to wish me a New Year;
But wish me a new hat!

Although not spent in luxury and ease,
In course a longer life I won't refuse;
But while you're wishing, wish me if you please,
A newer pair o' shoes!

Nay, while new things and wishes are afloat,
I own to one that I should not rebut—
Instead of this old rent, to have a coat
With more of the New Cut!

O yes, 'tis very pleasant, tho' I'm poor,
To hear the steeple make that merry din;
Except I wish one bell was at the door
To ring new trowsers in.

To be alive is very nice indeed,
Although another year at last departs;
Only with twelve new months I rather need
A dozen of new shirts.

Yes, yes, it 's very true, and very clear,
By way of compliment and common chat,
It 's very well to wish me a New Year,
But wish me a new hat!

[1] Tarantula.

THE LADY'S DREAM

THE lady lay in her bed,
Her couch so warm and soft,
But her sleep was restless and broken still;
For turning oft and oft
From side to side, she mutter'd and moan'd,
And toss'd her arms aloft.

At last she startled up,
And gaz'd on the vacant air,
With a look of awe, as if she saw
Some dreadful phantom there—
And then in the pillow she buried her face
From visions ill to bear.

The very curtain shook,
Her terror was so extreme;
And the light that fell on the broider'd quilt
Kept a tremulous gleam;
And her voice was hollow, and shook as she cried:—
'Oh me! that awful dream!

'That weary, weary walk
In the churchyard's dismal ground!
And those horrible things, with shady wings,
That came and flitted round,—
Death, death, and nothing but death,
In every sight and sound!

'And oh! those maidens young,
Who wrought in that dreary room,
With figures drooping and spectres thin,
And cheeks without a bloom;—
And the Voice that cried, "For the pomp of pride,
We haste to an early tomb!

'"For the pomp and pleasure of Pride,
We toil like Afric slaves,
And only to earn a home at last,
Where yonder cypress waves;"—
And then they pointed—I never saw
A ground so full of graves!

'And still the coffins came,
With their sorrowful trains and slow;
Coffin after coffin still,
A sad and sickening show;
From grief exempt, I never had dreamt
Of such a World of Woe!

'Of the hearts that daily break,
Of the tears that hourly fall,
Of the many, many troubles of life,
That grieve this earthly ball—
Disease and Hunger, and Pain, and Want,
But now I dreamt of them all!

'For the blind and the cripple were there,
And the babe that pined for bread,
And the houseless man, and the widow poor
Who begged—to bury the dead;
The naked, alas, that I might have clad,
The famished I might have fed!

'The sorrow I might have soothed,
And the unregarded tears;
For many a thronging shape was there,
From long forgotten years,
Ay, even the poor rejected Moor,
Who rais'd my childish fears!

'Each pleading look, that long ago
I scann'd with a heedless eye,
Each face was gazing as plainly there,
As when I pass'd it by:
Woe, woe for me if the past should be
Thus present when I die!

'No need of sulphurous lake,
No need of fiery coal,
But only that crowd of human kind
Who wanted pity and dole—
In everlasting retrospect—
Will wring my sinful soul!

'Alas! I have walked through life
Too heedless where I trod;
Nay, helping to trample my fellow worm,
And fill the burial sod—
Forgetting that even the sparrow falls
Not unmark'd of God!

'I drank the richest draughts;
And ate whatever is good—
Fish, and flesh, and fowl, and fruit,
Supplied my hungry mood;
But I never remembered the wretched ones
That starve for want of food!

'I dress'd as the noble dress,
In cloth of silver and gold,
With silk, and satin, and costly furs,
In many an ample fold;
But I never remembered the naked limb
That froze with winter's cold.

'The wounds I might have heal'd!
The human sorrow and smart!
And yet it never was in my soul
To play so ill a part:
But evil is wrought by want of Thought,
As well as want of Heart!'

She clasp'd her fervent hands,
And the tears began to stream;
Large, and bitter, and fast they fell,
Remorse was so extreme:
And yet, oh yet, that many a Dame
Would dream the Lady's Dream!

MAGNETIC MUSINGS

Passing my brow, and passing my eyes,
And passing lower with devious range,
Passing my chest,
And passing the rest,
I feel a something passing strange!

Over my soul there seems to pass
A middle state of life or death,
And I almost seem to feel, alas!
That I am drawing my passing breath!
And, methinks I hear the passing-bell;
But, Mr. Passmore, that reverend elf,
Gives me a pass that I know well,
A sort of passport to Heaven itself!

Passing my brow, and passing my eye,
And passing lower, with devious range,
Passing my chest,
And passing the rest,
I feel a something passing strange!

Oh, Mr. Eyre, Lieutenant dear!
Oh! Lady Sale, thou gallant lass!
I know for certain that ye are near,
For I feel, I feel, the Khyber Pass!

But no—'tis Brockedon passes my brow,
And I'm in the Alpine Passes now,
With icy valleys, and snowy crests,
Whereon the passing vapour rests;
And guide and English traveller pass,
Each on a very passable ass!

Passing my ear and passing my eye!
O joy! what pastoral meads I spy,
Full of lambs that frisk and feed
While the Pastor plays on his rustic reed—
To the very best of his humble ability,
Piping ever shrill and loud,
But oh! what new magnetic cloud
Passes over my passibility!

Over my soul there seems to pass
A middle state of life or death,
And I almost seem to feel, alas!
That I am drawing my passing breath,
No more prospects bright and sunny,
No more chance of pleasant cheer,
No more hope of passing money—
I feel the pass of the Overseer!

A DREAM

'Twas night: the Globe was folded up,
(The paper, not the earth,)
And to its proper shelf restored
The fairest 'Maid of Perth:'
But still with strange intricacy
The things that I had read—
The Irish News, the Scottish Tale—
Kept running in my head;
While over all a sort of mist
Began to slowly creep,
The twilight haze of Thought before
It darkens into Sleep;
A foggy land where shady shapes
Kept stirring in the gloom,
Till with a hint of brighter tint
One spot began to bloom,
And on the blank, by dreamy prank,
I saw a Figure tall,
As vivid as from painted glass,
Projected on a wall!

The face, as well as I could trace,
Two sparkling eyes were there,
Black as the beard, and trim moustache,
And curly head of hair;
The nose was straight, the mouth was large,
The lips disclosed beneath
A set full white and regular,
Of strong and handsome teeth—
The whiter, that his brow, and cheek,
And thick uncover'd gorge,
Were ruddy as if baked by heat
Of sun or glowing forge.

His dress was buff, or some such stuff,
And belted at the waist;
A curious dirk, for stabbing work,
Was in the girdle placed,
Beside a sort of pouch or purse
Of some wild creature's skin,
To safely hold his store of gold
Or silver coin therein;—
But—suddenly his doublet changed
To one of brighter hue,
A jerkin fair and superfine,
Of cloth of azure blue,
Slash'd front and back with satin black,
Embroider'd o'er, and laced
With sable silk, as used to suit
The ancient time and taste;
His hose were of the Flemish cut,
His boots of cordovan;
A velvet bonnet on his head,
Like that of Scottish man,—
Nay, not a velvet one,—for why,
As dreams are apt to deal,
With sudden change, as swift as strange,
It shone a cap of steel!
His coat of buff, or azure stuff,
Became a hauberk bright,
No longer gay in his array,
But harness'd for the Fight!

Huge was his frame and muscular,
Indicative of strength:
His bosom broad, his brawny arms
Of more than common length;
And well the sturdy limbs might be
So sinewy, stark, and strong,
That had to wield in battle-field
A sword so broad and long!
Few men there were of mortal mould,
Although of warlike trade,
But had been rash to stand the clash
Of that tremendous blade;
And yet aloft he swung it oft,
As if of feather-weight,
And cut amid the empty air
A monstrous figure eight;
Whilst ever as it cleft the wind,
A whisper came therewith,
That low and clear said in my ear,
'Behold the Fighting Smith!'[1]

And lo! another 'change came o'er
The spirit of my dream:'
The hauberk bright no longer shone
With that metallic gleam—

[1] *Vide* Scott's 'Fair Maid of Perth.'

No ruddy visage furnace-scorched,
With glowing eyes, was there,
No sable beard, nor trim moustache,
Nor head of raven hair;
No steely cap, with plume mayhap,
No bonnet small or big;
Upon his brow there settled now
A curly powder'd Wig!
Beneath his chin two cambric bands
Demurely drooped adown;
And from his brawny shoulders hung
A black forensic gown.

No mail beneath, to guard from death,
Or wounds in battle dealt,
Nor ready dirk for stabbing work,
Dependent at his belt—
His right hand bore no broad claymore,
But, with a flourish, soon
He wav'd a Pistol huge enough
For any horse-dragoon,
And whilst he pointed to and fro,
As if to aim therewith,
Still in my ear, the voice was clear,
'Behold the Fighting Smith!'[1]

EPIGRAM

ON A PICTURE (407) IN THE BRITISH INSTITUTION

SIR, let me just your tasteful eye enveigle
To yonder Painting, of the Madman Eagle.
Which, *that* by Poole? Excuse me, sir, I beg,
I really have no wish to catch 'The Plague.'

THE KEY

A MOORISH ROMANCE

'On the east coast, towards Tunis, the Moors still preserve the keys of their ancestors' houses in Spain; to which country they still express the hopes of one day returning, and again planting the crescent on the ancient walls of the Alhambra.'—*Scott's Travels in Morocco and Algiers.*

'Is Spain cloven in such a manner as to want closing?'—*Sancho Panza.*

THE Moor leans on his cushion,
With the pipe between his lips;
And still at frequent intervals
The sweet sherbét he sips;
But, spite of lulling vapour
And the sober cooling cup,
The spirit of the swarthy Moor
Is fiercely kindling up!

One hand is on his pistol,
On its ornamented stock,
While his finger feels the trigger
And is busy with the lock—

The other seeks his ataghan,
And clasps its jewell'd hilt—
Oh! much of gore in days of yore
That crooked blade has spilt!

His brows are knit, his eyes of jet
In vivid blackness roll,
And gleam with fatal flashes
Like the fire-damp of the coal;
His jaws are set, and through his teeth
He draws a savage breath,
As if about to raise the shout
Of Victory or Death!

[1] *Vide* 'The State Trials in Ireland.'

For why ? the last Zebeck that came
And moor'd within the Mole,
Such tidings unto Tunis brought
As stir his very soul—
The cruel jar of civil war,
The sad and stormy reign,
That blackens like a thundercloud
The sunny land of Spain !

No strife of glorious Chivalry,
For honour's gain or loss,
Nor yet that ancient rivalry,
The Crescent with the Cross.
No charge of gallant Paladins
On Moslems stern and stanch ;
But Christians shedding Christian blood
Beneath the olive's branch !

A war of horrid parricide,
And brother killing brother ;
Yea, like to ' dogs and sons of dogs,'
That worry one another.
But let them bite and tear and fight,
The more the Kaffers slay,
The sooner Hagar's swarming sons
Shall make the land a prey !

The sooner shall the Moor behold
Th' Alhambra's pile again ;
And those who pin'd in Barbary
Shall shout for joy in Spain—
The sooner shall the Crescent wave
On dear Granada's walls ;
And proud Mohammed Ali sit
Within his father's halls !

' Alla-il-alla ! ' tiger-like
Up springs the swarthy Moor,
And, with a wide and hasty stride,
Steps o'er the marble floor ;
Across the hall, till from the wall,
Where such quaint patterns be,
With eager hand he snatches down
An old and massive Key !

A massive Key of curious shape,
And dark with dirt and rust,
And well three weary centuries
The metal might encrust !

For since the King Boabdil fell
Before the native stock,
That ancient Key, so quaint to see,
Hath never been in lock.

Brought over by the Saracens
Who fled across the main,
A token of the secret hope
Of going back again ;
From race to race, from hand to hand,
From house to house it pass'd ;
O will it ever, ever ope
The Palace gate at last ?

Three hundred years and fifty-two
On post and wall it hung—
Three hundred years and fifty-two
A dream to old and young ;
But now a brighter destiny
The Prophet's will accords ;
The time is come to scour the rust
And lubricate the wards.

For should the Moor with sword and lance
At Algesiras land,
Where is the bold Bernardo now
Their progress to withstand ?
To Burgos should the Moslem come,
Where is the noble Cid
Five royal crowns to topple down
As gallant Diaz did ?

Hath Xeres any Pounder now,
When other weapons fail,
With club to thrash invaders rash,
Like barley with a flail ?
Hath Seville any Perez still,
To lay his clusters low,
And ride with seven turbans green
Around his saddle-bow ?

No ! never more shall Europe see
Such Heroes brave and bold,
Such Valour, Faith, and Loyalty,
As used to shine of old !
No longer to one battle cry
United Spaniards run,
And with their thronging spears uphold
The Virgin and her Son !

From Cadiz Bay to rough Biscay
Internal discord dwells,
And Barcelona bears the scars
Of Spanish shot and shells.
The fleets decline, the merchants pine
For want of foreign trade;
And gold is scant; and Alicante
Is seal'd by strict blockade!

The loyal fly, and Valour falls,
Oppos'd by court intrigue;
But treachery and traitors thrive,
Upheld by foreign league;
While factions seeking private ends
By turns usurping reign—
Well may the dreaming, scheming Moor
Exulting point to Spain!

Well may he cleanse the rusty Key
With Afric sand and oil,
And hope an Andalusian home
Shall recompense the toil!

Well may he swear the Moorish spear
Through wild Castile shall sweep,
And where the Catalonian sowed
The Saracen shall reap!

Well may he vow to spurn the Cross
Beneath the Arab hoof,
And plant the Crescent yet again
Above th' Alhambra's roof—
When those from whom St. Jago's name
In chorus once arose,
Are shouting Faction's battle-cries,
And Spain forgets to 'Close!'

Well may he swear his ataghan
Shall rout the traitor swarm,
And carve them into Arabesques
That show no human form—
The blame be theirs whose bloody feuds
Invite the savage Moor,
And tempt him with the ancient Key
To seek the ancient door!

THE CAPTAIN'S COW

A NAUTICAL ROMANCE

'Water, water everywhere,
But not a drop to drink.'—*Coleridge.*

It is a jolly Mariner
As ever knew the billows' stir,
Or battled with the gale;
His face is brown, his hair is black,
And down his broad gigantic back
There hangs a platted tail.

In clusters, as he rolls along,
His tarry mates around him throng,
Who know his budget well;
Betwixt Canton and Trinidad
No Sea-Romancer ever had
Such wondrous tales to tell!

Against the mast he leans a-slope,
And thence upon a coil of rope
Slides down his pitchy 'starn;'
Heaves up a lusty hem or two,
And then at once without ado
Begins to spin his yarn:—

'As from Jamaica we did come,
Laden with sugar, fruit and rum,
It blew a heavy gale:
A storm that scar'd the oldest men
For three long days and nights, and then
The wind began to fail.

'Still less and less, till on the mast
The sails began to flap at last,
The breezes blew so soft;
Just only now and then a puff,
Till soon there was not wind enough
To stir the vane aloft.

'No, not a cat's paw anywhere:
Hold up your finger in the air
You couldn't feel a breath;
For why, in yonder storm that burst,
The wind that blew so hard at first
Had blown itself to death.

'No cloud aloft to throw a shade;
No distant breezy ripple made
The ocean dark below.
No cheering sign of any kind;
The more we whistled for the wind
The more it did not blow.

'The hands were idle, one and all;
No sail to reef against a squall;
No wheel, no steering now!
Nothing to do for man or mate,
But chew their cuds and ruminate,
Just like the Captain's Cow.

'Day after day, day after day,
Becalm'd the Jolly Planter lay,
As if she had been moor'd:
The sea below, the sky a-top
Fierce blazing down, and not a drop
Of water left aboard!

'Day after day, day after day,
Becalm'd the Jolly Planter lay,
As still as any log;
The parching seamen stood about,
Each with his tongue a-lolling out,
And panting like a dog—

'A dog half mad with summer heat
And running up and down the street,
By thirst quite overcome;
And not a drop in all the ship
To moisten cracking tongue and lip,
Except Jamaica rum!

'The very poultry in the coop
Began to pine away and droop—
The cock was first to go!
And glad we were on all our parts
He used to damp our very hearts
With such a ropy crow.

'But worst it was, we did allow,
To look upon the Captain's Cow,
That daily seemed to shrink:
Deprived of water hard or soft,
For though we tried her oft and oft,
The brine she wouldn't drink;

'But only turn'd her bloodshot eye
And muzzle up towards the sky,
And gave a moan of pain,
A sort of hollow moan and sad,
As if some brutish thought she had
To pray to heav'n for rain;

'And sometimes with a steadfast stare
Kept looking at the empty air,
As if she saw, beyond,
Some meadow in her native land,
Where formerly she used to stand
A-cooling in the pond.

'If I had only had a drink
Of water then, I almost think
She would have had the half;
But as for John the Carpenter,
He couldn't more have pitied her
If he had been her calf.

'So soft of heart he was and kind
To any creature lame, or blind,
Unfortunate or dumb:
Whereby he made a sort of vow,
In sympathising with the Cow,
To give her half his rum;—

'An oath from which he never swerv'd,
For surely as the rum was serv'd
He shared the cheering dram;
And kindly gave one half at least,
Or more, to the complaining beast,
Who took it like a lamb.

'At last with overclouding skies
A breeze again began to rise,
That stiffen'd to a gale:
Steady, steady, and strong it blew;
And were not we a joyous crew,
As on the Jolly Planter flew
Beneath a press of sail!

'Swiftly the Jolly Planter flew,
And were not we a joyous crew,
At last to sight the land!
A glee there was on every brow,
That like a Christian soul the Cow
Appear'd to understand.

'And was not she a mad-like thing,
To land again and taste the spring,
Instead of fiery glass:
About the verdant meads to scour,
And snuff the honey'd cowslip flower,
And crop the juicy grass!

'Whereby she grew as plump and hale
As any beast that wears a tail,
Her skin as sleek as silk;
And through all parts of England now
Is grown a very famous Cow,
By giving Rum-and-Milk!'

THE WORKHOUSE CLOCK

AN ALLEGORY

THERE 's a murmur in the air,
And noise in every street—
The murmur of many tongues,
The noise of numerous feet—
While round the Workhouse door
The Labouring Classes flock,
For why? the Overseer of the Poor
Is setting the Workhouse Clock.

Who does not hear the tramp
Of thousands speeding along
Of either sex and various stamp,
Sickly, crippled, or strong,
Walking, limping, creeping
From court, and alley, and lane,
But all in one direction sweeping
Like rivers that seek the main?

Who does not see them sally
From mill, and garret, and room,
In lane, and court and alley,
From homes in poverty's lowest valley,
Furnished with shuttle and loom—
Poor slaves of Civilization's galley—
And in the road and footways rally,
As if for the Day of Doom?
Some, of hardly human form,
Stunted, crooked, and crippled by toil;
Dingy with smoke and dust and oil,
And smirch'd besides with vicious soil,
Clustering, mustering, all in a swarm.
Father, mother, and careful child,
Looking as if it had never smiled—

The Sempstress, lean, and weary, and wan,
With only the ghosts of garments on—
The Weaver, her sallow neighbour,
The grim and sooty Artisan;
Every soul—child, woman, or man,
Who lives—or dies—by labour.

Stirr'd by an overwhelming zeal,
And social impulse, a terrible throng!
Leaving shuttle, and needle, and wheel,
Furnace, and grindstone, spindle, and reel,
Thread, and yarn, and iron, and steel—
Yea, rest and the yet untasted meal—
Gushing, rushing, crushing along,
A very torrent of Man!
Urged by the sighs of sorrow and wrong,
Grown at last to a hurricane strong,
Stop its course who can!
Stop who can its onward course
And irresistible moral force;
O! vain and idle dream!
For surely as men are all akin,
Whether of fair or sable skin,
According to Nature's scheme,
That Human Movement contains within
A Blood-Power stronger than Steam.

Onward, onward, with hasty feet,
They swarm—and westward still—

Masses born to drink and eat,
But starving amidst Whitechapel's meat,
And famishing down Cornhill!
Through the Poultry—but still unfed—
Christian Charity, hang your head!
Hungry—passing the Street of Bread;
Thirsty—the street of Milk;
Ragged—beside the Ludgate Mart,
So gorgeous, through Mechanic-Art,
With cotton, and wool, and silk!

At last, before that door
That bears so many a knock
Ere ever it opens to Sick or Poor,
Like sheep they huddle and flock—

And would that all the Good and Wise
Could see the million of hollow eyes,
With a gleam deriv'd from Hope and the skies,
Upturn'd to the Workhouse Clock!

Oh! that the Parish Powers,
Who regulate Labour's hours,
The daily amount of human trial,
Weariness, pain, and self-denial,
Would turn from the artificial dial
That striketh ten or eleven,
And go, for once, by that older one
That stands in the light of Nature's sun,
And takes its time from Heaven!

AN EXPLANATION

BY ONE OF THE LIVERY

Says Blue-and-Buff, to Drab-and-Pink,
'I've heard the hardest word, I think,
That ever posed me since my teens,
I wonder what As-best-os means!'

Says Drab-and-Pink to Blue-and-Buff,
'The word is clear, and plain enough.
It means a Nag wot goes the pace,
And so *as best os* wins the race.'

THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS

'Drown'd! drown'd!'—*Hamlet.*

One more Unfortunate,
Weary of breath,
Rashly importunate,
Gone to her death!

Take her up tenderly,
Lift her with care;
Fashion'd so slenderly,
Young, and so fair!

Look at her garments
Clinging like cerements;
Whilst the wave constantly
Drips from her clothing;
Take her up instantly,
Loving, not loathing.—

Touch her not scornfully;
Think of her mournfully,
Gently and humanly;
Not of the stains of her,
All that remains of her
Now is pure womanly.

Make no deep scrutiny
Into her mutiny
Rash and undutiful:
Past all dishonour
Death has left on her
Only the beautiful.

Still, for all slips of hers,
One of Eve's family—
Wipe those poor lips of hers
Oozing so clammily.

Loop up her tresses
Escaped from the comb,
Her fair auburn tresses;
Whilst wonderment guesses
Where was her home?

Who was her father?
Who was her mother?
Had she a sister?
Had she a brother?
Or was there a dearer one
Still, and a nearer one
Yet, than all other?

Alas! for the rarity
Of Christian charity
Under the sun!
Oh! it was pitiful!
Near a whole city full,
Home she had none!

Sisterly, brotherly,
Fatherly, motherly,
Feelings had changed:
Love, by harsh evidence,
Thrown from its eminence;
Even God's providence
Seeming estranged.

Where the lamps quiver
So far in the river,
With many a light
From window and casement,
From garret to basement,
She stood, with amazement,
Houseless by night.

The bleak wind of March
Made her tremble and shiver;
But not the dark arch,
Or the black flowing river:
Mad from life's history,
Glad to death's mystery,
Swift to be hurl'd—
Anywhere, anywhere,
Out of the world!

In she plunged boldly,
No matter how coldly
The rough river ran,—
Over the brink of it,
Picture it—think of it,
Dissolute man!
Lave in it, drink of it,
Then, if you can!

Take her up tenderly,
Lift her with care;
Fashion'd so slenderly,
Young, and so fair!

Ere her limbs frigidly
Stiffen too rigidly,
Decently,—kindly,—
Smoothe and compose them:
And her eyes, close them,
Staring so blindly!

Dreadfully staring
Thro' muddy impurity,
As when with the daring
Last look of despairing,
Fix'd on futurity.

Perishing gloomily,
Spurr'd by contumely,
Cold inhumanity,
Burning insanity,
Into her rest.—
Cross her hands humbly,
As if praying dumbly,
Over her breast!

Owning her weakness,
Her evil behaviour,
And leaving, with meekness,
Her sins to her Saviour!

EPIGRAM ON DR. ROBERT ELLIOT OF CAMBERWELL.

WHATEVER Doctor Robert's skill be worth,
One hope within me still is stout and hearty,
He would not *kill* me till the 24th
For fear of my *appearing* at his party!

May 23, 1844.

EPIGRAM ON A CERTAIN EQUESTRIAN STATUE

WHOEVER has looked upon Wellington's breast,
Knows well that he is not so full in the chest;
But the sculptor, to humour the Londoners partial,
Has turn'd the lean Duke to a plump City Marshal.

EPIGRAM ON THE NEW HALF-FARTHINGS

'Too small for any marketable shift,
What purpose can there be for coins like these?'
Hush, hush, good Sir!—Thus charitable Thrift
May give a *Mite* to him who wants a cheese!

EPIGRAM

CHARM'D with a drink which Highlanders compose,
A German traveller exclaim'd with glee,—
'Potztausend! sare, if dis is Athol Brose,
How goot dere Athol Boetry must be!'

THE LAY OF THE LABOURER

A SPADE! a rake! a hoe!
A pickaxe, or a bill!
A hook to reap, or a scythe to mow,
A flail, or what ye will—
And here 's a ready hand
To ply the needful tool,
And skill'd enough, by lessons rough,
In Labour's rugged school.

To hedge, or dig the ditch,
To lop or fell the tree,
To lay the swarth on the sultry field,
Or plough the stubborn lea;
The harvest stack to bind,
The wheaten rick to thatch,
And never fear in my pouch to find
The tinder or the match.

To a flaming barn or farm
My fancies never roam;
The fire I yearn to kindle and burn
Is on the hearth of Home;
Where children huddle and crouch
Through dark long winter days,
Where starving children huddle and crouch,
To see the cheerful rays,
A-glowing on the haggard cheek,
And not in the haggard's blaze!

To Him who sends a drought
To parch the fields forlorn,
The rain to flood the meadows with mud,
The lights to blast the corn,
To Him I leave to guide
The bolt in its crooked path.
To strike the miser's rick, and show
The skies blood-red with wrath.

A spade! a rake! a hoe!
A pickaxe, or a bill!
A hook to reap, or a scythe to mow,
A flail, or what ye will—
The corn to thrash, or the hedge to plash,
The market-team to drive,
Or mend the fence by the cover side,
And leave the game alive.

Ay, only give me work,
And then you need not fear
That I shall snare his worship's hare,
Or kill his grace's deer;
Break into his lordship's house,
To steal the plate so rich;
Or leave the yeoman that had a purse
To welter in a ditch.

Wherever Nature needs
Wherever Labour calls,
No job I'll shirk of the hardest work,
To shun the workhouse walls;
Where savage laws begrudge
The pauper babe its breath,
And doom a wife to a widow's life,
Before her partner's death.

My only claim is this,
With labour stiff and stark,
By lawful turn, my living to earn,
Between the light and dark;
My daily bread, and nightly bed,
My bacon, and drop of beer—
But all from the hand that holds the land,
And none from the overseer!

No parish money, or loaf,
No pauper badges for me,
A son of the soil, by right of toil
Entitled to my fee.
No alms I ask, give me my task:
Here are the arm, the leg,
The strength, the sinews of a Man,
To work, and not to beg.

Still one of Adam's heirs,
Though doom'd by chance of birth
To dress so mean, and to eat the lean
Instead of the fat of the earth;
To make such humble meals
As honest labour can,
A bone and a crust, with a grace to God,
And little thanks to man!

A spade! a rake! a hoe!
A pickaxe, or a bill!
A hook to reap, or a scythe to mow,
A flail, or what ye will—
Whatever the tool to ply,
Here is a willing drudge,
With muscle and limb, and woe to him
Who does their pay begrudge!

Who every weekly score
Docks labour's little mite,
Bestows on the poor at the temple door,
But robb'd them over night.
The very shilling he hoped to save,
As health and morals fail,
Shall visit me in the New Bastille,
The Spital, or the Gaol!

SONNET TO A SONNET

Particularly commended, with the Fifth of Sir Philip Sidney's, and the pages of Froissart, to the perusal of certain Journalists across the Channel; and generally to their *Young* countrymen, who would do well to affect, with the beards and moustaches of the olden time, the gallant courtesy of the ancient manners.

RARE Composition of a Poet-Knight,
Most chivalrous amongst chivalric men,
Distinguish'd for a polish'd lance and pen
In tuneful contest, and the tourney-fight;

Lustrous in scholarship, in honour bright,
Accomplish'd in all graces current then,
Humane as any in historic ken,
Brave, handsome, noble, affable, polite,
Most courteous to that race become of late
So fiercely scornful of all kind advance,
Rude, bitter, coarse, implacable in hate
To Albion, plotting ever her mischance,—
Alas! fair Verse, how false and out of date
Thy phrase '*sweet enemy*' applied to France!

EPIGRAM ON HER MAJESTY'S VISIT TO THE CITY

We've heard of comets, blazing things,
With 'fear of change' perplexing Kings;
But lo! a novel sight and strange,
A Queen who does not fear a 'Change!

EPIGRAM ON THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO THE CITY

BY A TRADESMAN OF CORNHILL

Sure the measure is strange
And all Commerce so stops,
And to open a 'Change
Make us shut up our shops.

EPIGRAM

When would-be Suicides in purpose fail—
Who could not find a morsel though they needed—
If Peter sends them for attempts to jail,
What would he do to them if they succeeded?

THE SAUSAGE-MAKER'S GHOST

A LONDON LEGEND

Somewhere in Leather Lane—
I wonder that it was not Mincing,
And for this reason most convincing,
That Mr. Brain
Dealt in those well-minc'd cartridges of meat
Some people like to eat—
However, all such quibbles overstepping,
In Leather Lane he liv'd; and drove a trade
In porcine sausages, though London made,
Call'd 'Epping.'

Right brisk was the demand,
Seldom his goods staid long on hand,
For out of all adjacent courts and lanes
Young Irish ladies and their swains,
Such soups of girls and broths of boys!
Sought his delicious chains,
Preferr'd to all polonies, saveloys,
And other foreign toys—
The mere chance passengers
Who saw his 'sassengers,'
Of sweetness undeniable,
So sleek, so mottled, and so friable,
Stepp'd in, forgetting ev'ry other thought,
And bought.

Meanwhile a constant thumping
Was heard, a sort of subterranean chumping—
Incessant was the noise
But though he had a foreman and assistant,
With all the tools consistent,
(Besides a wife and two fine chopping boys)
His means were not yet vast enough
For chopping fast enough
To meet the call from streets, and lanes, and passages,
For first-chop 'sassages.'

However, Mr. Brain
Was none of those dull men and slow,
Who, flying bird-like by a railway train,
Sigh for the heavy mails of long ago;
He did not set his face 'gainst innovations
For rapid operations,
And therefore in a kind of waking dream
Listen'd to some hot-water sprite that hinted
To have his meat chopp'd, as the Times was printed,
By steam!

Accordingly in happy hour,
A bran-new Engine went to work
Chopping up pounds on pounds of pork
With all the energy of Two-Horse-Power,
And wonderful celerity—
When lo! when ev'ry thing to hope responded,
Whether his head was turn'd by his prosperity,
Whether he had some sly intrigue, in verity,
The man absconded!

His anxious Wife in vain
Placarded Leather Lane,
And all the suburbs with descriptive bills,
Such as are issued when from homes and tills
Clerks, dogs, cats, lunatics, and children roam;
Besides advertisements in all the journals,
Or weeklies or diurnals,
Beginning 'LEFT HIS HOME'—
The sausage-maker, spite of white and black,
Never came back.

Never, alive!—But on the seventh night,
Just when the yawning grave its dead releases,
Filling his bedded Wife with sore affright
In walk'd his grisly Sprite,
In fifty thousand pieces!
'O Mary!' so it seem'd
In hollow melancholy tones to say,
Whilst thro' its airy shape the moonlight gleam'd
With scarcely dimmer ray—
'O Mary! let your hopes no longer flatter
Prepare at once to drink of sorrow's cup,—
It an't no use to mince the matter—
The Engine's chopped me up!'

THE LARK AND THE ROOK

A FABLE

'Lo! hear the gentle lark!'—*Shakspeare.*

ONCE on a time—no matter where—
A lark took such a fancy to the air,
That though he often gaz'd beneath,
Watching the breezy down, or heath,
Yet very, very seldom he was found
To perch upon the ground.

Hour after hour,
Through ev'ry change of weather hard or soft,
Through sun and shade, and wind and show'r,
Still fluttering aloft;
In silence now, and now in song,
Up, up in cloudland all day long,
On weary wing, yet with unceasing flight,
Like to those Birds of Paradise, so rare,
Fabled to live, and love, and feed in air,
But never to alight.

It caused, of course, much speculation
Among the feather'd generation;
Who tried to guess the riddle that was in it—
The robin puzzled at it; and the wren,
The swallows, cock and hen,
The wagtail, and the linnet,
The yellowhammer, and the finch as well—
The sparrow ask'd the tit, who couldn't tell,
The jay, the pie—but all were in the dark,
Till out of patience with the common doubt,
The Rook at last resolv'd to worm it out
And thus accosted the mysterious Lark:—

'Friend, prithee, tell me why
You keep this constant hovering so high,
As if you had some castle in the air,
That you are always poising there,
A speck against the sky—
Neglectful of each old familiar feature
Of Earth that nurs'd you in your callow state—
You think you're only soaring at heaven's gate,
Whereas you're flying in the face of Nature!'

'Friend,' said the Lark, with melancholy tone,
And in each little eye a dewdrop shone,
'No creature of my kind was ever fonder
Of that dear spot of earth
Which gave it birth—
And I was nestled in the furrow yonder!
Sweet is the twinkle of the dewy heath,
And sweet that thymy down I watch beneath,
Saluted often with a loving sonnet:
But Men, vile Men, have spread so thick a scurf
Of dirt and infamy about the Turf,
I do not like to settle on it!'

MORAL.

Alas! how Nobles of another race
Appointed to the bright and lofty way
Too willingly descend to haunt a place
Polluted by the deeds of Birds of Prey!

SUGGESTIONS BY STEAM

When Woman is in rags, and poor,
And sorrow, cold, and hunger teaze her,
If Man would only listen more
To that small voice that crieth—
'Ease her!'

Without the guidance of a friend,
Though legal sharks and screws attack her,
If Man would only more attend
To that small voice that crieth—
'Back her!'

So oft it would not be his fate
To witness some despairing dropper
In Thames's tide, and run too late
To that small voice that crieth—
'Stop her!'

ANACREONTIC

BY A FOOTMAN

It 's wery well to talk in praise
Of Tea and Water-drinking ways,
In proper time and place;
Of sober draughts, so clear and cool,
Dipp'd out of a transparent pool
Reflecting heaven's face.

Of babbling brooks, and purling rills,
And streams as gushes from the hills,
It 's wery well to talk;—
But what becomes of all sich schemes,
With ponds of ice, and running streams,
As doesn't even walk?

When Winter comes with piercing cold,
And all the rivers, new or old,
Is frozen far and wide;
And limpid springs is solid stuff,
And crystal pools is hard enough
To skate upon and slide;—

What then are thirsty men to do,
But drink of ale, and porter too,
Champagne as makes a fizz;
Port, sherry, or the Rhenish sort,
And p'rhaps a drop of summut short—
The water-pipes is friz!

EPIGRAM

A Lord bought of late an outlandish estate,
At its Wild Boars to Chevy and dig;
So some people purchase a pig in a poke,
And others, a poke in a pig.

STANZAS

FAREWELL, Life! My senses swim;
And the world is growing dim;
Thronging shadows cloud the light,
Like the advent of the night,—
Colder, colder, colder still
Upward steals a vapour chill—
Strong the earthy odour grows—
I smell the Mould above the Rose!

Welcome, Life! the Spirit strives!
Strength returns, and hope revives;
Cloudy fears and shapes forlorn
Fly like shadows at the morn,—
O'er the earth there comes a bloom—
Sunny light for sullen gloom,
Warm perfume for vapour cold—
I smell the Rose above the Mould!

THE SURPLICE QUESTION

BY A BENEDICT

A VERY pretty public stir
Is making, down at Exeter,
About the surplice fashion:
And many bitter words and rude
Have been bestow'd upon the feud,
And much unchristian passion.

For me I neither know nor care
Whether a Parson ought to wear
A black dress or a white dress;
Fill'd with a trouble of my own,—
A Wife who preaches in her gown,
And lectures in her night-dress!

EPIGRAM

'TIS said of Lord B., none is keener than he
To spit a Wild Boar with éclât;
But he never gets near to the Brute with his spear,
He gives it so very much *law*.

BALLAD

(WITH AN OLD BURTHEN)

I

THERE was a Fairy lived in a well,
Down, down, down derry down,
And she pronounced a magical spell,
The bower shall bend to me.
Whoever looks in this wave she said
Shall see the lady that he 's to wed.
I'll prove true to my love for my love proves true to me.

II

A King came by with his hunting spear,
Down, down, down derry down,
And stopped to look in the water clear,
The bower shall bend to me.
He laid by the brim his signet of gold
And gave his brother his crown to hold,
I'll prove true to my love for my love proves true to me.

III

But while he knelt and was gazing down,
Down, down, down derry down,
His Brother stood and tried on the crown,
The bower shall bend to me.
The pearls were bright and the rubies were brave
So he tumbled his Brother into the wave,
I'll prove true to my love for my love proves true to me.

IV

O Brother, O Brother, you've got my ring,
Down, down, down derry down,
And the lawful crown that made me a King,
The bower shall bend to me.
But your heart shall fail and your hand shall quake
And the head that wears my jewels shall ake,
I'll prove true to my love for my love proves true to me.

V

The Murderer stood and looked from the brink,
Down, down, down derry down,
The sun is so hot I should like to drink
The bower shall bend to me.
But lo! as he stooped with a silver cup
His head flew down and his heels flew up!
I'll prove true to my love for my love proves true to me.

VI

O Brother, O Brother, I've got your crown,
Down, down, down derry down,
But the weight of the jewels has pulled me down,
The bower shall bend to me.
You shall be crown'd in the skies again,
But I shall be marked on the brows like Cain!
I'll prove true to my love for my love proves true to me.

VII

Down he sank in the dismal wave,
Down, down, down derry down,
As cold as death and as dark as the grave,
The bower shall bend to me.
But when he came to the stones at last
The Fairy caught him and held him fast.
I'll prove true to my love for my love proves true to me.

VIII

She took him into her chrystal hall,
Down, down, down derry down,
And there he saw his face in the wall,
The bower shall bend to me.
She looked rosy but he looked white
And all the tapers were burning bright,
I'll prove true to my love for my love proves true to me.

IX

The King leapt down from his fairy throne,
Down, down, down derry down,
With brighter eyes than the diamonds shone,
The bower shall bend to me.
His left hand balanced a golden globe
But his right hand lifted his purple robe,
I'll prove true to my love for my love proves true to me.

X

O Brother, O Brother, bend down your knee,
Down, down, down derry down,
But kneel to Heav'n and not to me,
The bower shall bend to me.
For God may frown on your grievous sin
But I'm too happy you pushed me in,
I'll prove true to my love for my love proves true to me.

XI

Come hither, come hither, you're welcome now,
Down, down, down derry down,
To my golden crown that decks your brow,
The bower shall bend to me.
There 's smiles worth heav'n on my love's face
And she has made me King of this place,
I'll prove true to my love, for my love proved true to me.

TO MY DEAR MARIANNE

THIS FIRST SONNET

If kindly words could warm th' unkindly air
  To summer clemency, that there might be
  A constant atmosphere of love with thee,
Won by a constancy of tender care,—
Then thy most delicate cheek should ever wear
  An exquisite blush, red-ripening to the glee
  Of cheerful lips; and my contentment see
Its wish so recognised and written there:
So much my bosom clings to thee and feels
  A painful echo of thy bosom pains;
The patient paleness of thy cheek so steals
  With more than chill of Winter to my veins;
And conscious sympathy of blood reveals
  The tender Brother-hood that now obtains!

[SONG]

The Summer—the Summer—
  Is beautiful and green;—
But when its leaves are fallen off
Who'd know that it had been,—
  Its dewy buds,—its scented flow'rs—
  Its fair and sunny mien,
If honey were not stored up
  And harvest left to glean?

So beauty,—so beauty
  Will wither and away;—
And what is left to charm us when
  The flower 's in decay,—
To cheer our hearts and feast our souls
  And bless Affection's sway,—
But that love gave us all its sweets
Whilst Beauty had its day?

Then Winter,—then Winter
But sees us more than kind;—
Tho' Age hath soil'd the surface charm
Where first the eye reclin'd.
But love lies deeper at the core,
Like words the woodmen find
Deep graven in the hearts of trees
That once were on the rind.

[WRITTEN ON THE BACK OF THE FOREGOING]

Give me a pen that 's charg'd with dews
Fresh gather'd from the morning rose,
And let it stain my page with hues
As bright as kernel buds enclose.
In common ink shall I indite,
With ink that dates the felon's doom,
That forges bonds,—no, let me write
My bloomy thoughts in tints of bloom.

[FRAGMENT]

(EVIDENTLY SUPPOSED TO BE SPOKEN BY MRS. REYNOLDS, MOTHER OF THE POET'S WIFE)

MARY, I believ'd you quick
But you're as deaf as any beedle;
See where you have left the plates;
You've an eye, and so 's a needle.
Why an't Anne behind the door,
Standing ready with her dishes,
No one ever had such maids
Always thwarting all my wishes,
Marianne set up that child—
And where 's her pinafore — call Mary,
The frock I made her will be spoil'd—
Now Lizzy don't be so contrary,
Hand round the bread—' Thank God for what—'
It's done to rags! How wrong of Ann now,—
The dumplings too are hard as lead
And plates stone-cold—but that 's her plan now—
Mary, a knock—now Hood take that—
Or go without—Why, George, you're wanted,
Where is that Lotte? Call her down
She knows there 's no white wine decanted—
Put to the door, we always dine
In public—

Jane take that cover off the greens;
Our earthenware they play the deuce to;
Here 's Mr. Green without a fork—
And I've no plate—but that I'm used to.—

SERENADE

AH, sweet, thou little knowest how
I wake and passionate watches keep;
And yet while I address thee now,
Methinks thou smilest in thy sleep.
'Tis sweet enough to make me weep,
That tender thought of love and thee,
That while the world is hush'd so deep,
Thy soul 's perhaps awake to me!
Sleep on, sleep on, sweet bride of sleep!
With golden visions for thy dower,
While I this midnight vigil keep,
And bless thee in thy silent bower;
To me 'tis sweeter than the power
Of sleep, and fairy dreams unfurl'd,
That I alone, at this still hour,
In patient love outwatch the world.

FALSE POETS AND TRUE

TO WORDSWORTH

LOOK how the lark soars upward and is gone,
Turning a spirit as he nears the sky!
His voice is heard, but body there is none
To fix the vague excursions of the eye.

So, poets' songs are with us, tho' they die
Obscured, and hid by death's oblivious shroud,
And Earth inherits the rich melody
Like raining music from the morning cloud.
Yet, few there be who pipe so sweet and loud
Their voices reach us through the lapse of space:
The noisy day is deafen'd by a crowd
Of undistinguish'd birds, a twittering race;
But only lark and nightingale forlorn
Fill up the silences of night and morn.

SONNET

Love, I am jealous of a worthless man
Whom—for his merits—thou dost hold too dear:
No better than myself, he lies as near
And precious to thy bosom. He may span
Thy sacred waist and with thy sweet breath fan
His happy cheek, and thy most willing ear
Invade with words and call his love sincere
And true as mine, and prove it—if he can:—
Not that I hate him for such deeds as this—
He were a devil to adore thee less,
Who wears thy favour,—I am ill at ease
Rather lest he should e'er too coldly press
Thy gentle hand:—This is my jealousy
Making myself suspect but never thee!

['LOVE, SEE THY LOVER']

Love, see thy lover humbled at thy feet,
Not in servility, but homage sweet,
Gladly inclined:—and with my bended knee
Think that my inward spirit bows to thee—
More proud indeed than when I stand or climb
Elsewhere:—there is no statue so sublime
As Love's in all the world, and e'en to kiss
The pedestal is still a better bliss
Than all ambitions. O! Love's lowest base
Is far above the reaching of disgrace
To shame this posture. Let me then draw nigh
Feet that have fared so nearly to the sky,
And when this duteous homage has been given
I will rise up and clasp the heart in Heaven.

LEAR

A POOR old king, with sorrow for my crown,
Throned upon straw, and mantled with the wind—
For pity, my own tears have made me blind
That I might never see my children's frown;
And, may be, madness, like a friend, has thrown
A folded fillet over my dark mind,
So that unkindly speech may sound for kind—
Albeit I know not.—I am childish grown—
And have not gold to purchase wit withal—
I that have once maintain'd most royal state—
A very bankrupt now that may not call
My child, my child—all beggar'd save in tears,
Wherewith I daily weep an old man's fate,
Foolish—and blind—and overcome with years!

STANZAS

Is there a bitter pang for love removed,
O God! The dead love doth not cost more tears
Than the alive, the loving, the beloved—
Not yet, not yet beyond all hopes and fears!
Would I were laid
Under the shade
Of the calm grave, and the long grass of years,—

That love might die with sorrow:—I am sorrow;
And she, that loves me tenderest, doth press
Most poison from my cruel lips, and borrow
Only new anguish from the old caress;
Oh, this world's grief
Hath no relief
In being wrung from a great happiness.

Would I had never filled thine eyes with love,
For love is only tears: would I had never
Breathed such a curse-like blessing as we prove;
Now, if 'Farewell' *could* bless thee, I would sever!
Would I were laid
Under the shade
Of the cold tomb, and the long grass for ever!

SONG

THERE is dew for the flow'ret
And honey for the bee,
And bowers for the wild bird,
And love for you and me.

There are tears for the many
And pleasures for the few;
But let the world pass on, dear,
There 's love for me and you.

VERSES IN AN ALBUM

FAR above the hollow
Tempest, and its moan,
Singeth bright Apollo
In his golden zone,—
Cloud doth never shade him,
Nor a storm invade him,
On his joyous throne.

So when I behold me
In an orb as bright,
How thy soul doth fold me
In its throne of light!
Sorrow never paineth,
Nor a care attaineth,
To that blessed height.

TO A FALSE FRIEND

OUR hands have met, but not our hearts;
Our hands will never meet again.
Friends, if we have ever been,
Friends we cannot now remain:
I only know I loved you once,
I only know I loved in vain;
Our hands have met, but not our hearts;
Our hands will never meet again!

Then farewell to heart and hand!
I would our hands had never met:
Even the outward form of love
Must be resign'd with some regret.
Friends, we still might seem to be,
If I my wrong could e'er forget;
Our hands have join'd, but not our hearts;
I would our hands had never met!

STANZAS

WITH the good of our country before us,
Why play the mere partisan's game?
Lo! the broad flag of England is o'er us,
And behold on both sides 'tis the same!

Not for this, not for that, not for any,
Not for these, not for those, but for all,—
To the last drop of blood,—the last penny—
Together let 's stand, or let 's fall!

Tear down the vile signs of a fraction,
Be the national banner unfurl'd,—
And if we must have any faction,—
Be it 'Britain against all the world.'

SONG

TO MY WIFE

THOSE eyes that were so bright, love,
Have now a dimmer shine,—
But all they've lost in light, love,
Was what they gave to mine :
But still those orbs reflect, love,
The beams of former hours,—
That ripen'd all my joys, my love,
And tinted all my flowers !

Those locks were brown to see, love,
That now are turned so gray,—
But the years were spent with me, love,
That stole their hue away.

Thy locks no longer share, love,
The golden glow of noon,—
But I've seen the world look fair, my love,
When silver'd by the moon !

That brow was smooth and fair, love,
That looks so shaded now,—
But for me it bore the care, love,
That spoiled a bonny brow.
And though no longer there, love,
The gloss it had of yore,—
Still Memory looks and dotes, my love,
Where Hope admired before !

SUGGESTED BY A BUNCH OF ENGLISH GRAPES

WE did not wear a leafy crown,
And darkly glance to darker glance,
Under the green leaf and the brown,
Wooing the eyes of maids of France,
With very bloomy down :
We stain'd not hands with purple blood
In golden Arno's pleasant vale,
Where the proud Brothers quenched the stain,
And saw two murderers in the flood
With faces guilty-pale :
Nor on the sunny hills of Spain
We used to drink the sun and twine
Long amorous tendrils to entrap
The careless finger of maid to linger
And pluck us from the trembling vine
To brim her dimpled lap.

LINES

LET us make a leap, my dear,
In our love, of many a year,
And date it very far away,
On a bright clear summer day,
When the heart was like a sun
To itself, and falsehood none ;
And the rosy lips a part
Of the very loving heart,
And the shining of the eye
But a sign to know it by ;—
When my faults were all forgiven,
And my life deserved of Heaven.
Dearest, let us reckon so,
And love for all that long ago ;
Each absence count a year complete,
And keep a birthday when we meet.

SONG

Air—'My mother bids me.'

My mother bids me spend my smiles
  On all who come and call me fair,
As crumbs are thrown upon the tiles,
  To all the sparrows of the air.
But I've a darling of my own
  For whom I hoard my little stock—
What if I chirp him all alone,
  And leave mamma to feed the flock!

YOUTH AND AGE

Impatient of his childhood,
  'Ah me!' exclaims young Arthur,
Whilst roving in the wild wood,
  'I wish I were my father!'
Meanwhile, to see his Arthur
  So skip, and play, and run,
'Ah me!' exclaims the father,
  'I wish I were my son!'

SIR JOHN BOWRING

To Bowring, man of many tongues,
(All over tongues like rumour)
This tributary verse belongs
To paint his learned humour;
All kinds of gabs he talks, I wis,
From Latin down to Scottish;
As fluent as a parrot is,
But far more *Polly*-glottish!
No grammar too abstruse he meets
However dark and verby,—
He gossips Greek about the streets,
And often *Russ*—in urbe—:

Strange tongues whate'er you do them call,
In short the man is able
To tell you what's *o'clock* in all
The *dialects* of Babel.
Take him on'Change; try Portuguese,
The Moorish and the Spanish,
Polish, Hungarian, Tyrolese,
The Swedish and the Danish;
Try him with these and fifty such,
His skill will ne'er diminish,
Although you should begin in Dutch
And end (like me) in *Finnish*.

TO HENRIETTA

ON HER DEPARTURE FOR CALAIS

WHEN little people go abroad, wherever they may roam,
They will not just be treated as they used to be at home;
So take a few promiscuous hints, to warn you in advance,
Of how a little English girl will perhaps be served in France.

Of course you will be Frenchified; and first, it 's my belief,
They'll dress you in their foreign style as à-la-mode as beef,
With a little row of beehives, as a border to your frock,
And a pair of frilly trousers, like a little bantam cock.

But first they'll seize your bundle (if you have one) in a crack,
And tie it with a tape by way of bustle on your back;
And make your waist so high or low, your shape will be a riddle,
For anyhow you'll never have your middle in the middle.

Your little English sandals for a while will hold together,
But woe betide you when the stones have worn away the leather;
For they'll poke your little pettitoes (and there will be a hobble!)
In such a pair of shoes as none but carpenters can cobble!

What next?—to fill your head with French to match the native girls,
In scraps of *Galignani* they'll screw up your little curls;
And they'll take their nouns and verbs, and some bits of verse and prose,
And pour them in your ears that you may spout them through your nose.

You'll have to learn a *chou* is quite another sort of thing
To that you put your foot in; that a *belle* is not to ring;
That a *corne* is not the nubble that brings trouble to your toes;
Nor *peut-être* a potato, as *some* Irish folks suppose.

No, no, they have no murphies there, for supper or for lunch,
But you may get in course of time a *pomme de terre* to munch,
With which, as you perforce must do as Calais folks are doing,
You'll maybe have to gobble up the frog that went a wooing!

But pray at meals, remember this, the French are so polite,
No matter what you eat or drink, 'whatever is, is right!'
So when you're told at dinner-time that some delicious stew
Is cat instead of rabbit, you must answer '*Tant mi—eux!*'

For little folks who go abroad, wherever they may roam,
They cannot just be treated as they used to be at home;
So take a few promiscuous hints, to warn you in advance,
Of how a little English girl will perhaps be served in France!

QUEEN MAB

A LITTLE fairy comes at night,
Her eyes are blue, her hair is brown,
With silver spots upon her wings,
And from the moon she flutters down.

She has a little silver wand,
And when a good child goes to bed
She waves her wand from right to left,
And makes a circle round its head.

And then it dreams of pleasant things,
Of fountains filled with fairy fish,
And trees that bear delicious fruit,
And bow their branches at a wish:

Of arbours filled with dainty scents
From lovely flowers that never fade;
Bright flies that glitter in the sun,
And glow-worms shining in the shade.

And talking birds with gifted tongues,
For singing songs and telling tales,
And pretty dwarfs to show the way
Through fairy hills and fairy dales.

But when a bad child goes to bed,
From left to right she weaves her rings,
And then it dreams all through the night
Of only ugly horrid things!

Then lions come with glaring eyes,
And tigers growl, a dreadful noise,
And ogres draw their cruel knives,
To shed the blood of girls and boys.

Then stormy waves rush on to drown,
Or raging flames come scorching round,
Fierce dragons hover in the air,
And serpents crawl along the ground.

Then wicked children wake and weep,
And wish the long black gloom away;
But good ones love the dark, and find
The night as pleasant as the day.

EPIGRAM

MY heart 's wound up just like a watch,
As far as springs will take—
It wants but one more evil turn,
And then the cords will break!

EPIGRAM

As human fashions change about,
The reign of fools should now begin;
For when the *Wigs* are going out,
The *Naturals* are coming in!

TO MINERVA

FROM THE GREEK

My temples throb, my pulses boil,
I'm sick of Song and Ode, and Ballad—
So, Thyrsis, take the Midnight Oil
And pour it on a lobster salad.

My brain is dull, my sight is foul,
I cannot write a verse, or read—
Then, Pallas, take away thine Owl,
And let us have a lark instead.

FRAGMENT

PROBABLY WRITTEN DURING ILLNESS

I'm sick of gruel, and the dietetics,
I'm sick of pills, and sicker of emetics,
I'm sick of pulses' tardiness or quickness,
I'm sick of blood, its thinness or its thickness,-
In short, within a word, I'm sick of sickness!

GUIDO AND MARINA

A DRAMATIC SKETCH

[GUIDO, having given himself up to the pernicious study of magic and astrology casts his nativity, and resolves that at a certain hour of a certain day he is to die. MARINA, to wean him from this fatal delusion, which hath gradually wasted him away, even to the verge of death, advances the hour-hand of the clock. He is supposed to be seated beside her in the garden of his palace at Venice]

Guido. Clasp me again! My soul is very sad;
And hold thy lips in readiness near mine,
Lest I die suddenly. Clasp me again!
'Tis such a gloomy day!
Mar. Nay, sweet, it shines.
Guido. Nay, then, these mortal clouds are in mine eyes.
Clasp me again!—ay, with thy fondest force,
Give me one last embrace.
Mar. Love, I do clasp thee!
Guido. Then closer—closer—for I feel thee not;
Unless thou art this pain around my heart.
Thy lips at such a time should never leave me.

Mar. What pain—what time, love? Art thou ill? Alas!
I see it in thy cheek. Come, let me nurse thee.
Here, rest upon my heart.
Guido. Stay, stay, Marina.
Look!—when I raise my hand against the sun,
Is it red with blood?
Mar. Alas! my love, what wilt thou?
Thy hand is red—and so is mine—all hands
Show thus against the sun.
Guido. All living men's,
Marina, but not mine. Hast never heard
How death first seizes on the feet and hands,
And thence goes freezing to the very heart?
Mar. Yea, love, I know it; but what then?—the hand
I hold is glowing.
Guido. But my eyes!—my eyes!—
Look *there*, Marina—there is death's own sign.
I have seen a corpse,
E'en when its clay was cold, would still have seem'd
Alive, but for the eyes—such deadly eyes!
So dull and dim! Marina, look in mine!
Mar. Ay, they are dull. No, no—not dull, but bright:
I see myself within them. Now, dear love,
Discard these horrid fears that make me weep.
Guido. Marina, Marina—where thy image lies,
There must be brightness—or perchance they glance
And glimmer like the lamp before it dies.
Oh, do not vex my soul with hopes impossible!
My hours are ending. [*Clock strikes.*
Mar. Nay, they shall not! Hark!
The hour—four—five—hark!—six!—the very time!
And, lo! thou art alive! My love—dear love—
Now cast this cruel phantasm from thy brain—
This wilful, wild delusion—cast it off!
The hour is come—and *gone!* What! not a word!
What, not a smile, even, that thou livest for me!
Come, laugh and clap your hands as I do—come.
Or kneel with me, and thank th' eternal God
For this blest passover! Still sad! still mute!—
Oh, why art thou not glad, as I am glad,
That death forbears thee? Nay, hath all my love
Been spent in vain, that thou art sick of life?
Guido. Marina, I am no more attach'd to death
Than Fate hath doomed me. I am his elect,
That even now forestalls thy little light,
And steals with cold infringement on my breath:
Already he bedims my spiritual lamp,
Not yet his due—not yet—quite yet, though Time,
Perchance, to warn me, speaks before his wont:
Some minutes' space my blood has still to flow—

Some scanty breath is left me still to spend
In very bitter sighs.
But there 's a point, true measured by my pulse,
Beyond or short of which it may not live
By one poor throb. Marina, it is near.
Mar. Oh, God of heaven!
Guido. Ay, it is *very* near,
Therefore, cling now to me, and say farewell
While I can answer it. Marina, speak!
Why tear thine helpless hair? it will not save
Thy heart from breaking, nor pluck out the thought
That stings thy brain. Oh, surely thou hast known
This truth too long to look so like Despair?
Mar. O, no, no, no!—a hope—a little hope—
I had erewhile—but I have heard its knell.
Oh, would my life were measured out with thine—
All my years number'd—all my days, my hours,
My utmost minutes, all summ'd up with thine!
Guido. Marina—
Mar. Let me weep—no, let me kneel
To God—but rather thee—to spare this end
That is so wilful. Oh, for pity's sake!
Pluck back thy precious spirit from these clouds
That smother it with death. Oh! turn from death,
And do not woo it with such dark resolve,
To make me widow'd.
Guido. I have lived my term.
Mar. No—not thy term—no! not the natural term
Of one so young. Oh! thou hast spent thy years
In sinful waste upon unholy—
Guido. Hush!
Marina.
Mar. Nay, I must. Oh! cursed lore,
That hath supplied this spell against thy life.
Unholy learning—devilish and dark—
Study! O, God! O, God!—how can thy stars
Be bright with such black knowledge? Oh, that men
Should ask more light of them than guides their steps
At evening to love!
Guido. Hush, hush, oh hush!
Thy words have pain'd me in the midst of pain.
True, if I had not read, I should not die;
For, if I had not read, I had not been.
All our acts of life are pre-ordain'd,
And each pre-acted, in our several spheres,
By ghostly duplicates. They sway our deeds
By their performance. What if mine hath been
To be a prophet and foreknow my doom?
If I had closed my eyes, the thunder then
Had roar'd it in my ears; my own mute brain

Had told it with a tongue. What must be, must.
Therefore I knew when my full time would fall;
And now—to save thy widowhood of tears—
To spare the very breaking of thy heart,
I may not gain even a brief hour's reprieve!
What seest thou yonder?
Mar. Where?—a tree—the sun
Sinking behind a tree.
Guido. It is no tree,
Marina, but a shape—the awful shape
That comes to claim me. Seest thou not his shade
Darken before his steps? Ah me! how cold
It comes against my feet! Cold, icy cold!
And blacker than a pall.
Mar. My love!
Guido. Oh heaven
And earth, where are ye? Marina— [GUIDO *dies.*
Mar. I am here!
What wilt thou? dost thou speak?—Methought I heard thee
Just whispering. He is dead?—O God! he 's dead!

FRAGMENTS

THE LAY OF THE LARK

WITH dew upon its breast
And sunshine on its wing,
The lark uprose from its happy nest
And thus it seemed to sing:—
'Sweet, sweet! from the middle of the wheat
To meet the morning gray,
To leave the corn on a very merry morn,
Nor have to curse the day.'

* * * * * *

With the dew upon their breast,
And the sunlight on their wing,
Towards the skies from the furrows rise
The larks, and thus they sing:—
'If you would know the cause
That makes us sing so gay,
It is because we hail and bless,
And never curse the day.
Sweet, sweet! from the middle of the wheat
(*Where lurk our callow brood*)
Where we were hatch'd, and fed
Amidst the corn on a very merry morn
(*We never starve for food.*)
We never starve for bread!'

* * * * * *

Those flowers so very blue
Those poppies flaming red,

* * * * * *

His heavy eye was glazed and dull
He only murmur'd 'bread!'

'FAREWELL—Farewell'—it is an awful word
When that the quick do speak it to the dead;
For though 'tis brief upon the speaker's lips,
'Tis more than death can answer to, and hath
No living echo on the living ear.

* * * * * *

'Tis awful to behold the midnight stars
They say do rule the destinies of men,

Gazing upon us from that point of space,
Where they were set even from their lustrous birth,
With a most sure foreknowledge of our doom
Watching its consummation.

I HAD a dream—the summer beam
Play'd on the wings of merry hours—
(*Made long smiles of merry hours* ;)
But Life 'gan throw a warp of woe,
Across its tapestry of flowers,
Fears darker shade took form and made—
Like shadows darkling in light most sparkling.

* * * * * *

The fragrant tombs amid the blooms
Of April in a garden ground
Show'd many a name that none could claim
Half-read between the roses round.
Unbanish'd clouds like coffin-shrouds
Neighbour'd the sun amid the blue,
And tearful streams mix'd with his beams,
Yet made no promise as they flew.

* * * * * *

Young Hope indeed began to read
The prophecies with cheerful look,
But dark Despair look'd over there,
And wept black blots upon her book.
And scarce the form all bright and warm
Of Joy was woven into birth
When, like her shade, black Grief was laid
Prone at her feet along the earth.

* * * * * *

Then do not chide—the sunny side
Of monuments for Joy is made,
But Sorrow still must weep her fill
On those that lie beneath the shade.

To note the symptoms of the times,
Its cruel and cold-blooded crimes,
One sure result we win.
Tho' rude and rougher modes, no doubt,
Of murther are not going out,
That poison's coming in.

* * * * * *

The powder that the doomed devour
And drink,—for sugar,—meal,—or flour,—
Narcotics for the young—
And worst of all, that subtle juice
That can a sudden death produce,
Whilst yet upon the tongue.
So swift in its destructive pace,
Easy to give, and hard to trace,
So potable—so clear!
So small the dreadful dose—to slip
Between the fatal cup and lip
In Epsom salts or beer.

* * * * * *

Arrest the plague with Cannabis—
And * * * publish this
To quench the felon's hope :—
Twelve drops of Prussic acid still
Are not more prompt and sure to kill,
Than one good Drop of Rope.

JOVE'S EAGLE ASLEEP

I saw, through his eyelids, the might of his eyes.

RIVER OF LIFE

Those waters you hear,
Yet see not—they flow so invisibly clear.

NIGHT

Shedder of secret tears
Felt upon unseen pillows—shade of Death!

THE SUN AND MOON

Father of light—and she, its mother mild.

THE MOON

Sometimes she riseth from her shroud
Like the pale apparition of a sun.

MERCURY

That bantam Mercury, with feathered heels.

A LADY

She sighed
And paleness came, like moonlight, o'er her face.

She was like an angel in mosaic,
Made up of many-coloured virtues.

A friendless heart is like a hollow shell,
That sighs o'er its own emptiness.

He lay with a dead passion on his face,
Like a storm stiffen'd in ice.

Sometimes Hope
Singeth so plaintively, 'tis like Despair.
Her smile can make dull Melancholy grow
Transparent to the secret hope below.

MORNING

Surely this is the birthday of no grief,
That dawns so pleasantly along the skies!

The lusty Morn
Cometh, all flushed, and singing, from a feast
Of wine and music in the odorous East.

The sun unglues
The crimson leaves of Morning, that doth lie,
Like a streaked rosebud in the orient sky.

LAMIA

A ROMANCE

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

APOLLONIUS, *a philosopher, a sophist, tutor to* LYCIUS.
LYCIUS, *a young man of noble birth, pupil to* APOLLONIUS.
MERCUTIUS, CURIO, GALLO, and others, } *young wild gallants of Corinth.*
JULIUS, *brother to* LYCIUS.
DOMUS (*pro tempore*), *butler to* LAMIA.
PICUS (*pro tempore*), *steward to* LAMIA.
LAMIA, *an Enchantress, by nature a Serpent, but now under the disguise of a beautiful woman.*

THE SCENE IS IN OR NEAR CORINTH.

SCENE I.

A mossy Bank with trees, on the high Road near Corinth.

Enter LAMIA.

Lamia. Here I'll sit down and watch; till his dear foot
Pronounce him to my ear. That eager hope
Hath won me from the brook before I viewed
My unacquainted self.—But yet it seemed
A most rare change—and still methinks the change
Has left the old fascination in my eyes.
Look, here 's a shadow of the shape I am—
A dainty shadow! [*She sits down on the bank.*

How fair the world seems now myself am fair!
These dewy daffodils! these sweet green trees!
I've coiled about their roots—but now I pluck
Their drooping branches with this perfect hand!
Sure those were Dryads
That with such glancing looks peeped through the green
To gaze upon my beauty.
[LYCIUS *enters and passes on without noting her.*
Lycius! sweet Lycius!—what, so cruel still!
What have I done thou ne'er wilt deign a look,
But pass me like a worm?
Lycius. Ha! who art thou? [*Looking back.*
O goddess, (for there is no mortal tint,
No line about thee lower than divine,)
What may that music mean, thy tuneful tongue
Hath sent in chase of me?—I slight! I scorn thee!
By all the light of day, till this kind hour
I never saw that face!—nor one as fair.
Lamia. O fie, fie, fie!—what, have you never met
That face at Corinth?—turned too oft towards you,
Like the poor maiden's that adored Apollo:—
You must have marked it!—
Lycius. Nay, then hear me swear!
By all Olympus and its starry thrones—
My eyes have never chanced so sweet a sight
Not in my summer dreams!——
Lamia. Enough, enough!—why then I've watched in vain—
Tracked all your ways, and followed like your shadow;
Hung you with blessings—haunted you with love—
And waited on your aspect—all in vain!—
I might as well have spent my loving looks,
Like Ariadne, on the sullen sea,
And hoped for a reflection. Youth, farewell.
Lycius. O not yet—not yet farewell!
Let such an unmatched vision still shine on,
Till I have set an impress in my heart
To cope with life's decay!
Lamia. You say but well.
I must soon hie me to my elements;
But take your pleasure at my looks till then.
Lycius. You are not of this earth, then? [*Sadly.*
Lamia. Of this earth?
Why not? And of this same and pleasant isle.
My world is yours, and I would have no other.
One earth, one sea, one sky, in one horizon,
One room is wide enough, unless you hate me.
Lycius. Hate you!
Lamia. Then you may wish to set the stars between us
The dim and utter lamps of east and west.
So far you'd have me from you.

Lycius. Cruel Syren!
To set your music to such killing speech.
Look if my eyes turn from you—if my brows,
Or any hinting feature, show dislike.
Nay, hear my lips—
Lamia. If they will promise love
Or talk of it; but chide, and you will kill me.
Lycius. Then, love, speak forth a promise for thyself,
And all heaven's witnesses be by to hear thee.—
Lamia. Hold, hold! I'm satisfied. You'll love me, then?
Lycius. With boundless, endless love.
Lamia. Ay, give me much on't—for you owe me much,
If you knew all.
I've licked the very dust whereon you tread—
Lycius. It is not true!
Lamia. I'll swear it, if you will. Jove heard the words,
And knows they are sadly true.
Lycius. And this for me?
Lamia. Aye, sweet, and more. A poor, fond wretch, I filled
The flowers with my tears; and lay supine
In coverts wild and rank—fens, horrid, desolate!
'Twould shock your very soul if you could see
How this poor figure once was marred and vilified,
How grovelled and debased; contemned and hated
By my own self, because, with all its charms,
It then could hope no favour in your eyes;
And so I hid it,
With toads and newts, and hideous shiny things,
Under old ruins, in vile solitudes,
Making their haunts my own.
Lycius. 'Tis strange and piteous.—Why, then, you maddened?
Lamia. I was not quite myself—(not what I am)—
Yet something of the woman stayed within me,
To weep she was not dead.
Lycius. Is this no fable?
Lamia. O most distrustful Lycius! Hear me call
On heaven, anew, for vouchers to these facts. [*It thunders.*
There! Could'st thou question that? Sweet skies, I thank ye!
Now, Lycius, doubt me if you may or can;
And leave me if you will. I can but turn
The wretched creature that I was, again,
Crushed by our equal hate. Once more, farewell.
Lycius. Farewell, but not till death. O gentlest, dearest,
Forgive my doubts. I have but paused till now
To ask if so much bliss could be no dream.
Now I am sure——
Thus I embrace it with my whole glad heart
For ever and for ever; I could weep.
Thy tale hath shown me such a matchless love,
It makes the elder chronicles grow dim.

I always thought
I wandered all uncared for on my way,
Betide me good or ill—nor caused more tears
Than hung upon my sword. Yet I was hung
With dews, rich pearly dews—shed from such spheres
As sprinkle them in amber. Thanks, bounteous stars.
Henceforth you shall but rain your beams upon me
To bless my brightened days.
Lamia. O sweet! sweet! sweet!
To hear you parley thus and gaze upon you!
Lycius, dear Lycius!
But tell me, dearest, will you never—never
Think lightly of myself, nor scorn a love
Too frankly set before you! because 'twas given
Unasked, though you should never give again:
Because it was a gift and not a purchase—
A boon, and not a debt; not love for love,
Where one half 's due for gratitude.
Lycius. Thrice gracious seems thy gift!
Lamia. Oh, no! Oh, no!
I should have made you wait, and beg, and kneel,
And swear as though I could but half believe you;
I have not even stayed to prove your patience
By crosses and feigned slights—given you no time
For any bribing gifts or costly shows.
I know you will despise me.
Lycius. Never, never,
So long as I have sight within these balls,
Which only now I've learned to thank the gods for.
Lamia. 'Tis prettily sworn; and frankly I'll believe you!
Now shall we on our way? I have a house
(Till now no home) within the walls of Corinth:
Will you not master it as well as me?
Lycius. My home is in your heart; but where you dwell,
There is my dwelling-place. But let me bear you, sweet!
Lamia. No, I can walk, if you will charm the way
With such discourse; it makes my heart so light,
I seem to have wings within; or, if I tire,
I'll lean upon you thus.
Lycius. So lean for ever! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Market-place at Corinth.

APOLLONIUS *is discovered discoursing with various young gallants, namely,* MERCUTIUS, CURIO, *&c.*

Apollonius. Hush, sirs!
You raise a tingling blush about my ears,
That drink such ribaldry and wanton jests—
For shame!—for shame!—
You misapply good gifts the gods have granted!
Mercutius. The gods have made us tongues—brains, too, I hope—
And time will bring us beards. You sages think
Minerva's owl dwells only in such bushes.
Curio. Ha! ha!—Why we'll have wigs upon our chins—
Long grizzled ones—and snarl about the streets,
Hugged up in pride and spleen like any mantle,
And be philosophers!
Apollonius. You will do wisely.
Curio. Ay—I hope—why not?
Though age has heaped no winter on our pates.
Is wisdom such a frail and spoiling thing
It must be packed in ice?
Gallo. Or sopped in vinegar?
Apollonius. We would you were more gray—
Mercutius. Why, would you have us gray before our time?
Oh, Life's poor capital is too soon spent
Without discounting it. Pray do not grudge us
Our share;—a little wine—a little love—
A little youth!—a little, little folly,
Since wisdom has the gross. When they are past,
We'll preach with you, and call 'em vanities.
Apollonius. No!—leave that to your mummies. Sure your act
Will purchase you an embalming. Let me see!—
Here 's one hath spent his fortune on a harlot,
And—if he kept to one it was a merit!—
The next has rid the world of so much wine—
Why that 's a benefit. And you, Sir Plume,
Have turned your Tailor to a Senator;—
You've made no man the worse—(for manner's sake;
My speech exempts yourself). You've all done well;
If not, your dying shall be placed to your credit.
Curio. You show us bravely—could you ever praise one?
Apollonius. One? and no more! why then I answer, yes—
Or rather, no; for I could never praise him.
He 's as beyond my praise as your complexion—
I wish you'd take a pattern!—

Curio. Of whose back, sir?
Apollonius. Ay, there you must begin and try to match
The very shadow of his virtuous worth,
Before you're half a man.
Mercutius. Who is this model?
An ape—an Afric ape—what he and Plato
Conspire to call a Man.
Apollonius. Then you're a man already; but no model,
So I must set my own example up;
To show you Virtue, Temperance, and Wisdom,
And in a youth too!—
Not in a withered graybeard like myself,
In whom some virtues are mere worn-out vices,
And wisdom but a due and tardy fruit.
He, like the orange, bears both fruit and flower
Upon his odorous bough—the fair and ripe!—
Curio. Why, you can praise too!
Apollonius. As well as I dispraise:—They're both in one,
Since you're disparaged when I talk of graces.
For example, when I say that he I spoke of
Is no wild sin-monger—no sot—no dicer,
No blasphemer o' th' gods—no shameless scoffer,
No ape—no braggart—no foul libertine—
Oh no—
He hugs no witching wanton to his heart,
He keeps no vices he 's obliged to muffle;—
But pays a filial honour to gray hairs,
And guides him by that voice, Divine Philosophy.
Gallo. Well, he 's a miracle!—and what 's he call'd?
(*All.*) Ay, who is he?—who is he?
Apollonius. His name is Lycius.
Curio. Then he 's coming yonder:—
Lord, how these island fogs delude our eyes!
I could have sworn to a girl too with him.
Apollonius. Ay, ay—you know these eyes can shoot so far,
Or else the jest were but a sorry one.
Curio. Mercutius sees her too.
Mercutius. In faith, I do, sir.
Apollonius. Peace, puppies!—nine days hence you will see truer.
Curio. Nay, but by all the gods—
Gallo. We'll take our oath on't.
Apollonius. Peace, peace! (*aside*) I see her too—This is some mockery,
Illusion, damned illusion!——
What, ho! Lycius!

[LYCIUS (*entering*) *wishes to pass aside.* LAMIA *clings close to him.*

Lamia. Hark!—who is that?—quick, fold me in your mantle;
Don't let him see my face!—
Lycius. Nay, fear not, sweet—
'Tis but old Apollonius, my sage guide.

Lamia. Don't speak to him—don't stay him—let him pass!—
I have a terror of these graybeard men—
They frown on Love with such cold churlish brows,
That sometimes he hath flown!—
Lycius. Ay, he will chide me;
But do not you fear aught. Why, how you tremble!
Lamia. Pray shroud me closer. I am cold—death cold!—
[*Old* APOLLONIUS *comes up, followed by the Gallants.*
Apollonius. My son, what have you here?
Lycius. A foolish bird that flew into my bosom:
You would not drive him hence?
Apollonius. Well, let me see it;
I have some trifling skill in augury,
And can divine you from its beak and eyes
What sort of fowl it is.
Lycius. I have learned that, sir;—
'Tis what is called—a dove—sacred to Venus:—
[*The Youths laugh, and pluck* APOLLONIUS *by the sleeve.*
Apollonius. Fool! drive it out! [*To* LYCIUS.
Lycius. No, not among these hawks here.
Apollonius. Let 's see it, then.
(*All.*) Ay, ay, old Graybeard, you say well for once;
Let 's see it;—let 's see it!—
Apollonius. And sure it is no snake—to suit the fable—
You've nestled in your bosom?
Lamia (*under the mantle*). Lost! lost! lost!—
Mercutius. Hark! the dove speaks—I knew it was a parrot!—
Apollonius. Dear Lycius—my own son (at least till now),
Let me forewarn you, boy!—
Lycius. No, peace, I will not.
Curio. There spoke a model for you.
Apollonius. O Lycius, Lycius!
My eyes are shocked, and half my age is killed,
To see your noble self so ill accompanied!—
Lycius. And, sir, my eyes are shocked too—Fie! is this
A proper retinue—for those gray hairs?
A troop of scoffing boys!—Sirs, by your leave
I must and will pass on. [*To the Gallants.*
Mercutius. That as you can, sir—
Lycius. Why then this arm has cleared a dozen such.
[*They scuffle: in the tumult* APOLLONIUS *is overturned.*
Apollonius. Unhappy boy! this overthrow 's your own!—
[LYCIUS *frees himself and* LAMIA, *and calls back.*
Lycius. Lift—help him—pick him up!—fools—braggarts—apes—
Step after me who dares!— [*Exit with* LAMIA.
Gallo. Whew!—here 's a model!—
How fare you, sir (*to* APOLLONIUS)—your head?—I fear
Your wisdom has suffered by this fall.
Apollonius. My heart aches more.
O Lycius! Lycius!—

Curio. Hark! he calls his model!—
'Twas a brave pattern. We shall never match him.
Such wisdom and such virtues—in a youth too!
He keeps no muffled vices.
Mercutius. No! no! not he!—
Nor hugs no naughty wantons in his arms—
Curio. But pays a filial honour to gray hairs,
And listens to thy voice—Divine Philosophy!
[*They run off, laughing and mocking.*
Apollonius. You have my leave to jest. The gods unravel
This hellish witchery that hides my scholar!
O Lycius! Lycius! [*Exit* APOLLONIUS.

SCENE III.

A rich Chamber, with Pictures and Statues.

Enter DOMUS *unsteadily, with a flask in his hand.*

Domus. Here 's a brave palace! [*Looking round.*
Why, when this was spread
Gold was as cheap as sunshine. How it 's stuck
All round about the walls. Your health, brave palace!
Ha! Brother Picus! Look! are you engaged too?

Enter PICUS.

Hand us your hand: you see I'm butler here.
How came you hither?
Picus. How? Why a strange odd man—
A sort of foreign slave, I think—addressed me
I' the market, waiting for my turn,
Like a beast of burthen, and hired me for this service.
Domus. So I was hired, too.
Picus. 'Tis a glorious house!
But come, let 's kiss the lips of your bottle.
Domus. Ay, but be modest: wine is apt to blush!
Picus. 'Tis famous beverage:
It makes me reel i' the head.
Domus. I believe ye, boy.
Why, since I sipped it—(mind, I'd only sipped)—
I've had such glorious pictures in my brains—
Such rich rare dreams!
Such blooms, and rosy bowers, and tumbling fountains,
With a score of moons shining at once upon me—
I never saw such sparkling! [*Drinks.*
Picus. Here 's a vision!
Domus. The sky was always bright; or, if it gloomed,
The very storms came on with scented waters,
And, if it snowed, 'twas roses; claps of thunder
Seemed music, only louder; nay, in the end,

Died off in gentle ditties. Then, such birds!
And gold and silver chafers bobbed about;
And when there came a little gust of wind,
The very flowers took wing and chased the butterflies!
Picus. Egad, 'tis very sweet. I prithee, dearest Domus,
Let me have one small sup!
Domus. No! hear me out.
The hills seemed made of cloud, bridges of rainbows.
The earth like trodden smoke.
Nothing at all was heavy, gross, or human:
Mountains, with climbing cities on their backs,
Shifted about like castled elephants;
You might have launched the houses on the sea,
And seen them swim like galleys!
The stones I pitched i' the ponds would barely sink—
I could have lifted them by tons. [*Drinks.*
Picus. Dear Domus, let me paint, too—dear, dear Domus.
Domus. Methought I was all air—Jove! I was feared,
I had not flesh enough to hold me down
From mounting up to the moon.
At every step—
Bounce! when I only thought to stride a pace,
I bounded thirty.
Picus. Thirty! Oh, let me drink!
Domus. And that too when I'd even eat or drank
At the rate of two meals to the hour! [*Drinks.*
Picus. Two meals to the hour—nay Domus—let me drink,
Dear Domus, let me drink—before 'tis empty!—
Domus. But then my fare was all so light and delicate,
The fruits, the cakes, the meats so dainty frail,
They would not bear a bite—no, not a munch,
But melted away like ice. Come, here 's the bottle!
Picus. Thanks, Domus—Pshaw, it 's empty!—Well, who cares—
There 's something thin and washy after all
In these poor visions. They all end in emptiness,
Like this. [*Turns down the bottle.*
Domus. Then fill again, boy—fill again!
And be ——. I say, look there!—
Picus. It is our Lady!
[LAMIA *enters leaning upon* LYCIUS.
Domus. Our Lady 's very welcome: (*bowing*) yours, my lady—
Sir, your poor butler (*to* LYCIUS): Picus—man—speak up,
The very same that swam so in my dreams;
I had forgot the goddess!—
Lamia. Peace, rude knave!
You've tasted what belonged to nobler brains,
And maddened!—My sweet love (*to* LYCIUS), 'twas kept for you,
'Tis nature's choicest vintage.
(*to* DOMUS) Drink no more, sir!
Except what I'll provide you.

Domus. O sweet Lady!
Lord, and I had a cup I'd thank you in it!—
But you've been drunk—sweet lady—you've been drunk!
Here 's Master Picus knows—for we drunk you.
Picus. Not I, in faith.
Lycius. Ha! ha! my gentle love,
Methinks your butler should have been your steward.
Domus. Why you are merry, sir—
And well you may. Look here 's a house we've come to!
O Jupiter!
Look here are pictures, sir, and here 's our statues!
That 's Bacchus! [*Pointing.*
And there 's Apollo—just aiming at the serpent.
Lamia. Peace, fool—my dearest Lycius,
Pray send him forth.
Lycius. Sirrah, take him off! [*To Steward.*
Picus. Fie, Domus—know your place.
Domus. My place, slave!
What, don't I know my place? [*Falls on his back.*
Ain't I the butler?
Lycius. No more—no more—there—pull him out by the heels—
[DOMUS *is dragged out.*
(*To* LAMIA) My most dear love—how fares it with you now?
Your cheek is somewhat pale.
Lamia. Indeed, I'm weary,
We'll not stay here—I have some cheer provided
In a more quiet chamber. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

A Street in Corinth; on one side a very noble building, which is the residence of LAMIA. MERCUTIUS, *with the other Gallants, come and discourse in front of the house.*

Mercutius. So, here they're lodged!
In faith a pretty nest!
Gallo. The first that led us hither for revenge—
O brave Mercutius!
Curio. Now my humour 's different,
For while there 's any stone left in the market-place
That hurt these bones, when that pert chick o'erset us,
I'd never let him sleep!—
Gallo. Nor I, by Nemesis!
I'd pine him to a ghost for want of rest.
To the utter verge of death.
Mercutius. And then you'd beat him.
Is that your noble mind?
Gallo. Lo! here 's a turncoat!
D'ye hear him, gentles?—he 's come here to fool us!

Mercutius. Not I; but that I'm turned, I will confess it;
For as we came—in thinking over this—
Of Lycius, and the lady whom I glanced
Crouching within his mantle—
Her most distressful look came so across me—
Her death-white cheeks—
That I, for one, can find no heart to fret her.
Curio. Shall Lycius then go free?
Mercutius. Ay, for her sake:—
But do your pleasure; it is none of mine. [*Exit.*
Gallo. Why, a false traitor!
Curio. Sirs, I can expound him;
He 's smit—he 's passion-smit—I heard him talk
Of her strange witching eyes—such rare ones
That they turned him cold as stone.
Gallo. Why let him go then—but we'll to our own.
Curio. Ay, let 's be plotting
How we can vent our spites on this Sir Lycius—
I own it stirs my spleen, more than my bruises,
To see him fare so well—hang him!—a model!—
One that was perked too, underneath our noses,
For virtue and for temperance.
I have a scheme will grieve 'em without end:
I planned it by the way.
You know this fellow, Lycius, has a father
Some fifteen leagues away. We'll send him thither
By some most urgent message.
Gallo. Bravely plotted:
His father shall be dying. Ah! 'tis excellent.
I long to attempt the lady;—nay, we'll set
Mercutius, too, upon her! Pray, let 's to it.
Look! here 's old Ban-dog.
[APOLLONIUS *appears in the distance.*
Curio. Nay, but I will act
Some mischief ere I go. There 's for thee, Lycius!
[*He casts a stone through the window, and they run off.*

Enter APOLLONIUS.

Apollonius. Go to, ye silly fools!—Lo! here 's a palace!
I have grown gray in Corinth, but my eyes
Never remember it. Who is the master?
Some one is coming forth. Lycius again!
[LYCIUS *comes out disordered, with his face flushed, and reels up to* APOLLONIUS.
Lycius. Why, how now, Graybeard? What! are these your follies,
To sound such rude alarum in our ears?
Go to!
Apollonius. Son, do you know me?
Lycius. Know you? Why!
Or how? You have no likeness in our skies!

Gray hairs and such sour looks! You'd be a wonder!
We have nothing but bright faces. Hebes, Venuses;
No age, no frowns!
No wrinkle, but our laughter shakes in wine.
I wish you'd learn to drink.
Apollonius. O Lycius! Lycius!
Would you had never learned to drink, except those springs
We supped together! These are mortal draughts;—
Your cup is drugged with death!
Lycius. Grave sir, you lie!
I'm a young god. Look! do you not behold
The new wings on my shoulders? You may die;
That moss upon your chin proclaims you're mortal,
And feel decays of age. But I'm renewable
At every draught I take! Here, Domus! Domus!

Enter DOMUS.

Bring a full cup of nectar for this churl. [*Exit* DOMUS.
'Twill give you back your youth, sir—ay, like magic—
And lift you o'er the clouds. You'll dream of nothing
That 's meaner than Olympus. Smiling goddesses
Will haunt you in your sleep. You'll walk on flowers,
And never crush their heads.

Enter DOMUS *with wine.*

Apollonius. Peace, madman, peace!
None of your draughts for me—your magic potions,
That stuff your brains with such pernicious cheats!
I say, bear off the bowl!
Lycius. What!—will he not?—
Then cast it over him—'twill do as well;—
He shall be a demi-god against his will.
Cast it, I say!— [*To* DOMUS.
Domus. 'Tis such a sinful waste!
Why, there, then—there! [*He throws it over* APOLLONIUS.
Look how it falls to the ground!
Lord, you might soak him in it year by year,
And never plump him up to a comely youth
Like you or me, sir!—
Lycius. Let him go. Farewell!—
Look, foolish Graybeard—I am going back
To what your wisdom scorned. A minute hence
My soul is in Elysium! [*Exit with* DOMUS.
Apollonius. Fool, farewell!
Why, I was sprinkled; yet I feel no wet.
'Tis strange!—this is some magic, against which
Philosophy is proof. I must entangle it.
Hold!— [*He stands in meditation.*
I have it faintly dawning in my brain.
'Tis somewhere in my books (which I'll refer to)—

Speaking of Nature's monstrous prodigies,
That there be witching snakes—Circean birth—
Who, by foul spells and forgeries, can take
The mask and shape of woman—fair externe,
But viperous within. And so they creep
Into young hearts, and falsify the brain
With juggling mockeries. Alas, poor boy,
If this should be thy case! These are sad tales
To send unto thy father.

[MERCUTIUS *enters without perceiving* APOLLONIUS: *going up to* LAMIA'S *house, he recollects himself.*

Mercutius. Here again?
What folly led me hither? I thought I was
Proceeding homeward. Why I've walked a circle
And end where I began!

[APOLLONIUS *goes up and calls in his ear.*

Apollonius. I'll tell you, dreamer;
It 's magic, it 's vile magic brought you hither,
And made you walk in a fog.
There, think of that;—be wise, and save yourself!
I've better men to care for! [*Exit* APOLLONIUS.

Mercutius. What did he say?
The words were drowned in my ear by something sweeter.

[*A strain of wild music within the house.*

Music! rare music!—It must be her voice;
I ne'er heard one so thrilling! Is it safe
To listen to a song so syren-sweet—so exquisite?—
That I might hold my breath, entranced, and die
Of ardent listening? She is a miracle!

Enter DOMUS.

Look, here 's a sot will tell me all he knows.
One of her servants—
Is that your lady's voice? (*to* DOMUS) her pipe 's a rare one.

Domus. Ay, marry. If you heard it sound within,
Till it makes the glasses chime, and all the bottles,
You'd think yourself in heaven.

Mercutius. I wish she'd sing again.

Domus. And if you saw her eyes, how you would marvel!
I have seen my master watch them, and fall back
Like a man in his fits. I'm rather dizzy,
And drunken-like myself. The vile quandaries
Her beauty brings one into— [*Staggers about.*
Ay, I'm crazed. But you should see our Picus—
Lord, how he stands agape, till he drops his salver,
And then goes down on his knees.

Mercutius. And so should I,
Had I been born to serve her! [*Sighs.*

Domus. Why you shall, boy;
And have a leather jerkin—marry, shall you!

We need a helper sadly. I'm o'er-burdened
(You see how I am burdened); but I'll teach you
What manners you may want.
Mercutius. Well, I'm for you—
(I will dislike no place that brings me near her)—
Mind, you have 'listed me.
Domus. And I can promise
You'll not dislike your fare—'tis excellent, light
As well as savoury, and will not stuff you;
But when you've eat your stretch to the outer button,
In half an hour you'll hunger. It is all feasting,
With barely a tithe of fasting. Then such drinking!
There 's such a cellar!
One hundred paces long (for I have paced it),
By about two hundred narrow. Come along, boy! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

A Chamber in LAMIA'S *House.* LAMIA *and* LYCIUS *are discovered sitting on a couch.*

Lamia. Nay, sweet-lipped Silence,
'Tis now your turn to talk. I'll not be cheated
Of any of my pleasures; which I shall be,
Unless I sometimes listen.
Lycius. Pray talk on,
A little further on. You have not told me
What country bore you, that my heart may set
Its name in a partial place. Nay, your own name—
Which ought to be my better word for beauty—
I know not.
Lamia. Wherefore should I talk of such things
I care not to remember? A lover's memory
Looks back no further than when love began,
As if the dawn o' the world.
As for my birth—suppose I like to think
That we were dropped from two strange several stars
(Being thus meant for one), why should you wish
A prettier theory, or ask my name,
As if I did not answer, heart and eyes,
To those you call me by? In sooth, I will not
Provide you with a worse.
Lycius. Then I must find it. Now I am but puzzled
To compound sweet superlatives enough
In all the world of words.
[DOMUS *enters boisterously with a letter.*
Domus. An express! an express!
Faith, I've expressed it. I did not even wait (*aside*)
To pry between the folds.
[LYCIUS *takes the letter, and reads in great agitation.*
LAMIA *watches him.*

Lamia. Alas! what news is this? Lycius! dear Lycius!
Why do you clutch your brow so? What has chanced
To stab you with such grief? Speak! speak!
Lycius. My father!
Lamia. Dead?
Lycius. Dying—dying—if not dead by this.
I must leave you instantly.
Lamia. Alas! I thought
This fair-eyed day would never see you from me!
But must you go, indeed?
Lycius. I must! I must!
This is some fierce and fearful malady
To fall so sudden on him. Why, I left him,
No longer since—ay, even when I met you
We had embraced that morn.
Lamia. It was but yesterday!
How soon our bliss is marred! And must you leave me?
Lycius. Oh! do not ask again with such a look,
Or I shall linger here and pledge my soul
To everlasting shame and keen remorse!
Lamia. The fates are cruel!
Yet let me cling to thee and weep awhile:
We may not meet again. I cannot feel
You are safe but in these arms! [*She embraces him.*
Lycius. I'm split asunder
By opposite factions of remorse and love;
But all my soul clings here.
Domus. It makes me weep.
He will not see his father. [*Lycius casts himself on the couch.*
Lamia (*striking* DOMUS). Wretch! take that,
For harrowing up his griefs! Dearest!—my Lycius!
Lean not your brow upon that heartless pillow!
Domus. How he groaned then!
Lamia. Lycius, you fright me!
You turn me cold!
Lycius (*rising up*). Oh! in that brief rest,
I've had a waking vision of my father!
Even as he lay on his face and groaned for me,
And shed like bitter tears!
Oh, how those groans will count in heaven against me!
One for pain's cruelty, but two for mine,
That gave a sting to his anguish.
His dying breath will mount to the skies and curse me.
His angered ghost
Will haunt my sight, and when I'd look upon you
Step in like a blot between us.
Lamia. Go, go! or you will hate me. Go and leave me!
If I now strive by words or tears to stay you
For my pleasure's sake or pain's,
You'd say there was something brutal in my nature

Of cold and fiendish, and unlike woman;
Some taint that devilish——
Yet give me one long look before you go—
One last long look! [*She fixes her eyes on his.*
Lycius. O gods! my spirit fails me,
And I have no strength to go, although I would!
Lamia. Perhaps he is dead already!
Lycius. Ha! Why, then,
What can I? Or, if not, what can I still?
Can I keep him from his urn? or give him breath?
Or replenish him with blood?
Lamia. Alas! alas!
Would I had art or skill enough to heal him!
Lycius. Ay, art and skill, indeed, do more than love
In such extremities. Stay! here, hard by,
There dwells a learned and most renowned physician,
Hath wrought mere miracles.
Him I'll engage, armed with our vows and prayers,
To spend his utmost study on my father,
And promptly visit him. A short farewell.
[*Exit.* DOMUS *follows.*
Lamia. Farewell—be not o'er long. It made me tremble
That he should see his father! The oldest eyes
Look through some fogs that young ones cannot fathom,
And lay bare mysteries. Ah me! how frail
Are my foundations! Dreams, mere summer dreams,
Which, if a day-beam pierce, return to nothing!
And let in sadder shows. A foot—so soon!
Why, then, my wishes hold.

Enter DOMUS *and* PICUS.

Domus. He 's gone! he 's gone!
He had not snuffed the air, outside o' the gate,
When it blew a change in his mind. He bade me tell you,
A voice from the sky-roof, where the gods look down,
Commanded him to his father.
Lamia. No more! no more!
(The skies begin, then, to dispute my charms.)
But did he ne'er turn back?
Domus. Ay, more than twice
He turned on his heel, and stood—then turned again,
And tramped still quicker as he got from hence,
Till at last he ran like a lapwing!
Lamia. This is a tale
Coined by the silly drunkard. You, sir, speak. [*To* PICUS.
Picus. Nay, by our troths—
Lamia. Then, sirrah, do not speak.
If such vile sense be truth, I've had too much on't.
Hence! fly! or I will kill you with a frown.
You've maddened me!

Picus. I saw her eyes strike fire!

[PICUS *and* DOMUS *run out.* LAMIA *looks round the chamber.*

Lamia. Alone! alone!
Then, Lamia, weep, and mend your shatter-web,
And hang your tears, like morning dew, upon it.
Look how your honey-bee has broken loose
Through all his meshes, and now wings away,
Showing the toils were frail. Ay, frail as gossamers
That stretch from rose to rose. Some adverse power
Confronts me, or he could not tear them thus.
Some evil eye has pierced my mystery!
A blight is in its ken!
I feel my charms decay—my will 's revoked—
And my keen sight, once a prophetic sense,
Is blinded with a cloud, horrid and black,
Like a veil before the face of Misery!

Another Apartment in LAMIA'S *House. Enter* JULIUS (LYCIUS'S *brother*) *and* DOMUS.

Julius. Rumour has not belied the house i' the least;
'Tis all magnificent. I pray you, sir,
How long has your master been gone?
Domus. About two quarts, sir;
That is, as long as one would be a drinking 'em.
'Tis a very little while since he set off, sir.
Julius. You keep a strange reckoning.
Where is your mistress? Will she see me?
Domus. Ay, marry;
That is, if you meet; for it is good broad daylight.
Julius. This fellow's manners speak but ill for the house. [*Aside.*
Go, sirrah, to your lady, with my message:
Tell her one Julius, Lycius's best friend,
Desires a little converse. [*Exit* DOMUS.
Now for this miracle, whose charms have bent
The straightest stem of youth strangely awry—
My brother Lycius!
He was not use to let his inclination
Thus domineer his reason: the cool, grave shade
Of Wisdom's porch dwelt ever on his brow
And governed all his thoughts, keeping his passions
Severely chastened. Lo! she comes. How wondrously
Her feet glide o'er the ground. Ay, she is beautiful!
So beautiful, my task looks stern beside her,
And duty faints like doubt.

Enter LAMIA.

Oh, thou sweet fraud!
Thou fair excuse for sin, whose matchless cheek

Vies blushes with the shame it brings upon thee,
Thou delicate forgery of love and virtue,
Why art thou as thou art, not what here seems
So exquisitely promised ?
Lamia. Sir, do you know me ?
If not—and my near eyes declare you strange—
Mere charity should make you think me better.
Julius. Oh, would my wishful thought could think no worse
Than I might learn by gazing.
Why are not those sweet looks—those heavenly looks,
True laws to judge thee by, and call thee perfect ?
'Tis pity, indeed 'tis pity,
That anything so fair should be a fraud !
Lamia. Sir, I beseech you, wherefore do you hang
These elegies on me ? For pity's sake
What do you take me for ? No woman, sure,
By aiming thus to wound me (*weeping*).
Julius. Ay, call these tears
Into your ready eyes ! I'd have them scald
Your cheeks until they fade, and wear your beauty
To a safe and ugly ruin. Those fatal charms
Can show no sadder wreck than they have brought
On many a noble soul, and noble mind.
Pray count me :
How many men's havocks might forerun the fall
Of my lost brother Lycius ?
Lamia. Are you his brother ?
Then I'll not say a word to vex you : not a look
Shall aim at your offence. You are come to chide me,
I know, for winning him to sell his heart
At such a worthless rate. Yet I will hear you,
Patiently, thankfully, for his dear sake.
I will be as mild and humble as a worm
Beneath your just rebuke. 'Tis sure no woman
Deserved him ; but myself the least of all,
Who fall so far short in his value.
Julius. She touches me ! [*Aside.*
Lamia. Look, sir, upon my eyes. Are they not red ?
Within an hour, I've rained a flood of tears.
To feel, to know
I am no better than the thing I am,
Having but just now learned to rate my vileness.
You cannot charge
My unworthy part so bitterly as I do.
If there 's about me anything that 's honest,
Of true and womanly, it belongs to Lycius,
And all the rest is Grief's.
Julius. Then I'll not grieve you—
I came with frowns, but I depart in tears
And sorrow for you both ; for what he was,

And what you might have been—a pair of wonders,
The grace and pride of nature—now disgraced,
And fallen beyond redress.
Lamia. You wring my heart!
Julius. Ay, if you think how you have made him stain
The fair-blown pride of his unblemished youth,
His studious years—
And for what poor exchange? these fading charms—
I will not say how frail.
Lamia. O hold—pray hold!
Your words have subtle cruel stings, and pierce
More deeply than you aim! This sad heart knows
How little of such wrong and spiteful ill
Were in love's contemplation when it clasped him!
Lycius and bliss made up my only thought;
But now, alas!
A sudden truth dawns on me, like a light
Through the remainder tatters of a dream,
And shows my bliss in shreds.
Julius. I pity you!
Nay, doubtless, you will be, some wretched day,
A perished cast-off weed when found no flower—
Or else even then, his substance being gone,
My brother's heart will break at your desertion.
Lamia. O never, never! [*Fervently.*
Never, by holy truth! while I am woman
Be false what may, at least my heart is honest.
Look round you, sir; this wealth, such as it is,
Once mine, is now all his; and when 'tis spent,
I'll beg for him, toil for him, steal for him!
God knows how gladly I would share his lot
This speaking moment in a humble shed,
Like any of our peasants!—ay, lay these hands
To rude and rugged tasks, expose these cheeks
You are pleased to flatter, to the ardent sun;
So we might only live in safe pure love
And constant partnership—never to change
In each other's hearts and eyes!
Julius. You mend your fault.
This late fragmental virtue much redeems you;
Pray, cherish it. Hark! what a lawless riot.
[*A loud boisterous shout is heard from below.*
O hope—Again! (*the noise renewed*) why then this is a triumph
Of your true fame, which I had just mistaken;
Shame on thee, smooth dissembler—shame upon thee!
Is this the music of your songs of sorrow,
And well-feigned penitence—lo! here, are these
Your decent retinue——

Enter the wild Gallants, flushed with wine.

Lamia. Sir, by Heaven's verity
I do not know a face! *Indeed I do not;*
They are strange to me as the future.
Curio. Then the future
Must serve us better, chuck. Here, bully mates,
These, lady, are my friends, and friends of Lycius!
Julius. Is it so?—then Lycius is fallen indeed!
Curio. Ay, he has had his trip—as who has not, sir?
I'll warrant you've had your stumbles.
Julius. Once—on an ape.
Get out o' the way of my shins. [*Going.*
Lamia. Sir, dearest sir,
In pity do not go, for your brother's sake,
If not for mine—take up my guardianship
'Gainst these ungentle men. [*She lays hold of* JULIUS.
Julius. Off, wanton, off!
Would you have me of your crew, too? [*Exit roughly.*
Gallo. Let him go!—
He has a graft in him of that sour crab,
The Apollonius—let him go, a churl!
Curio. Sweet lady, you look sad—fie, it was ill done of Lycius
To leave his dove so soon—but he has some swan
At nest in another place.
Gallo. I'll bet my mare on't.
Lamia. Kind sirs, indeed, I'm sorry
Your friend 's not here. If he were by,
He would help you to your welcome.
Curio. We've no doubt on't; [*Bitterly.*
But we'll not grieve, since here we are quite enough
For any merriment.
Gallo. And as for a welcome,
We'll acknowledge it on your cheer.
Lamia. Then that 's but sorry, sir.
If you mean what lies in my heart.
Gallo. No, no, in faith,
We mean what lies in your cellar—wine, rare wine,
We will pledge you in floods on't, and when knocked off our legs,
Adore you on our knees.
Lamia. Hear me, sweet gentles,
How you shall win my favour. Set to work and copy—
Be each a Lycius.
Gallo. Lycius, forsooth! hang him!
A model again! the perfect model!
Curio. As if we could not match his vices!
Pray ask your Lycius, when he 's new come back
(If ever he come back),
What his father ailed, or if he ailed at all,
And how it ailed too, that his brother Julius
Got no such forged advice.
Gallo. It had charmed your heart to see how swift he ran

(Whether to get from hence or gain elsewhere,
I know not), but I never saw such striving,
Save at the Olympic games to win the goal.
(All.) Ha! ha! ha!
Lamia. Laugh on, I pray, laugh on. Ye puny spites!
You think to fret me with those ill-coined tales;
But look, I join in your glee, [*She attempts to laugh.*
Or if I cannot, 'tis because I'm choked with a curse. [*She hurries out.*
Gallo. It works! it wings her! What shall we next?
Follow her, or carry her off?
Curio. These are too violent,
And perilous to ourselves; but I will fit
Our revenge to its other half. Sir Lycius now
Must have the green eye set in his head, and then
They'll worry each other's hearts without our help.
Julius or Apollonius will be our ready organs
To draw his ear.
Gallo. 'Tis plausible, and cannot fail to part 'em,
And when he has shaken her from off his bough
It needs she must fall to us.
Curio. I wonder where
That poor sick fool Mercutius is gone?
He hath a chance now.
Gallo. Methought I glanced him
Below, and, forsooth, disguised as a serving-man;
But he avoided me.
Curio. The subtle fox!
Let us go beat him up. [*Exeunt, hallooing.*

SCENE VI.

The Street before LAMIA'S *House. Enter* APOLLONIUS *with* JULIUS.

Apollonius. I say she is a snake—
Julius. And so say I;
Apollonius. But not in the same sense—
Julius. No, not exactly.
You take that literal, which I interpret
But as a parable—a figure feigned
By the elder sages (much inclined to mark
Their subtle meanings in dark allegories)
For those poisonous natures—those bewitching sins—
That armed and guarded with a woman's husk,
But viperous within, seduce young hearts,
And sting where they are cherished.
Apollonius. Your guess is shrewd;
Nay, excellent enough to have been my own.
But, hark you, I have read in elder oracles
Than ever you will quote, the fact which backs me.

In Greece, in the midst of Greece, it hath been known,
And attested upon oath, i' the faith of multitudes,
That such true snakes have been—real hissing serpents,
Though outwardly like women.
With one of such, a youth, a hopeful youth,
Sober, discreet, and able to subdue
His passions otherwise—even like our Lycius—
For a fortnight lived in a luxury of wealth,
Till suddenly she vanished, palace and all,
Like the shadow of a cloud.
Julius. The dainty fable!
But now unto the proof. Methink this sounds
Like a real door (*knocking*); a cloud scarce wars so,
But when Jove strikes it with a thunderbolt.
I'll tell you, sir,
She is a wanton, and that 's quite enough
To perish a world of wealth. [PICUS *comes to the door.*
Ho, sirrah! fellow!
Is your lady now within?
Picus. No, sir, she 's out.
Something hath put her out—she will see nobody.
She 's ill, she 's grievous bad—her head won't bear
The rout of company. [*A loud shout without.*
Apollonius. Why, then, I think
The medical conclave might observe more quiet.
Look, knave! are these her grave, her learned physicians?
Well met, sirs.
[*Another shout, and* CURIO, *&c., issue forth.*
Curio. That 's as may be. Ha! old mastiff!
Go to your kennel.
Julius. You are just in time, sirs,
To settle our dispute: we have a gage on't,
The sophist here and I.
There is one lives in that house—(*pointing to* LAMIA'S)—how would you call her?
A woman?
Curio. Ay; and sure a rare one,
As I have proved upon her lips.
[LAMIA *opens a window gently and listens.*
Gallo. Ay, marry, have we!
She was kind enough, for our poor sakes, to send
One Lycius, her late suitor, on an errand
That will make him footsore.
Curio. Yes, a sort of summons
Cunningly forged to bid him haste to his father,
Who lay in the jaws of death. Lord, how he'll swear
To find the old cock quite well!
Julius. This is too true. [*To* APOLLONIUS.
I left our father but this very morn
The halest of old men. He was then on his way

Toward this city, on some state affair.
They'll encounter upon the road!
Apollonius. Here is some foul and double-damned deception.
[LAMIA, *by signs, assents to this reflection.*
I'll catechise myself. Here, sir—you—you— [*To* CURIO.
Who have gazed upon this witch, touched her, and talked with her,
How know you she is a woman, flesh and blood,
True clay and mortal lymph, and not a mockery
Made up of infernal elements of magic?
Canst swear she is no cloud—no subtle ether—
No fog, bepainted with deluding dyes—
No cheating underplot—no covert shape,
Making a filthy masquerade of nature?
I say, how know ye this?
Curio. How? by my senses.
If I nipped her cheek till it brought the white and red,
I wot she is no fog.
Apollonius. Fie on the senses!
What are the senses but our worst arch-traitors?
What is a madman but a king betrayed
By the corrupted treason of his senses?
His robe a blanket, and his sceptre a straw,
His crown his bristled hair.
Fie on the shallow senses! What doth swear
Such perjuries as the senses?—what give birth
To such false rumours and base verdicts render
In the very spite of truth? Go to: thy senses
Are bond-slaves, both to madness and to magic,
And all the mind's disease. I say the senses
Deceive thee, though they say a stone's a stone.
And thou wilt swear by them an oath, forsooth,
And say the outer woman is utter woman,
And not a whit a snake! Hark! there 's my answer.
[LAMIA *closes the window violently.*
That noise shall be my comment.
Gallo. He talks in riddles,
Like a sphinx lapped in a blanket. Gentles—Curio—
Let us leave him to his wisdom.
Apollonius. Ay, I'll promise
'Twill dive far deeper than your feather wits
Into some mysteries. [*Going towards the door.*
Curio. There 's one I know in her house,
By name Mercutius, a most savage fellow:
I commend ye to his wrath. [*Exeunt* CURIO, GALLO, *&c.*
Apollonius. So, get ye gone,
Ye unregarded whelps.
Julius. But will you in,
Whether she will or no?
Apollonius. Indeed I mean it.
Sirrah (*to* PICUS), lead on. I'll charge you with your message. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

A Chamber in LAMIA'S *House. Enter* MERCUTIUS *in a distracted manner.*

Mercutius. Where is this haunting witch? Not here! not here!—
Why then for a little rest and unlooked calm—
Ay, such a calm
As a shipmate curses on the stagnate sea
Under the torrid zone, that bakes his deck
Till it burns the sole of his foot. My purpose idles,
But my passions burn without pause; O how this hot
And scarlet plague runs boiling through my veins
Like a molten lava! I'm all parched up.
There 's not a shady nook throughout my brain
For a quiet thought to lie—no, not a spring
Of coolness left in my heart. If I have any name,
It is Fever, who is all made up of fire,
Of pangs—deliriums—raving ecstacies—
And desperate impulse. Ha! a foot!—I know it!—
Now then, I'll ambush here, and come upon her
Like a wild boar from a thicket.

[*He hides himself behind an arras:* LAMIA *enters, holding her forehead betwixt her palms.*

Lamia. This should be a real head or 'twould not throb so;
Who ever doubts it?
I would he had these racking pains within;
Ay, and those he hath set in my heart, to drive him mad.
How now, sir!

Enter PICUS.

Picus. There are two below beseech you
For a conference. The one 's a wrinkled graybeard,
The other
Lamia. You need not name. I will see neither;
And tell them—look—with a copy of this frown,
If they congregate again beneath my eaves,
I have that will hush their twitting. [*Exit* PICUS.
Why must I reap
These unearned spites where I have sown no hate?
Do the jealous gods
Stir up these cankered spirits to pursue me?
Another! (MERCUTIUS *comes forward*) What brings thee hither?
Mercutius (*gloomily*). I do not know—
If love or hate—indeed I do not know—
Or whether a twine of both—they're so entangled.
Mayhap to clasp thee to my heart, and kiss thee,
To fondle thee, or tear thee, I do not know:
Whether I come to die, or work thy death,
Whether to be thy tyrant or thy slave,
In truth, I do not know.

But that some potent yearning draws me to thee,
Something, as if those lips were rich and tempting,
And worthy of caressing—fondly endeared—
And something as if a tortured devil within me
Sought revenge of his pangs: I cannot answer
Which of these brings me hither.
Lamia. Then prythee hence,
Till that be analysed.
Mercutius. Ha! ha! turn back:
Why if I am a tiger—here 's my prey—
Or if the milk-mild dove—here is my choice—
Do you think I shall turn back howe'er it be?
Let the embrace prove which. Nay, do not shrink,
If an utter devil press into thy arms,
Thyself invoked him!
Lamia. Ah! I know by this
Your bent is evil!
Mercutius. Then 'twas evil born!
As it works 'twas wrought on—look—say what I am,
For I have no recognisance of myself.
Am I wild beast or man—civil or savage—
Reasoning or brutal—or gone utter mad—
So am I as thou turned me—hellish or heavenly,
The slavish subject of thy influence—
I know not what I am—nor how I am,
But by thy own enforcement—come to force thee,
Being passion-mad.
Lamia. How have I brought thee hither?
I would thou wert away!
Mercutius. Why dost thou sit, then,
I' the middle of a whirlpool drawing me unto thee?
My brain is dizzy, and my heart is sick,
With the circles I have made round thee and round thee!
Till I dash into thy arms!
Lamia. There shalt thou never!
Go! desperate man; away!—and fear thy gods,
Or else the hot indignation in my eyes
Will blast thee. O, beware! I have within me
A dangerous nature, which, if thou provoke,
Acts cruelly. Ne'er chafe me; thou hadst better
Ruffle a scorpion than the thing I am!
Away!
Or I'll bind thy bones till they crack!
Mercutius. Ha! ha! dost threaten?
Why then come ruin, anguish or death,
Being goaded onward by my headlong fate
I'll clasp thee!—
Though there be sugared venom on thy lips
I'll drink it to the dregs—though there be plagues
In thy contagious touch—or in thy breath

Putrid infections—though thou be more cruel
Than lean-ribbed tigers—thirsty and open fanged,
I will be as fierce a monster for thy sake,
And grapple thee.
Lamia. Would Lycius were here!
Mercutius. Ha! wouldst thou have him gashed and torn in strips
As I would scatter him? then so say I
'Would Lycius were here!' I have oft clenched
My teeth in that very spite.
Lamia. Thou ruthless devil!
To bear him so bloody a will!—Why then, come hither,
We are a fit pair.
[MERCUTIUS *embracing her, she stabs him in the back with a small dagger.*
Mercutius (*falling*): O thou false witch! 90
Thou hast pricked me to the heart! Ha! what a film
Falls from my eyes!—or have the righteous gods
Transformed me to a beast for this! Thou crawling spite,
Thou hideous—venomous— [*Dies.*
Lamia. Let the word choke thee!
I know what I am. Thou wilful desperate fool,
To charge upon the spikes!—Thy death be upon thee!—
Why wouldst thou have me sting? Heaven knows I had spared thee,
But for thy menace of a dearer life.
O! Lycius! Lycius!
I have been both woman and serpent for thy sake— 100
Perchance to be scorned in each:—I have but gored
This ill-starred man in vain!—hush, methought he stirred;
I'll give him another thrust (*stabs the body*); there—lie thou quiet.
What a frown he hath upon his face! May the gods ne'er mention it
In their thunders, nor set the red stain of his blood
For a sign of wrath in the sky!—O thou poor wretch!
Not thee, dull clod!—but for myself I weep—
The sport of malicious destinies!
Why was I heiress of these mortal gifts
Perishing all whether I love or hate? 110
Nay, come out of sight [*To the body.*
With thy dismal puckering look—'twill fright the world
Out of its happiness. [*She drags the body aside, and covers it with drapery.*
Would I could throw
A thicker curtain on thee—but I see thee
All through and through, as though I had
The eyes of a god within; alas, I fear
I am here all human, and have that fierce thing
They call a conscience! [*Exit.*

JUVENILIA

THE BANDIT

(? 1815-17)

CANTO FIRST

'WHILE the red glaring torches illumine the cave,
Bring the wine that was bought by the blood of the brave!
No coward's pale lip
Of the liquor shall sip
While we drink to our comrades that lie in the grave!

'We gained it in strife, and in danger we won;
But we merrily drink now the battle is done!
And the goblet we quaff
While we merrily laugh,
Nor to fill it anew the same danger we'll shun.

'Then fill the bright goblets—replenish the whole!
Pour, pour the rich liquor that gladdens the soul;
For remorse we defy
When the goblet is by,
And conscience and care are soon drowned in the bowl.'

Thus sung the bandit crew, and as they sung,
Wildly their harsh, discordant voices rung;
And jarring echoes filled the vaulted cave
As each harsh voice joined rudely in the stave;
And when they ceased, the scoffing jest gave birth
To sounds of laughter—loud and boisterous mirth;
Or all was hushed in silence round while one
Triumphant told of deeds of horror done;
Or boasting speech and bitter mockings rose
To angry words, and threatenings to blows
And bloody contest, till the din swells high
With shouts of fury, pain, and blasphemy.

But instant sunk the tumult and the din,
As suddenly the Chieftain came within;
His tall, majestic, and commanding form
Had been depressed beneath misfortune's storm;

And on his brow care's lineaments uncouth
Belie his age and rob him of his youth.
And, save when all convulsed, his features show
He strives within for mastery with woe;
While half his agitated frame reveals
The inward agony his pride conceals;
His face and form assume the settled air
And wonted attitude of calm despair.

He was not formed by Nature for the part
That he now played—once foreign to his heart.
He had been formed to love; but 'twas his fate
To meet with none but who deserved his hate.
He had been mild, but injuries had fired,
And with a savage sullenness inspired;
Repeated wrongs had turned his breast to steel,
And all but these he had forgot to feel.

Apart from all, within a dark recess,
He sat him down in gloomy silentness,
Where he was wont to sit in gloomy thought
O'er dark designs with woe and fury fraught,
And his wild brain each frenzied plan revolved,
Or acts of daring enterprise resolved;
Even now, thus darkly did he meditate
One last sad act to signalize his hate—
One deed of retribution to be hurled
To 'venge the wrongs he suffered from the world!

Nor oft the robbers ventured to intrude
By careless noise upon his thoughtful mood;
And fewer still e'er strive by curious speech
The secret purport of his plans to reach.
One look—one word—the intrusive speech repressed,
And the inquiry hushed, ere scarce expressed;
So was he ever feared and held in awe—
They crouched to him who spurned at every law!

Wolf only to address the Chieftain dared,
Nor for repulses oft repeated cared.
Next to the Chief they feared and hated him
Whose joy was blood and cruelty his whim.
His sheathless blade was never known to rust,
Nor the fresh gore e'er suffered to encrust;
Peace he abhorred, and endless warfare waged,
In jarring strife, eternal broils engaged.
Ambitious, too,—impatient of control,—
Subjection grated on his haughty soul,
And made him—spurning at his leader's sway—
First to rebel and latest to obey.
And now, with angry tone the Bandit spoke,
And on the Chieftain's reverie thus broke—

'Say, do you scorn us, that you shun our feast,
For that invites not your contempt at least;
Our wine is good, and even Dacre's Lord
Scarce sees such venison smoke upon his board.
Such is our feast—would it were never worse,
Nor more deserving your contempt than us.'

Up rose the Chief in haste, but not a word
Implied the discontented speech was heard.
'To arms,' he cried, 'to arms with speed prepare,
This night our final enterprise to share,
And then we part, for 'mid these wilds I see
No firm security remains for me.'

He spoke—they lingered still, and some expressed
Their discontent in murmurs half repressed—
'When steals our wearied limbs repose from toil,
While we make merry o'er our hard-earned spoil,
This very night we fondly hoped at last
To rest and revel after labours past;
And, as I live, a feast, 'twas our belief,
Would celebrate the accession of our Chief.'

'A feast! a banquet! rather let it show
In my life's calendar a day of woe!
A day that rose in gloom is lowering yet,
And soon, I fear, as gloomily will set;
And for your calling, think you I have prized
Your avocation, nor yourselves despised?
Have I your savage, brutal deeds admired,
Nor cursed the sordid motives that inspired?
No! I have viewed ye as a scourge designed—
A plague—a curse—to chasten humankind.
As such, as instruments I chose you, then,
To wreak my vengeance on ungrateful men!

'And in your banquets did I ever sip?
Your food untasted ever pass my lip?
No! I will eat wild berries and wild fruit,
Drink of the stream and famish on a root,
Couch in a cave and lodge me where I can,
Ere I will now hold anything of man!
And, hear this truth,—the plainest morsel now,
By honest labour, earned with sweating brow,
Were dearer, sweeter far, to me at least,
Than all the viands in your guilty feast!

Enough of this. Time hurries on! Draw near;
For once my plan and all its purport hear,
That, known more fully, you may judge aright,
You join or not my enterprise to-night!'

In deep attention,—hushed without a sound,—
With wondering eagerness they circle round;
Ne'er had he deigned before one word to hold
In converse with them or his plans had told;
But now he speaks, for once without command,
And the mute robbers, listening, round him stand.

'Who has not heard the Earl Glenallan's name,
And been familiar with his warlike fame?
Who, by his king ungratefully repaid,
Left courts and kings and sought the rural shade,
Till roused from happy indolence he heard
The plaint his bondaged countrymen preferred,
And heard the summons to his patriot hand
To burst the fetters that enslaved his land;
'Twas then reluctantly he drew his sword
Against the king for whom his blood had poured,
But poured, alas, in vain;—who does not know
His combats, victories, and overthrow?
Though all his perils, both by land and sea,
And sorrows since, are only known to me.

'Defeated and deserted—under ban—
Chased like a tiger by the hate of man;
By day through lonely wilds he urged his flight,
And couched beneath Heaven's canopy at night.
Alone he fled—his tenantry's goodwill
And wishes for his welfare followed still;
But more they dared not—till, by happy chance,
Two boldly aided his escape to France.

'But ere he went he bade a long adieu
To one, the last, the only friend he knew;
To him confided his intended wife—
His love, his hope, his all, and more than life;
And then he hurried from the ingrate strand,
But first bequeathed his blessing to his land.

'In France he covered all his deeds with shame,
And, first, for aye resigned the patriot's name.
Cursed be the day—the era of his fall—
He gave his hand in friendship to the Gaul;
Ne'er might his foes so well exult till then,
Nor he deserved thus of his countrymen;
Ne'er had he raised before his traitor hand
Against the welfare of his native land;
His deeds were blasted and his shame was sealed.
There first he fought and first was known to greet
A joyful feeling in his own defeat;
Oft had he sighed to join in fight once more
With those he led to victory before;

But, they victorious,—'twere a coward's deed!
He sighed, and left it for the day of need.
It came. He marked the Gaul's superior force—
Resistless, bursting its triumphant course.
He left the conquerors in joyful haste,
And fought when ruin and defeat menaced.
Again he conquered, and returned once more
With hopes rekindled to his native shore,
And fondly thought this service might recall
His country's love and make amends for all.
In vain! His service they remembered not,
But all, except his many faults, forgot,
And drove him into solitude to find
A refuge with the vilest of his kind.
And now, to fill the measure of his woe,
His friend must strike the last inhuman blow.
This night—save we avert the guilty deed,
Or his cold heart, like that he tortures, bleed—
He weds the hand and heart he basely stole,
And whelms keen anguish o'er Glenallan's soul!
Love, friendless, poor—yet while my arm is strong,
And my blade keen, I can avenge the wrong.
Till now I've righted others' cause alone,
But now Glenallan shall avenge his own!'

Awhile the robbers paused in deep amaze,
And on the Chieftain turned their earnest gaze,
Not that they pondered aught unusual now
In the dark workings of his gloomy brow;
But ne'er before they heard his lofty name,
Nor knew they had a Chieftain of such fame.

He spoke again: 'Your guilty hands are red,
And blush with blood too often they have shed.
Many perchance may feel in after times
The woe, the misery that tracked your crimes;
But can remorse or conscience now recall
One deed as black as this among them all?
If so, remain, unworthy of the care
To speed the chastening you ought to share.
Speak! What so sacred to a Highland breast
As is the claim of safety for his guest,
And far more sacred if he be distrest?
'Twas thus we hailed the Stuart when he fled,
And spurned the gold that hung upon his head:
Was there a wretch, a traitor so accurst,
A seeming friend who dared betray his trust?

'Lead on!—We go!' The traitor's heart shall bleed,
Our hands shall aid, our tongues approve the deed.

Long live our Chieftain, and all traitors die!'
They cried—one only joined not in the cry.
'Twas Wolf! 'I say not so,' with scornful smile
He said, and gazed upon his brand the while.
'Could this relate the deeds its edge had done,—
Lost in amaze ye would forget that one,
As each succeeding each you found them still
All brighter far, or blacker, if you will,'—
And o'er his haggard features as he spoke
A scornful smile of exultation broke.
All have some passion, pride, or ruling will,
And his to be in all superior still;
And now he gloried o'er the blood he spilt,
That made him paramount, though but in guilt.

And now the sign, the bustle, and the din
Of preparation reigns without—within;
Loud ring the arms, and loud the bugle strain,
Recalls the stragglers to the cave again.
They came in weary groups, but gaily bring
Fresh game and booty for the banqueting,
But, lo! deserted is the festive board,
And each girds on his armour and his sword,
While all their converse and their words imply
Some daring enterprise and booty nigh.
They marvel and inquire the Chief's intent,
And rather give submission than consent.
They arm—the order given—the route is known,—
They hurry out, and Wolf is left alone.
The sun, still lingering in the golden west,
Slow sinks behind the purple mountain's crest
That rears its head sublime; and far below
The lake's calm bosom sparkles in the glow,
Save where is seen an undulating shade
By frowning rocks and woods and forests made;
Or the tall vessel gently seems to glide
In silent majesty along the tide,
Her white sails wooing the soft zephyr's breath,
Scarce rippling in the dancing wave beneath
That rolls with gentle murmuring to lave
The willow twig that loves to kiss the wave.

One bright departing ray of golden fire
Still hangs reluctant on the village spire;
Like Hope's last dream, it fondly lingers yet,
Then leaves the highest pinnacle—'tis set!
And now the mountains, blending with the sky,
Or, lost in clouds, elude the gazer's eye,
And wide and far the lengthened shadows round,
Creep slow and silent o'er the darkened ground;

And travelling on, obscuring hill and dale,
The shades of night enshroud the quiet vale.

Now sleeps the peasant, and forgets the while,
In sweet oblivion, his daily toil;
Now rest the weary, and perchance in sleep
The wretched and unhappy cease to weep;
Some few in pain, or revelry or woe,
Or worldly cares, its influence forego.
Perhaps it flies the dark uneasy bed,
Where the pale invalid reclines his head;
But chiefly Guilt its balmy sweets forsake,
And the cursed murderer and robber wake,
For Conscience and Remorse, that sleep not, seem
To sting when waked and haunt their every dream.

CANTO SECOND

Through Arden's pile the lighted tapers blazed,
The sound of mirth and revelry was raised,
And in the mazy dance light bounding feet
The sprightly measure of the music beat,
The song, the jest, the laugh, the bowl flew fast,
And grey-haired Time smiled gaily as he passed;
And 'joy to Arden and his bonny bride!'
Was hymned by joyous tongues on every side;
And oft they pledged the fair in sparkling wine,
Inspiring wit that better seemed to shine.
And there were lovely maids that blushed to hear
The grateful praises whispered in their ear;
And undisguised, love mingled with the rest,—
A welcome, nor an uninvited guest;
And there were beating hearts with rapture filled,
And throbbing pulses that with pleasure thrilled,
And eyes that shone with flames they could not veil,
And tongues and lips that oft confirmed the tale,
Or strove the avowal but in vain to shun,
And all were happy—pleasing—pleased—but one!

Clad as a mourner in a sable suit
The stranger stood—pale, motionless, and mute,
Nought could divert his glaring eyes aside,
That gazed reproachfully upon the bride.
In vain her supplicating glance she raised;
Unmoved, immovable he sternly gazed;
But when she wildly clasped her hands of snow
He turned aside in pity to her woe.
Still where he moved all gaiety was crushed,
The dance was ended and the song was hushed,
And if, perchance, the speaker's glance had caught
His countenance, with woe and fury fraught,

He smiled no more—his face unconscious took
The gloomy semblance of the other's look,
His speech was checked as sudden as his glee,
Or ended in the whisper—'Who is he?'

'Twas Ulric, on whose brow a sadder shade
Half mourned the gloomy change his presence made,
And while the dulcet sounds of music stole
So soft, so sweetly o'er his stormy soul,
His heart half softened, and his fury soothed,
As ruffled waves by oily drops are smoothed,
Inly he shuddered at himself, who stood
To end the scene of happiness in blood!

But when he pondered on his own sad fall,
That left him dark and lone among them all,
Or looked on some exulting at his cost,
And revelling in joys himself had lost,
Then roused the slumbering Demon in his breast,
And mad designs that scarce could be repressed,
As suddenly, he laid his eager hand
And grasped impatiently the starting brand.

Thus terrible he stood, when Arden pressed
To view the figure of his stranger guest,
And while in that stern countenance, with dread,
The well-known features of the Chief he read,
A damp, chill shuddering shook his startled frame,
His tongue, too, trembled while he spoke the name,
And his heart sank as his fixed eye-balls viewed
The frowning look and threatening attitude.

'Yes! I am he—deserted and despised,
Whose heart is tortured and whose head is prized!
Yes, I am he—your treachery has driven
From all his kind—hope, happiness, and heaven;
But shall you not sit mocking at my fall,
Nor hold your banquets in my father's hall;
Nor shall you revel in her beauties now,
Nor glory in the false one's broken vow.
No! I will act, in just resentment strong,
As late avenger in each former wrong;
Requite all injuries received of old,
And match the justice man has dared withhold.'

Thus spoke the Chief, and from his girdle drew
His brazen bugle-horn, and loudly blew:
Shrill rung the strain, and instant from without,
Responsive rose the impatient robbers' shout,
Fierce rushed the ruffian band, and burst within,
With mingling curses and terrific din,

Like straining bloodhounds round the Chief they stood,
And watched the signal for the work of blood.

Brandished aloft the robbers' weapons gleam,
And, flashing, glance beneath the taper's beam,
While partially the broken rays illume
Their rugged features, shaded by the plume
That o'er each brow imparts a deeper gloom.
Pale—trembling now, the ladies start aside,
And crowd in fearful groups around the bride;
The guests recoil afraid—e'en Arden shrinks,
And on his knee a faltering suppliant sinks:
'Oh! I have wronged you, but in hour like this,
When sparkles at my lip the cup of bliss,
Can you behold it yet untasted shine
And dash it down?'——

'Thus was it dashed from mine;
Thus did you blast each lingering hope, and steal
The last sole joy my wounded soul could feel,
And thus will I your budding hopes destroy
And blight them ere they ripen into joy.
Oh, Arden, you have driven me to deeds
At which my soul revolts, my nature bleeds,
For you have severed the last tie could bind
My soul in amity with humankind.
Stripped—exiled—deserted—under ban—
In you I still possessed one friend in man;
But, lo! your treachery has crowned my fall,
Stolen my last friend, and made me foe to all.
Then look around once more—behold these charms,
And that fair bride, now severed from your arms;
Mark the late partners of your joy and see
The broken wreck of thy last revelry;
And this, the scene of thy rejoicings view—
Survey all these, and bid them all adieu,
And tear from off your brow the bridal wreath
Before you meet the cold embrace of death!'

But ere his lingering arm could speed its aim,
The trembling Adelaide affrighted came;
Pale was her cheek, and tear-drops glistened there
Bright as the gems that sparkled in her hair,
And her clasped hands expressed a deep distress
That ill accorded with the bridal dress,
As thus in speechless agony of grief
She bent her lovely form before the Chief.

On Ulric's brow, each trace of fury flown—
The gloominess of grief remained alone.

He dropped the fatal point—who could forbear
When tears implored and beauty urged the prayer?
But still internally his stubborn pride
Strove the best feelings of his heart to hide,
And still each pang he struggled to conceal,
As though he deemed it weakness thus to feel.
But Nature triumphed! Though he turned aside
Abrupt, his changing countenance to hide,
From his dark eyes unwonted tear-drops rushed
(So from the smitten rock the waters gushed);
Beneath his cloak he sought the drops to shroud,
But bursting sighs bespoke his grief aloud.

'Oh, Adelaide! a joyless wretch I came,
With frenzied purpose and infernal aim,
To 'venge the falsehood that had caused my woe,
And make thy blood as now thy tear-drops flow;
But, lo! my heart forgets not that it knew
The time, alas! it only throbbed for you,
And, loving yet, rebels against my will,
And prompts my faltering tongue to bless you still.
Be blessed! Forget my love! The solemn vow
That with my wretched heart is broken now.
But, ah, to you may ne'er its sorrows reach,
And I alone feel wretched in the breach;
Forget all these! with that unhappy man
Who bids you still be happy—if you can!'

Faltering she answered, but her faint reply
Was drowned amid the robbers' angry cry,
Whose scornful words strove vainly to condemn
The Chieftain's weakness as unknown to them;
And one more daring seized the kneeling bride—
'Be this my prize! I claim her first!' he cried.
Surprised and awed, accustomed to his sway,
They loudly murmured, but they still obey;
Amid them all he stands, unhurt, alone,
And all the band submit and crouch to one!

''Tis vain. No longer I pretend to wield
The sword of justice, or the weak to shield,
Or hurl that vengeance which the Final Day
More surely and less blindly will repay.
Enough! From all your oaths I now release;
And this, my last command—Depart in peace.
Your Chief no longer, in some private cell,
Far from the busy haunts of men, I'll dwell,
And strive to wash my many crimes away
By sorrowing nights, and sighs and tears by day.

Would that ye also left your crimes, and then
Were less a scourge and curse to better men ! '

As thus he spoke, in bitterness of heart,
He, sad and sorrowing, turned him to depart ;
But, sudden bursting in the hall again,
Came Wolf, and led a strong and armed train.
' Behold our prize ! Yon sable plume behold !
Seize—seize him ! for his head is gold !
On, comrades, on ! '—At once the robbers poured
And seized the Chieftain ere he gained his sword.
One only dared to strike in his defence,
And smote the assailant, but at life's expense.
The Chieftain saw and seized the falling brand,
And broke resistless from the circling band ;
Then, as a lion, when the foes surround,
Springs on the first and tears him to the ground,
Headlong he rushed—death followed on each stroke—
And felled the foremost till the sabre broke.
Thrice Arden joining in the unequal strife
Had stayed the steel that pointed at his life ;
But soon a sword too keen—too surely prest—
Escaped his zeal and gored the Chieftain's breast.
He staggered—sunk—and on the bloody ground
Still feebly combated with all around,
Then rose again and rushed against the foe—
Another effort and a final blow ;—
With steady purpose and unerring hand
He raised the fragment of the faithless brand ;
On Wolf with violence he pressed the blade,
And lifeless at his feet the robber laid !
Again he falls—faint, wounded, and beset,
He fights exhausted but undaunted yet.
More close the circling foes assault him round,
From every side he feels the biting wound ;
Blade after blade the crimson current drinks,
And steals his strength—he struggles—wavers—sinks !
The broken sabre quits his feeble grasp,
And life just seems to hang upon a gasp.
Now he can fight no more, but, doomed to die,
Gazes on his murderers with angry eye :
Loud swells the shout for triumph vilely won,
The prize is conquered and the deed is done ;
But other spoil invites—they turn to where
Bright diamonds sparkle 'mid dishevelled hair
Blest if no violence should take them there !
In vain they kneel, and gentler pity claim,
They plead to those who never knew the name.
The robbers seize !——but, bursting from the wall,
What sudden blaze illuminates the hall ?

It is the taper, or the robbers' aim,
Has set the lighted drapery in flame ?
All through the robbers burst their fearful way—
Perhaps death to go—but never death to stay !

' Who fired the curtain ? 'Twas a foolish deed !
Molest them not, but to the cave with speed.
Haste, comrades, bear yon body in your arms,
Ere yon red blaze the villagers alarms ! '

They seize the Chief unconscious of his lot,
And wildly hurry from the fatal spot ;
And wondering villagers collect the while
And gaze in terror on the burning pile.

With rapid stride the blaze ascends on high,
Now gains the roof and blushes in the sky ;
Each space, each chink, the fiery guest betrays,
And through each window bursts the angry blaze,
And rocking walls and burning beams impend,
And crackling timbers with a crash descend !
Downward they hurl, still blazing as they go,
And fall, half-smothering the flames below !
And lo ! the brightest and the last of all—
One turret trembles at its threatened fall ;
In vain through many a long and stormy age
It braved the battle and the tempest's rage,
Now o'er its frowning crest, that once so proud
Looked down exulting o'er the misty cloud,
The roaring flames and spiral blazes curl,
And fire and smoke in mingled eddies whirl ;—
It shakes—it totters on its shattered base,
And headlong falls with brave Glenallan's race.
Soon will the nettle's humble top alone
Look proudly down upon the fallen stone ;
And waving grass will flourish o'er the head
Of him who scarcely lingers from the dead.

CANTO THIRD

Loud crows the cock—the peasant's slumbers cease !
He wakes to days of innocence and peace ;
And with the lark that leaves the yellow corn
Begins the matin song and hails the morn,
While peering in the East, the rising sun
Proclaims a bright, a new-born day begun ;
Aurora, blushing, hails the god of day,
Who comes to kiss the glittering tears away ;
And opening buds and flowers expanding rise,
And blush with colours borrowed from the skies.

All wakens into life—the chiding hound
And huntsman's horn awake the echoes round,
And rouse the stag who listens to the strain,
Then starts away and bounds along the plain!
Men, horses, hounds, the flying game pursue,
And ruddy health attends the happy crew.

Where'er they fall the pleasing rays adorn—
Now gild the stream, and now the waving corn,
On all they glow;—but ah! where'er they strike
They gild the evil and the good alike;
The cloud that 's golden when beneath the ray
Is gloomy, dark and ugly when away.
The beam that played upon the rosy bower
Now gilds the summit of yon dungeon tower,
And, through the close and narrow grating cast,
Is hailed by the sad captive as his last!

With that first ray the fettered Chieftain rose
From fearful visions and disturbed repose;
For him that sun would never rise again.
Towards the grate he dragged his heavy chain.
'This is my latest day, but ere I die,
Fain would I gaze upon the earth and sky.
Oh, heavens! how lovely is the new-born day!
All Nature smiles, all beautiful and gay,
Oh, in my youth, what fairy dreams of bliss
Would Fancy picture on a morn like this!
When like the buds I felt my soul expand,
And pictured love and joy on every hand!
When ne'er expecting aught less fair to find,
I ope'd my heart in love to all mankind.

'Ah! thus my fancy in my youth's gay morn
Would her bright images of life adorn;
Yea—like yon sky-lark that so gaily sings
To heaven, aspiring on exulting wings—
Would leave this world below and wildly soar
To add to that fair heaven one heaven more;
Life, like yon firmament she drew serene,
Nor clouds obscured—nor storms disturbed the scene,
And Friendship, Pleasure, Love, and Hope, were given
To shine as stars in her ideal heaven!
'Twas all delusion! What are earthly joys
But pleasing dreams our wakening destroys;
And I have wakened, yea, to scenes of pain
That make me wish that I could dream again.

'Love is a madness—happiness a dream!
And Hope and Friendship things that only seem.
I've tried them all, and found them all untrue,
And long have bid them and the world adieu;

I loved it once, and prized its idle state—
Suspected—then despised—and now—I hate!'

Thus spoke the Chief, but now in angry tone
He spoke aloud—'Why am I here alone?
Why am I fettered when all else are free,
And left to act their crimes at large but me?
And greater villains that deserve my fate'——
He turned indignantly and left the grate,
Where he could see the swallows round him skim,
And all in happy liberty but him.

E'en thus, a wild enthusiast in all
The Chief had been, and it had shed his fall.
One he had known—his honourable sire—
Such as his heart could cherish and admire,
And loved to imitate, and Fancy dressed
And with his virtues painted all the rest—
Free, open, generous, gay, noble, young,
Assailed too often by the flattering tongue;
Affected love and proferred friendships fell,
He prized too highly and believed too well;
Beloved, he thought, by all, and loving too,
These were the best, the happiest days he knew;
Blest in his blindness! For how blest is he
Who sees the world as it ought to be;
Who, pressed by want, or misery, or woe,
Still finds, or fancies, friends, but not a foe,
And with Despair successfully can cope,
Buoyed up by frail but never-failing Hope,
Though never realized, and blessed at last
If the veil drops not and reveals the past.

Not so with him, for soon as fortune wore
A frowning look, and friends were friends no more,
But shunned his woe, not blushing to condemn
The very faults that had exalted them;
Or rising undisguised as open foes,
Scarce deigned to hide they triumphed in his woes;
But hailed the fall that left him now too weak
Just vengeance for their injuries to wreak!
Then from his cheated eyes the film soon cleared,
And all the world's deformity appeared.
Once he had loved it, and too highly prized,
But now as strongly hated and despised
He fled its vile contagion with speed—
A misanthrope—nor more in word than deed!

By Flattery, that with the world began
The woes, abasement, and the fall of man;
That, demon-like, still ruins and beguiles,
And while betraying each sad victim smiles!

Thus felt the Chief. How hapless are the great,
If such their evils and too oft their fate.
Truth they ne'er know divested of disguise,
And scarcely see but through another's eyes;—
But, knowing other men—and, what is more,
Knowing themselves—how happy are the poor;
Too oft condemned for vices they have not,
And scarce allowed the virtues they have got;
None ever flatter them—nor oft they fail
Betrayed by vanity or flattering tale.

But to my theme. The Chieftain turned away
As though he sought to shun the light of day.
On his hard couch he threw his limbs once more,
All racked with pain, or stiff with clotted gore;
And while across his pale and varying cheek
The sudden throbs of anguish seemed to speak,
His wild and working brain appeared as fraught
With far more keen and agonizing thought;
Remembrance, perhaps, of gay and happier times,
Linked with the memory of after crimes,
And keen remorse that shudders o'er the past,
With deep regret for joys that fled too fast,
And doubtings of the future and his fate,
And all the sorrows of his present state,
With all their varied pangs, were mingled there,
Nor sunk nor settled, but in calm despair.

Oh, who can speak that wandering of thought,
When, with all varied recollections fraught,
In wild confusion the bewildered brain
Now turns from woe to joy—from joy to pain;
Now sinks and saddens over present woes,
And now o'er scenes of former pleasure glows;
Regretting joys and means which, once possessed,
If better known or valued, would have blessed;
Thus boiled the Chieftain's brain, and pondered o'er
The scenes of long-lost happiness once more.

Yes; 'twas the mansion of his sires he eyed,
Such as it had been in the days of pride,
Though many a lingering, long, and painful day
Since he had left its roof had passed away;
Yet could not time nor misery efface
Of former joys the long remembered trace.
No; though each hope of happiness had flown—
Had left the bitterness of life alone;
Though deeds of guilt his soul had long bereft
Of the last solace to the wretched left;
Undimmed the retrospect of happy years
Shone bright through times of misery and tears;

And oft, as in delusive dream restored,
We greet departed friends we've long deplored,
His mind forgot the sense of present pain,
And dreamed o'er scenes of happiness again.
E'en now, abstracted from his present state,—
His pain, misfortune, and impending fate,—
His mind retraced the ever-pleasing scene
Of things, times, pleasures, feelings that had been.

But, suddenly, a harsh discordant sound
Roused him to consciousness of things around.
He started, and strove vainly to recall
The fleeting phantoms on the dungeon wall,
But they had fled in air like parting breath,
And left him with the Messenger of Death!

With calm, unaltered voice, unvarying cheek,
The fated Prisoner was the first to speak:
'I know thy message—no unwelcome one
To him whose days of misery are done.
The time is gone such tidings could impart
Reluctance, grief, or terror to my heart.
Too long the cup of bitterness I've quaffed
Without one hope e'er mingled in the draught
To quit this wretched being with regret;
And as for Death—why, I can brave him yet;—
Nay, as an Angel—Harbinger of Peace—
I'll hail the Spectre if he bring release!'——

'Enough!'——

Harsh as the grating hinge, and rough,
Responsive rung the keeper's loud 'Enough.'
Surprised, he turned again—ne'er till that hour,
Of all the inmates of that gloomy tower,
None had he known who gazed on Death so near
With such rejoicing and so little fear.
But, lo! he started as he seemed to trace
Some dear remembrance in the captive's face;
Swift to embrace the prisoner he flew—
'Oh, heaven!—my lord—my master—is it you?'

Up rose the Chieftain with a sudden start,
That voice had struck upon his throbbing heart!
'Ha! Is it Donald! or a mocking dream?
Are these things so, or do they only seem?
Am I awake? The gaoler bent the knee—
'Alas, no dream—dear master, I am he!'

All pride forgotten quite, the Chieftain pressed
His former steward warmly to his breast,
But rudely bursting from the Chief's embrace
He paused, and wildly gazed around the place.

'Oh, I forgot you lingered here to die.
Behold the keys! Oh, take them now and fly:
My clothes, perchance, will happily disguise
And shroud your person from more careless eyes.
For, ah, though Arden kneels before the throne,
I fear 'twill change the punishment alone—
The gibbet to the block—our nobles hate
The noble soul that made you once so great.
No hope remains but this—let me implore
Your speedy flight.'

The Chieftain frowned—'No more!
Perchance 'tis justice dooms me now to bleed,
And you would save me by a traitor's deed!
When have I fled my foes or valued life,
Or shrunk when Death menaced me in the strife?
Perhaps one more in love with life than I
Would hail the terms, but now I scorn to fly!
Beside your hate and punishment, too sure,
Would leave my safety still too insecure.'

Proudly he answered—'Have you then forgot
The loathsome dungeon—once my cruel lot
To linger there a sad and joyless time—
Misfortune's punishment, and not for crime?
Your bounty freed me thence, and now 'tis due
From gratitude to pay the same for you.
And, ah! my life I cheerfully resign,
For many woes—few comforts—now are mine!
Oh, add one more—O, hark! The warning bell,
One short hour more, it tolls your parting knell.
I pray!—I kneel!'——

'O give me not the pain,'
The Chieftain said, 'to see you kneel in vain.
I am resolved—a solemn oath I swore
To leave these hated walls with life no more.
That oath I keep; but, would you glad my soul,
Bring me a dagger or a poisoned bowl.
This last request I urge with latest breath,
Oh! spare your Chief an ignominious death!'

'Alas, I know Glenallan's word too well
To hope to move you now, my Lord—Farewell!
I have a dagger, but my heart shall feel
Its deepest reach ere you shall use the steel.
What! can no other hand but mine be pressed
To lend the dagger for my Patron's breast!
Ah! it must be! once more, my lord, adieu;
My death alone surrenders it to you!'

He raised his hand, but with a sudden clasp
The Chieftain caught the dagger in his grasp.
'Ha! Now I laugh to scorn the feeble chain,
The guarded fortress shall not e'en detain.
In vain shall vengeful crowds impatient flock
To see my head fall streaming from the block;
Exulting peers shall not behold me fall,
And for their tortures I elude them all.
Dungeon and fetters may the limbs control,
But what can fetter or confine the soul?
Now I am free—live to behold me die,
And tell the world Glenallan scorned to fly;
And tell with all the courage of a friend
No sign of weakness marked my latter end.
Live, I command you! say to Arden this—
I thank his zeal and pray heaven send him bliss;
Tell him to love '——it died upon his tongue,
The gaoler's hand in agony he wrung.
Each strove to speak, but wept, embraced anew,
They only in their hearts could say—'Adieu!'

Thus had they lingered, but the distant sound
Of hurried footsteps broke the silence round.
Still nearer comes the noise—they rush apart,
A moment more, he aims against his heart—
'Tis missed—he strikes again—too sure the aim—
The deathless spirit quits its mortal frame,
That still and silent lies amid its gore,
And tells to all—Glenallan is no more!

Again the bolts recede, the jarring din
No more disturbs the prisoner within;
He wakes no more, nor can that sound impart
One quicker throb of terror to his heart;
Too late the lingering voice of mercy calls,
And 'Pardon!' 'Pardon!' echoes to the walls.
He hears it not—nor would the tidings give
More joy, perchance, or pleasure did he live.
But o'er his body hath he still a friend,
Who seems in silent agony to bend.
All knew his crimes too well, and some had wept
The loss of friends where his revenge had swept,
But Arden weeps his breathless body o'er,
And Donald's tears are mingled with his gore;
Together now they pour the sorrowing sigh,
Nor let him quite unwept, unpitied die!

APPENDIX

J. H. REYNOLDS'S CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE 'ODES AND ADDRESSES TO GREAT PEOPLE' (1825)

ODE TO MR. M'ADAM

'Let us take to the road.'—*Beggar's Opera.*

1

M'ADAM, hail!
Hail, Roadian! hail, Colossus! who dost stand
Striding ten thousand turnpikes on the land!
Oh universal Leveller! all hail!
To thee, a good, yet stony-hearted man,
The kindest one, and yet the flintiest going,—
To thee,—how much for thy commodious plan,
Lanark Reformer of the Ruts, is Owing!
The Bristol mail,
Gliding o'er ways hitherto deem'd invincible,
When carrying Patriots now shall never fail
Those of the most '*unshaken* public principle.'
Hail to thee, Scot of Scots!
Thou northern light, amid those heavy men!
Foe to Stonehenge, yet friend to all beside,
Thou scatter'st flints and favours far and wide,
From palaces to cots;—
Dispenser of coagulated good!
Distributor of granite and of food!
Long may thy fame its even path march on,
E'en when thy sons are dead!
Best benefactor! though thou giv'st a stone
To those who ask for bread!

2

Thy first great trial in this mighty town
Was, if I rightly recollect, upon
That gentle hill which goeth

Down from 'the County' to the Palace gate,
And, like a river, thanks to thee, now floweth
Past the Old Horticultural Society,—
The chemist Cobb's, the house of Howell and James,
Where ladies play high shawl and satin games—
A little *Hell* of lace!
And past the Athenæum, made of late,
Severs a sweet variety
Of milliners and booksellers who grace
Waterloo Place,
Making division, the Muse fears and guesses,
'Twixt Mr. Rivington's and Mr. Hessey's.
Thou stood'st thy trial, Mac! and shav'd the road
From Barber Beaumont's to the King's abode
So well, that paviours threw their rammers by,
Let down their tuck'd shirt-sleeves, and with a sigh
Prepar'd themselves, poor souls, to chip or die!

3

Next, from the palace to the prison, thou
Didst go, the highway's watchman, to thy beat,—
Preventing though the *rattling* in the street,
Yet kicking up a row
Upon the stones—ah! truly watchman-like,
Encouraging thy victims all to strike,
To further thy own purpose, Adam, daily;—
Thou hast smooth'd, alas, the path to the Old Bailey!
And to the stony bowers
Of Newgate, to encourage the approach,
By caravan or coach,—
Hast strew'd the way with flints as soft as flowers.

4

Who shall dispute thy name!
Insculpt in stone in every street,
We soon shall greet
Thy trodden down, yet all unconquer'd fame!
Where'er we take, even at this time, our way,
Nought see we, but mankind in open air,
Hammering thy fame, as Chantrey would not dare;—
And with a patient care,
Chipping thy immortality all day!
Demosthenes, of old—that rare old man—
Prophetically, *follow'd*, Mac! thy plan:—
For he, we know,
(History says so,)
Put *pebbles* in his mouth when he would speak
The *smoothest* Greek!

5

It is 'impossible, and cannot be,'
But that thy genius hath,
Besides the turnpike, many another path
Trod, to arrive at popularity.
O'er Pegasus, perchance, thou hast thrown a thigh,
Nor ridden a roadster only; mighty Mac!
And 'faith I'd swear, when on that winged hack,
Thou hast observ'd the highways in the sky!
Is the path up Parnassus rough and steep,
And 'hard to climb,' as Dr. B. would say?
Dost think it best for Sons of Song to keep
The noiseless *tenor* of their way? (see Gray.)
What line of road *should* poets take to bring
Themselves unto those waters, lov'd the first!—
Those waters which can wet a man to sing!
Which, like thy fame, 'from *granite* basins burst,
Leap into life, and, sparkling, woo the thirst?'

6

—That thou'rt a proser, even thy birth-place might
Vouchsafe;—and Mr. Cadell *may*, God wot,
Have paid thee many a pound for many a blot,—
Cadell 's a wayward wight!
Although no Walter, still thou art a Scot,
And I can throw, I think, a little light
Upon some works thou hast written for the town,—
And publish'd, like a Lilliput Unknown!
'Highways and Byeways,' is thy book, no doubt,
(One whole edition 's out,)
And next, for it is fair
That Fame,
Seeing her children, should confess she had 'em;—
'Some *Passages* from the life of Adam Blair,'—
(Blair is a Scottish name,)
What are they, but thy own good roads, M'Adam?

7

O! indefatigable labourer
In the paths of men! when thou shalt die, 'twill be
A mark of thy surpassing industry,
That of the monument, which men shall rear
Over thy most inestimable bone,
Thou did'st thy very self lay the first stone!—
Of a right ancient line thou comest,—through
Each crook and turn we trace the unbroken clue,
Until we see thy sire before our eyes,—
Rolling his gravel walks in Paradise!

But he, our great Mac Parent, err'd, and ne'er
Have our walks since been fair!
Yet Time, who, like the merchant, lives on 'Change,
For ever varying, through his varying range,
Time maketh all things even!
In this strange world, turning beneath high heaven!
He hath redeem'd the Adams, and contrived,—
(How are Time's wonders hiv'd!)
In pity to mankind and to befriend 'em—
(Time is above all praise,)
That he, who first did make our evil ways,
Reborn in Scotland, should be first to mend 'em!

ADDRESS TO MR. DYMOKE

THE CHAMPION OF ENGLAND

'Arma virumque cano.'—*Virgil.*

1

MR. DYMOKE! Sir Knight! if I may be so bold—
(I'm a poor simple gentleman just come to town,)
Is your armour put by, like the sheep in a fold?—
Is your gauntlet ta'en up, which you lately flung down?

2

Are you—who *that* day rode so mail'd and admir'd,
Now sitting at ease in a library chair?
Have you sent back to Astley the war-horse you hir'd,
With a cheque upon Chambers to settle the fare?

3

What 's become of the cup? Great tin-plate worker! say!
Cup and ball is a game which some people deem fun!
Oh! *three golden balls* haven't lur'd you to play
Rather false, Mr. D., to all pledges but one?

4

How defunct is the show that was chivalry's mimic!
The breast-plate—the feathers—the gallant array!
So fades, so grows dim, and so dies, Mr. Dymoke!
The day of brass breeches! as Wordsworth would say!

5

Perchance in some village remote, with a cot,
And a cow, and a pig, and a barn-door, and all;—
You show to the parish that peace is your lot,
And plenty,—tho' absent from Westminster Hall!

6

And of course you turn every accoutrement now
To its separate use, that your wants may be well met;—
You toss in your breast-plate your pancakes, and grow
A salad of mustard and cress in your helmet.

7

And you delve the fresh earth with your falchion, less bright
Since hung up in sloth from its Westminster task;—
And you bake your own bread in your tin; and, Sir Knight,
Instead of your brow, put your beer in the casque!

8

How delightful to sit by your beans and your peas,
With a goblet of gooseberry gallantly clutch'd,
And chat of the blood that had delug'd the Pleas,
And drench'd the King's Bench,—if the glove had been touch'd!

9

If Sir Columbine Daniel, with knightly pretensions,
Had snatch'd your 'best doe,'—he'd have flooded the floor;—
Nor would even the best of his crafty inventions,
'Life Preservers,' have floated him out of his gore!

10

Oh, you and your horse! what a couple was there!
The man and his *backer*,—to win a great fight!
Though the trumpet was loud,—you'd an undisturb'd air!
And the nag snuff'd the feast and the fray *suns* affright!

11

Yet strange was the course which the good Cato bore
When he waddled tail-wise with the cup to his stall;—
For though his departure was at the front door,
Still he went the back way out of Westminster Hall.

12

He went—and 'twould puzzle historians to say,
When they trust Time's conveyance to carry your *mail*,—
Whether caution or courage inspir'd him that day,
For, though he retreated, he never turn'd tail.

13

By my life, he 's a wonderful charger!—The best:
Though not for a Parthian corps!—yet for you!—
Distinguish'd alike at a fray and a feast,
What a Horse for a grand Retrospective Review!

14

What a creature to keep a hot warrior cool
When the sun 's in the face, and the shade 's far aloof!—
What a *tail-piece* for Bewick!—or pyebald for Poole,
To bear him in safety from Elliston's hoof!

15

Well! hail to Old Cato! the hero of scenes!
May Astley or age ne'er his comforts abridge;—
Oh, long may he munch Amphitheatre beans,
Well 'pent up in Utica' over the Bridge!

16

And to you, Mr. Dymoke, Cribb's rival, I keep
Wishing all country pleasures, the bravest and best!
And oh! when you come to the Hummums to sleep,
May you lie 'like a warrior taking his rest!'

ADDRESS TO SYLVANUS URBAN, ESQ.

EDITOR OF THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE

'Dost thou not suspect my years?'—*Much Ado about Nothing.*

1

Oh! Mr. Urban! never must *thou* lurch
A sober age made serious drunk by thee;
Hop in thy pleasant way from church to church,
And nurse thy little bald Biography.

2

Oh, my Sylvanus! what a heart is thine!
And what a page attends thee! Long may I
Hang in demure confusion o'er each line
That asks thy little questions with a sigh!

3

Old tottering years have nodded to their falls,
Like pensioners that creep about and die;—
But thou, Old Parr of periodicals,
Livest in monthly immortality

4

How sweet!—as Byron of *his* infant said—
'Knowledge of objects' in thine eye to trace;
To see the mild no-meanings of thy head,
Taking a quiet nap upon thy face!

5

How dear through thy Obituary to roam,
And not a name of any name to catch!
To meet thy Criticism walking home,
Averse from rows, and never calling 'Watch!'

6

Rich is thy page in soporific things,—
Composing compositions,—lulling men,—
Faded old posies of unburied rings,—
Confessions dozing from an opiate pen:—

7

Lives of Right Reverends that have never lived,—
Deaths of good people that have really died,—
Parishioners,—hatch'd,—husbanded,—and wiv'd,—
Bankrupts and Abbots breaking side by side!

8

The sacred query,—the remote response,—
The march of serious mind, extremely slow,—
The graver's cut at some right aged sconce,
Famous for nothing many years ago!

9

B. asks of C. if Milton e'er did write
'Comus,' obscured beneath some Ludlow lid;—
And C., next month, an answer doth indite,
Informing B. that Mr. Milton did!

10

X. sends the portrait of a genuine flea,
Caught upon Martin Luther years agone;—
And Mr. Parkes, of Shrewsbury, draws a bee,
Long dead, that gather'd honey for King John.

11

There is no end of thee,—there is no end,
Sylvanus, of thy A, B, C, D-merits!
Thou dost, with alphabets, old walls attend,
And poke the letters into holes, like ferrets!

12

Go on, Sylvanus!—Bear a wary eye,
The churches cannot yet be quite run out!
Some parishes must yet have been passed by,—
There 's Bullock-Smithy has a church no doubt!

13

Go on—and close the eyes of distant ages!
  Nourish the names of the undoubted dead!
So Epicures shall pick thy lobster-pages,
  Heavy and lively, though but seldom *red*.

14

Go on! and thrive! Demurest of odd fellows!
  Bottling up dulness in an ancient binn!
Still live! still prose! continue still to tell us
  Old truths! no strangers, though we take them in!

ADDRESS TO R. W. ELLISTON, ESQUIRE

THE GREAT LESSEE!

'Do you know, you villain, that I am at this moment the greatest man living?'—*Wild Oats.*

1

Oh! Great Lessee! Great Manager! Great Man!
Oh, Lord High Elliston! Immortal Pan
Of all the pipes that play in Drury Lane!
Macready's master! Westminster's high *Dane!*
As Galway Martin, in the House's walls,
Hamlet and Doctor Ireland justly calls!
Friend to the sweet and ever-smiling Spring!
Magician of the lamp and prompter's ring!
Drury's Aladdin! Whipper-in of Actors!
Kicker of rebel-preface-malefactors!
Glass-blowers' corrector! King of the cheque-taker!
At once Great Leamington and Winston-Maker!
Dramatic Bolter of plain *Bunns* and Cakes!
In silken *hose* the most reformed of *Rakes!*
Oh, Lord High Elliston! lend me an ear!
(Poole is away, and Williams shall keep clear)
While I, in little slips of prose, not verse,
Thy splendid course, as pattern-work, rehearse!

2

Bright was thy youth—thy manhood brighter still—
The greatest Romeo upon Holborn Hill—
Lightest comedian of the pleasant day,
When Jordan threw her sunshine o'er a play!
[When fair Thalia held a merry reign,
And Wit was at her Court in Drury Lane!
Before the day when Authors wrote, of course,
The 'Entertainment *not* for Man but Horse.'][1]

[1] The passages in brackets were added after the first edition.

But these, though happy, were but subject times,
And no man cares for bottom-steps that climbs—
Far from my wish it is to stifle down
The hours that saw thee snatch the Surrey crown
Tho' now thy hand a mightier sceptre wields,
Fair was thy reign in sweet St. George's Fields.
Dibdin was *Premier*—and a golden *age*
For a short time enrich'd the subject stage.
Thou hadst, than other Kings, more peace-and-plenty;
Ours but one Bench could boast, whilst thou hadst twenty;
But the times changed—and Booth-acting no more
Drew Rulers' shillings to the gallery door.
Thou didst, with bag and baggage, wander thence,
Repentant, like thy neighbour Magdalens!

3

Next, the Olympic Games were tried, each feat
Practised, the most bewitching in Wych Street.
Charles had his royal ribaldry restor'd,
And in a downright neighbourhood drank and whor'd;
Rochester there in dirty ways again
Revell'd—and liv'd once more in Drury Lane:
But thou, R. W.! kept'st thy moral ways,
Pit-lecturing 'twixt the farces and the plays,
A lamplight Irving to the butcher boys
That soil'd the benches and that made a noise:—
[Rebuking—Half a Robert, Half a Charles—
The well-billed Man that called for promised Carles;
'Sir!—Have you yet to know! Hush—hear me out!
A man—pray silence!—may be down with gout,
Or want—or, Sir—aw!—listen!—may be fated,
Being in debt, to be incarcerated!][1]
You—in the back!—can scarcely hear a line!
Down from those benches—butchers—they are *mine!*'

4

Lastly—and thou wert built for it by nature.—
Crown'd was thy head in Drury Lane Theatre!
Gentle George Robins saw that it was good,
And Renters cluck'd around thee in a brood.
King thou wert made of Drury and of Kean!
Of many a lady and of many a Quean!
With Poole and Larpent was thy reign begun—
But now thou turnest from the Dead and Dun,
Hook 's in thine eye, to write thy plays, no doubt,
And Colman lives to cut the damnlets out!

5

Oh, worthy of the house! the King's commission!
Isn't thy condition 'a most bless'd condition?'

[1] The lines in brackets were added after the first edition.

Thou reignest over Winston, Kean, and all
The very lofty and the very small—
Showest the plumbless Bunn the way to kick—
Keepest a Williams for thy veriest stick—
Seest a Vestris in her sweetest moments,
Without the danger of newspaper comments—
Tellest Macready, as none dared before,
Thine open mind from the half-open door!—
(Alas! I fear he has left Melpomene's crown,
To be a Boniface in Buxton town!)—
Thou holdest the watch, as half-price people know,
And callest to them, to a moment,—'Go!'
Teachest the sapient Sapio how to sing—
Hangest a cat most oddly by the wing—
[(To prove, no doubt, the endless free list ended,
And all, except the public press, suspended,)][1]
Hast known the length of a Cubitt-foot—and kiss'd
The pearly whiteness of a Stephens' wrist—
Kissing and pitying—tender and humane!
'By heaven she loves me! Oh, it is too plain!'
A sigh like this thy trembling passion slips,
Dimpling the warm Madeira at thy lips!

6

Go on, Lessee! Go on, and prosper well!
Fear not, though forty glass-blowers should rebel—
Show them how thou hast long befriended them,
And teach Dubois *their* treason to condemn!
Go on! addressing pits in prose and worse!
Be long, be slow, be anything but terse—
Kiss to the gallery the hand that 's glov'd—
Make Bunn the Great, and Winston the Belov'd,
[Ask the two shilling Gods for leave to dun
With words the cheaper Deities in the *One!*
Kick Mr. Poole unseen from scene to scene,
Cane Williams still, and stick to Mr. Kean,
Warn from the benches all the rabble rout;
Say, those are *mine*—'In parliament, or out!'
Swing cats—for in thy house there 's surely space—
O Beasley, for such pastime, planned the place!
Do anything!—Thy fame, thy fortune, nourish!
Laugh and grow fat! be eloquent, and flourish!][1]
Go on—and but in this reverse the thing,
Walk backward with wax lights before the King—
Go on! Spring ever in thine eye! Go on!
Hope's favourite child! ethereal Elliston!

[1] The lines in brackets were added after the first edition.

AN ADDRESS TO THE VERY REVEREND JOHN IRELAND, D.D.

CHARLES FYNES CLINTON, LL.D.
THOMAS CAUSTON, D.D.
HOWELL HOLLAND EDWARDS, M.A.
JOSEPH ALLEN, M.A.
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THE BISHOP OF EXETER.
WILLIAM HARRY EDWARD BENTINCK, M.A.
JAMES WEBBER, B.D.
WILLIAM SHORT, D.D.
JAMES TOURNAY, D.D.
ANDREW BELL, D.D.
GEORGE HOLCOMBE, D.D.

THE DEAN AND CHAPTER OF WESTMINSTER.

'Sure the Guardians of the Temple can never think they get enough.'—*Citizen of the World.*

1

Oh, very reverend Dean and Chapter,
'Exhibitors of giant men,
Hail to each surplice-back'd adapter
Of England's dead, in her stone den!
Ye teach us properly to prize
Two-shilling Grays, and Gays, and Handels,
And, to throw light upon our eyes,
Deal in Wax Queens like old wax candles.

2

Oh, reverend showmen, rank and file,
Call in your shillings, two and two;
March with them up the middle aisle,
And cloister them from public view.
Yours surely are the dusty dead,
Gladly ye look from bust to bust,
Setting a price on each great head,
To make it come down with the dust.

3

Oh, as I see you walk along
In ample sleeves and ample back,
A pursy and well-ordered throng,
Thoroughly fed, thoroughly black!
In vain I strive me to be dumb,—
You keep each bard like fatted kid,
Grind bones for bread like Fee faw fum!
And drink from skulls as Byron did!

4

The profitable Abbey is
A sacred 'Change for stony stock,
Not that a speculation 'tis—
The profit 's founded on a rock.
Death and the Doctors, in each nave
Bony investments have inurn'd!
And hard 'twould be to find a grave
From which 'no money is return'd!'

5

Here many a pensive pilgrim, brought
By reverence for those learned bones,
Shall often come and walk your short
Two-shilling fare[1] upon the stones.—
Ye have that talisman of Wealth,
Which puddling chemists sought of old
Till ruin'd out of hope and health—
The Tomb 's the stone that turns to gold!

6

Oh, licens'd cannibals, ye eat
Your dinners from your own dead race,
Think Gray, preserv'd, a 'funeral meat,'
And Dryden, devil'd,—after grace,
A relish;—and you take your meal
From Rare Ben Jonson underdone,
Or, whet your holy knives on Steele,
To cut away at Addison!

[1] Since this poem was written, Dr. Ireland and those in authority under him have reduced the fares. It is gratifying to the English People to know, that while butchers' meat is rising, tombs are falling.

7

O say, of all this famous age,
Whose learned bones your hopes expect,
Oh have ye number'd Rydal's sage,
Or Moore among your Ghosts elect?
Lord Byron was not doom'd to make
You richer by his final sleep—
Why don't ye warn the Great to take
Their ashes to no other heap?

8

Southey's reversion have ye got?
With Coleridge, for his body, made
A bargain?—has Sir Walter Scott,
Like Peter Schlemihl, sold his shade?
Has Rogers haggled hard, or sold
His features for your marble shows,
Or Campbell barter'd, ere he 's cold,
All interest in his '*bone* repose'?

9

Rare is your show, ye righteous men!
Priestly Politos,—rare, I ween;
But should ye not *outside* the Den
Paint up what in it may be seen?
A long green Shakspeare, with a deer
Grasp'd in the many folds it died in,—
A Butler stuff'd from ear to ear,
Wet White Bears weeping o'er a Dry-den!

10

Paint Garrick up like Mr. Paap,
A Giant of some inches high;
Paint Handel up, that organ chap,
With you, as grinders, in his eye;
Depict some plaintive antique thing
And say th' original may be seen;—
Blind Milton with a dog and string
May be the Beggar o' Bethnal Green!

11

Put up in Poets' Corner, near
The little door, a platform small;
Get there a monkey—never fear,
You'll catch the gapers, one and all!
Stand each of ye a Body Guard,
A Trumpet under either fin,
And yell away in Palace Yard
'All dead! All dead! Walk in! Walk in!'

12

(But when the people are inside,
Their money paid—I pray you, bid
The keepers not to mount and ride
A race around each coffin lid.—
Poor Mrs. Bodkin thought last year,
That it was hard—the woman clacks—
To have so little in her ear—
And be so hurried through the Wax!—)

13

'Walk in! two shillings only! come!
Be not by country grumblers funked!
Walk in, and see th' illustrious dumb!
The Cheapest House for the defunct!'
Write up, 'twill breed some just reflection,
And every rude surmise 'twill stop—
Write up, that you have no connection
(In large)—with any other shop!

14

And, still to catch the Clowns the more,
With samples of your shows in Wax,
Set some old Harry near the door
To answer queries with his *axe*.—
Put up some general begging-trunk—
Since the last broke by some mishap,
You've all a bit of General Monk,
From the respect you bore his Cap!

[These lines immediately followed 'Miss Fanny's Farewell Flowers' (see p. 450 and notes) in the 'Athenæum.']

LINES TO MISS F. KEMBLE

ON THE FLOWER SCUFFLE AT COVENT GARDEN THEATRE

BY CURL-PATED HUGH

Make a scramble, gentlemen—make a scramble.'—*Boys at Greenwich.*

WELL—this flower-strewing I must say *is* sweet
And I long, Miss Kemble, to throw myself considerably at your feet;
For you've made me a happy man in the scuffle when you jerk'd about the daisies;
And ever since the night you kiss'd your hand to me and the rest of the pit, I've been chuck full of your praises!

I'm no hand at writing, (though I can *say* several things that 's handsome);
But that ignorance, thank my stars! got me off, when I was tried for forging upon Ransom.
I didn't try to get the flowers, which so many of your ardent admirers were eager to snatch;
But I got a very good going chronometer, and for your sake I'll never part with the watch!

I've several relics from those who got *your* relics—a snuff-box, a gold snap;
A silver guard and trimmings, from a very eager young chap;
Two coat flaps with linings, from a youth, who, defying blows,
And oaths, and shoves, was snatching at, and I'm sorry to say, missing, the front rose!

One aspiring youth out of the country rushed at the wreath like a glutton,
But he retired out of the conflict with only a bachelor's button!
Another in a frenzy fought for the flowers like any thing crazy
But I've got his shirt pin, and he only got two black eyes and a daisy.

The thought of you makes me rich—Oh, you're a real friend to the free trade;
You agitate 'em so, and take their attention off—If you'd keep farewelling my fortune'd be made.
Oh! how I shall hate to make *white soup* of the silver, or part with anything for your sake!
I'll wear the country gentleman's brooch, on your account it 's so very pretty a make!

I didn't get a bud—indeed, I was just at the moment busy about other things:
I wish you'd allow me to show you a choice assortment of rings—
You understand the allusion; but I'm in earnest—that 's what I am;
And though I'm famous a little—domestic happiness is better than all fame!

Well—you're going over the water—(it may be my turn one of these days);
Never heed what them foreigners, the Americans, says!
But hoard your heart up till you come back, and if I luckily can
Scrape up enough, you shall find me yours, and a very altered young man!

NOTES

ODES AND ADDRESSES TO GREAT PEOPLE (PAGE 1).

Odes and Addresses | to | Great People. | 'Catching all the oddities, the whimsies, the absurdities, and the | littlenesses of conscious greatness by the way.' | *Citizen of the World.* | London: | Printed for Baldwin, Cradock, and Joy. | 1825.

This small volume was published in February, 1825, in a form which Coleridge described as 'a little, thin, mean-looking sort of a foolscap sub-octavo of poems printed on dingy outsides'. Coleridge, who thought the *Odes* must be the work of Charles Lamb, referred to 'the spirited parody' on the introduction to *Peter Bell*, presumably meaning the opening Ode to Graham. During the summer of the same year a second edition was called for, and in the year following a third. The earlier of these was prefaced by the following

ADVERTISEMENT TO THE SECOND EDITION.

'A Second Edition being called for, the Author takes the opportunity of expressing his grateful thanks to his readers and Reviewers, for the kind way in which they have generally received his little Book. Many of those who have been *be-Oded* in the following pages have taken the verse-offerings in good part; and the Author has been given to understand that certain "Great People," who have been kept "out of situations," have, like Bob Acres, looked upon themselves as very ill-used gentlemen. It is rather hard that there should not be room for all the great;—but this little conveyance—a sort of light coach to Fame,—like other conveyances, while it has only four *in* labours under the disadvantage of having twelve *out*. The Proprietor apprehends he must meet the wants of the Public by starting an extra coach, in which case Mr. Colman (an anxious Licenser) and Mr. Hunt (the best maker of speeches and blacking in the City and Liberty of Westminster) shall certainly be *booked* for places. To the latter Gentleman, the Author gratefully acknowledges the compliment of a bottle of his permanent ink: it will be, indeed, pleasant to write an Address to Mr. Wilberforce in the liquid of a beautiful Jet Black, which the Author now meditates doing. Odes, written in permanent ink, will doubtless stand a chance of running a good race with Gray's!

'A few objections have been made to the present Volume, which the Author regrets he cannot attend to, without serious damage to the whole production. The Address to Maria Darlington is said by several ingenious and judicious persons to be *namby-pamby*.—This is a sad disappointment to the Writer, as he was in hopes he had accomplished a bit of the right *Shenstonian*. The verses to the Champion of England are declared irreverent,—

and those to Dr. Ireland, and his Partners in the Stone Trade, are held out as an improper interference with sacred things; these addresses are certainly calumniated: the one was really written as an affectionate inquiry after a great and reverend Warrior, now in rural retirement; and the other was intended as a kindly advertisement of an exhibition which, although cheaper than the Tower, and nearly as cheap as Mrs. Salmon's Wax-work, the modesty of the Proprietors will not permit them sufficiently to puff.

'To the universal objection,—that the Book is over-run with puns,—the Author can only say, he has searched every page without being able to detect a thing of the kind. He can only promise therefore, that if any respectable Reviewer will point the *vermin* out, they shall be carefully trapped and thankfully destroyed.'

The Third Edition was prefaced as follows:—

'From the kindness with which this little volume has been received, the Authors have determined upon presenting to the Public "more last Baxterish words," and the Reader will be pleased therefore to consider this rather as a Preface or Advertisement to the volume to come, than a third Address in prose, explanatory and recommendatory of the present portion of the Work. It is against etiquette to introduce one gentleman to another thrice; and it must be confessed, that if these few sentences were to be billeted upon the first volume, the Public might overlook the Odes, but would have great reason to complain of the Addresses.

'So many Great Men stand over, like the correspondents to a periodical, that they must be "continued in our next." These are certainly bad times for paying debts; but all persons having any claims upon the Authors, may rest assured that they will ultimately be paid in full.

'No material alterations have been made in this third Edition,—with the exception of the introduction of a few new commas, which the lovers of punctuation will immediately detect and duly appreciate;—and the omission of the three puns, which, in the opinion of all friends and reviewers, were detrimental to the correct humour of the publication.'

The first and second editions were published by Baldwin, Cradock, and Joy, the third by Henry Colburn.

PAGE 1, l. 1. *Mr. Graham.* A celebrated aeronaut who had made a notable ascent in 1823.

PAGE 2, l. 27. *little world of Mogg's.* Perhaps a reference to Edward Mogg's *Paterson's Roads, . . . improved*, or to his *Pocket Itinerary of the Roads of England and Wales.*

PAGE 3, l. 111. *In Lilliput's Review*, i.e. the *Quarterly.*

l. 116. *Blackwood's*, i.e. *Blackwood's Magazine*, against which the *London Magazine* writers had waged a paper war—with fatal results to the editor of the latter—in 1820.

l. 149. *The London Lion's.* The *London Magazine* for several years had answers to correspondents, with comments on rejected contributions, under the title of The Lion's Head.

l. 151. *Campbell.* Thomas Campbell, the poet, was then editor of the *New Monthly Magazine.*

PAGE 5. *A Friendly Address.* In the first edition this was 'A Friendly Epistle'. Elizabeth Fry (1780–1845) was the celebrated prison-reformer.

PAGE 7, l. 78. *Moll Brazen, &c.* These names are taken from the *Beggar's Opera.*

PAGE 8, l. 127. *'flooring Charleys'.* 'Charley', the old nickname of the night-watchmen of London who preceded the Police force established in 1829.

PAGE 9. *Richard Martin.* Richard Martin (1754–1834), M.P. for Galway 1801–1826, was responsible for 'the first modern enactment in Great Britain for protecting the rights of animals'.

PAGE 10, l. 65. *Brookes's Theatre.* Perhaps a reference is intended to the anatomical museum of Joshua Brookes (1761–1833).

l. 76. *Banting shall weep.* William Banting (1797–1878), the noted writer on Corpulency, was an undertaker in St. James's Street.

PAGE 11. *The Great Unknown,* i.e. Sir Walter Scott.

l. 21. *'Dark with excessive of light!'* 'dark with excessive bright', Milton, *Paradise Lost,* Bk. III.

PAGE 12, l. 77. *Wear's watch.* William Weare, murdered by John Thurtell in October, 1823.

PAGE 13, l. 89. *Captain Coram's charitable wicket,* i.e. the Foundling Hospital.

l. 105. *Tho' Dymoke does.* Sir Henry Dymoke (1801–1865), the last King's Champion, a hereditary office held by his family since the fourteenth century.

l. 125. *Mr. Britton.* John Britton (1771–1857), antiquarian and topographer.

PAGE 14, l. 166. *the battle lost and won.*

> 'When the hurly burly 's done,
> When the battle 's lost and won.'—*Macbeth,* I. i.

PAGE 15, l. 178. *Rae Wilson.* See note to p. 507.

PAGE 16, l. 246. *Elshender,* i.e. the Black Dwarf, hero of Scott's novel of that name.

l. 254. *Crachami.* Miss Crachami, 'the celebrated Sicilian dwarf,' was exhibited in London in 1824.

PAGE 17. *Joseph Grimaldi* (1779–1837), actor and pantomimist.

l. 15. *'lure us to the skies'.*

> 'He raised a mortal to the skies,
> She drew an angel down.'—Dryden, *Alexander's Feast.*

l. 18. *'better spare a better man!'*

> 'I could have better spared a better man.'
> " *Henry IV, Part I,* v. iv.

PAGE 18, l. 59. *Berkeley's Foote.* Maria Foote (1797?–1867), afterwards Countess of Harrington, a celebrated actress.

l. 72. *Winter—Spring.* Thomas Winter (1795–1851), the pugilist, was known in the ring as Tom Spring.

PAGE 18, l. 82. *'sic transit gloria* Munden!' This pun is also recorded by Charles Lamb as having been made by his sister.

PAGE 19, l. 113. *Joseph, Junior*, i.e. Joseph Grimaldi (1802-1832), who predeceased his father.

PAGE 21, l. 83. *the greatest of Coopers*, i.e. Sir Astley Cooper (1768–1841), the famous surgeon.

PAGE 24. *Captain Parry.* Sir William Parry (1790–1855), the Arctic explorer, who was then making the third of his four journeys in search of the Pole.

l. 28. *As Claudio saith.*

'In thrilling region of thick-ribbed ice.'
Measure for Measure, III. i.

PAGE 26, l. 117. *P. N.'s pious Row*, i.e. Paternoster Row.

l. 130. *And Hunt's Account.* Henry Hunt (1773–1835), politician, stood for Westminster in 1818.

l. 133. *Alvanly asks.* William Arden, second Baron Alvanley (1789–1849).

l. 139. *Barrow.* Sir John Barrow (1764–1848), Secretary of the Admiralty, after whom Barrow Straits were named.

l. 142. *Croker.* John Wilson Croker (1780–1857), after whom the Arctic Croker Bay was named.

l. 157. *is* Winter *champion there.* See note to page 18.

PAGE 27, l. 180. *The* Sound *of* Lancaster. The second reference here is to the Lancasterian system of education invented by Joseph Lancaster (1778–1838).

W. Kitchener, M.D. William Kitchiner, M.D. (1775?–1827)—Hood misspelt the name of course by design—was a man of many interests, a scientist and epicure who wrote on a variety of subjects, his best-known book being *The Cook's Oracle.*

PAGE 28, l. 20. *Kater.* Henry Kater (1777–1835).

l. 36. *Dibdin's cold remains.* Kitchiner wrote *A Brief Memoir of Charles Dibdin*, 1823.

l. 39. *As Milton says.*

'With many a winding bout
Of linked sweetness long drawn out.'—*L'Allegro.*

l. 48. *Miss Paton's throat.* Mary Ann Paton, afterwards Mrs. Woods (1802–1864), a celebrated vocalist.

ll. 55–7. *Oxford Sausages . . . . Cambridge Tart.* 'The Oxford Sausage; or, Select Poetical Pieces written by the most celebrated Wits of the University of Oxford,' 1764.

PAGE 29, l. 70. *Mr. Bowles.* William Lisle Bowles (1762–1850), the sonneteer, edited Pope's works in ten volumes.

l. 71. *Or Haydon*, &c. These names are of various notabilities of the day, most of them still familiar.

l. 73. *Lovelass upon Wills.* Peter Lovelass wrote three legal treatises on Wills, one of which, *The Law's Disposal of a Person's Estate*, went through twelve editions from 1786 to 1838.

PAGE 30, l. 119. *the Thames Projector.* Sir Frederick William Trench (1775–

1859), was, in 1824, the first projector of the Thames Embankment, a work not finally undertaken until about five years after his death.

PAGE 31, l. 162. *'Illustrations of Lying!'* Amelia Opie's *Illustrations of Lying in all its Branches* was published in 1825.

PAGE 32, l. 9. *when I take.*

'Whene'er I take my walks abroad
How many poor I see.'
Watts, *Divine Songs for Children*, iv.

PAGE 33. *Maria Darlington*, i.e. Maria Foote, acting in that part (see note to p. 18).

l. 7. *pea-colour'd Hayne.* 'Pea-Green' Haynes, who had to pay Maria Foote £3,000 damages for breach of promise of marriage.

l. 8. *thou-and-thee Berkeley.* Colonel Berkeley, with whom Maria Foote had had an intrigue.

l. 25. *Sterne met thee.* See the *Sentimental Journey.*

WHIMS AND ODDITIES. FIRST SERIES (PAGE 35).

Whims and Oddities | In Prose and Verse; | with Forty Original Designs | By | Thomas Hood, | One of the Authors of Odes and Addresses to Great People, | and the Designer of the Progress of Cant | [Woodcut of Cupid rowing a boat formed of his bow with the arrow as mast] Fourth Edition. | 'O Cicero! Cicero! if to pun be a crime, 'tis a crime I have learned | of thee: O Bias! Bias! if to pun be a crime, by thy example I was biassed!' | Scriblerus. | London: | Lupton Relfe, Cornhill. | 1829.

I have been unable to examine a copy of the first (1826) edition. The first to third editions had each a special Preface, all reprinted in the fourth:—

'In presenting his Whims and Oddities to the Public, the Author desires to say a few words, which he hopes will not swell into a Memoir.

'It happens to most persons, in occasional lively moments, to have their little chirping fancies and brain crotchets, that skip out of the ordinary meadow-land of the mind. The Author has caught *his*, and clapped them up in paper and print, like grasshoppers in a cage. The judicious reader will look upon the trifling creatures accordingly, and not expect from them the flights of poetical winged horses.

'At a future time, the Press may be troubled with some things of a more serious tone and purpose,—which the Author has resolved upon publishing, in despite of the advice of certain critical friends. His forte, they are pleased to say, is decidedly humourous; but a gentleman cannot always be breathing his comic vein.

'It will be seen, from the illustrations of the present work, that the Inventor is no artist;—in fact, he was never "meant to draw"—any more than the tape-tied curtains mentioned by Mr. Pope. Those who look at his designs with Ovid's Love of Art, will therefore be disappointed;—his sketches are as rude and artless to other sketches, as Ingram's rustic manufacture to the polished chair. The designer is quite aware of their defects: but when Raphael has bestowed seven odd legs upon four Apostles, and Fuseli ha

stuck in a great goggle head without an owner;—when Michael Angelo has set on a foot the wrong way, and Hogarth has painted in defiance of all the laws of nature and perspective, he does hope that his own little enormities may be forgiven—that his sketches may look interesting like Lord Byron's Sleeper,—"with all their errors."

'Such as they are, the Author resigns his pen-and-ink fancies to the public eye. He has more designs in the wood; and if the present sample should be relished, he will cut more, and come again, according to the proverb, with a New Series.'

ADDRESS TO THE SECOND EDITION.

'The first edition of Whims and Oddities being exhausted, I am called forward by an importunate publisher to make my best bow, and a new address to a discerning and indulgent public. Unaffectedly flattered by those who have bought this little work, and still more bound to those who have bound it, I adopt the usual attitude of a Thanksgiver, but with more than the usual sincerity. Though my head is in Cornhill, my hand is not on my Cheapside, in making these professions. There is a lasting impression on my heart, though there is none on the shelves of the publisher.

'To the Reviewers in general my gratitude is eminently due for their very impartial friendliness. It would have sufficed to reconcile me to a far greater portion than I have met with, of critical viper-tuperation. The candid Journalists, who have condescended to point out my little errors, deserve my particular thanks. It is comely to submit to the hand of taste, and the arm of discrimination, and with the head of deference I shall endeavour to amend (with one exception) in a New Series.

'I am informed that certain monthly, weekly, and very every day critics, have taken great offence at my puns,—and I can conceive how some Gentlemen with one idea must be perplexed by a double meaning. To my own notion a pun is an accommodating word, like a farmer's horse,—with a pillion for an extra sense to ride behind;—it will carry single, however, if required. The Dennises are merely a sect, and I had no design to please, exclusively, those verbal Unitarians.

'Having made this brief explanation and acknowledgment, I beg leave, like the ghost of the royal Dane, to say "Farewell at once," and commend my remembrance and my book together, to the kindness of the courteous reader.'

ADDRESS TO THE THIRD EDITION.

'It is not usual to have more than one grace before meat, one prologue before a play—one address before a work,—Cerberus and myself are perhaps the only persons who have had three prefaces. I thought, indeed, that I had said my last in the last impression, but a new Edition being called for, I came forward for a new exit, after the fashion of Mr. Romeo Coates—a Gentleman, notorious, like Autumn, for taking a great many leaves at his departure.

'As a literary parent, I am highly gratified to find that the elder volume of Whims and Oddities does not get snubbed, as happens with a first child at the birth of a second; but that the Old and New Series obtain fresh favour and friends for each other, and are likely to walk hand in hand, like smiling brothers, towards posterity.

'Whether a third volume will transpire is a secret still "warranted undrawn" even to myself;—there is, I am aware, a kind of nonsense—indispensable,—or sine qua non-sense—that always comes in welcomely to relieve the serious discussions of graver authors,—and I flatter myself that my performances may be of this nature—but having parted with so many of my vagaries I am doubtful whether the next November may not find me sobered down into a political economist.'

PAGE 35. *Moral Reflections.* *London Magazine*, May, 1822, in 'The Lion's Head', where it was introduced with: 'Our "Unknown" Correspondent has favoured us with the following; of which he says, although he wrote it on the pinnacle of St. Paul's, he

"Stoop'd to Truth, and moralized his song."'

l. 12. *How small those emmets.*

'These emmets how little they are in our eyes.'
Isaac Watts, *Moral Songs.*

PAGE 38. '*Please to Ring the Belle.*' *London Magazine*, January, 1822, in 'The Lion's Head', where it was thus introduced:

'We have received the following letter.

"SIR,—After reading the other day, that Pope could have extracted poetry out of a warming pan, it occurred to me that I could, perhaps, wring a verse or two out of a bell, or strike a few stanzas out of a brass knocker. Whether I have succeeded I leave to be judged from the following."'

Dr. Kitchener. See note to p. 27.

PAGE 40, l. 107. *O. Y. E.*, i.e. Owhyhee.

PAGE 41. *The Last Man.* Thomas Campbell had published his poem *The Last Man* in the *New Monthly Magazine* in the autumn of 1812. Mrs. Shelley published her three-volume novel on the same theme in 1826. It has been pointed out that there is a parallel in La Bruyere's *Caractères*, ch. v.

PAGE 44. *Faithless Sally Brown.* *London Magazine*, March, 1822, in 'The Lion's Head', with this introduction:

'We cannot sufficiently express our gratitude to Common Sense, jun., of Leeds, for the patience and skill with which he has attempted to couch the Eyes of Lion's Head. Will Common Sense, jun. frankly tell us, (in a *frank* if he pleases,) what we are to think of the following ballad?—'

To line 60 in the magazine was given this footnote: 'Catullus has imitated this, "Ad dominam solam usque pipi-abat."'—*Printer's Devil.*

Reprinting the *Ballad* in *Whims and Oddities*, Hood prefaced it as follows:

'THE BALLAD OF "SALLY BROWN AND BEN THE CARPENTER."

'I have never been vainer of any verses than of my part in the following Ballad. Dr. Watts, amongst evangelical muses, has an enviable renown—and Campbell's Ballads enjoy a snug genteel popularity. "Sally Brown" has been favoured, perhaps, with as wide a patronage as the Moral Songs, though its circle may not have been of so select a class as the friends of "Hohenlinden." But, I do not desire to see it amongst what are called Elegant Extracts. The lamented Emery, drest as Tom Tug, sang it at his last mortal Benefit at Covent Garden;—and, ever since, it has been a great favourite with the water-

men of Thames, who time their oars to it, as the wherrymen of Venice time theirs to the lines of Tasso. With the watermen, it went naturally to Vauxhall:—and, overland, to Sadler's Wells. The Guards, not the mail coach, but the Life Guards,—picked it out from a fluttering hundred of others—all going to one air—against the dead wall at Knightsbridge. Cheap printers of Shoe Lane, and Cow-cross, (all pirates!) disputed about the Copyright, and published their own editions,—and, in the meantime, the Authors, to have made bread of their song, (it was poor old Homer's hard ancient case!) must have sung it about the streets. Such is the lot of Literature! the profits of "Sally Brown" were divided by the Ballad Mongers:—it has cost, but has never brought me, a half-penny.'

The ballad was set to 'Wapping Time', by Jonathan Blewitt, about 1829, as No. 2 of *The Ballad Singer*.

PAGE 46, l. 44. *Miss Biffen*. Sarah Biffin or Beffin (1784–1850), a miniature-painter, who was born without hands, arms, or legs.

PAGE 50. *The Fall of the Deer*. *London Magazine*, November, 1822, in 'The Lion's Head', where it was set in old English type and introduced in these words: 'The following is taken, as Nimrod assures us, from a real "Old Poem," upon hunting, and indeed it has the appearance of having never been young.'

PAGE 54. *The Stag-Eyed Lady*. *London Magazine*, May, 1822, signed 'Incog.' Scheherazade, &c., is of course the form for introducing the tales of the Arabian Nights.

PAGE 57. *Remonstratory Ode*. *London Magazine*, June, 1825, unsigned.

PAGE 59, l. 138. *In the Youthful Days*. The title of one of Mathews's entertainments.

PAGE 61, l. 74. *As Spencer had*. This is how Hood gave it though it is often reprinted Spenser; the reference is probably to the Hon. W. R. Spencer, author of *Beth Gelert*, as well as to the one-time fashionable tailless coat of the same name.

PAGE 68. *Faithless Nelly Gray*. This was set to music by Jonathan Blewitt, and published about 1829 as No. 4 of *The Ballad Singer*.

WHIMS AND ODDITIES. SECOND SERIES (PAGE 70).

Whims and Oddities, | in Prose and Verse; | with Forty Original Designs, | by | Thomas Hood | one of the Authors of Odes and Addresses to Great People, | and the Designer of the Progress of Cant | [a woodcut of an acorn and oak leaves, faced like a Chinaman] | 'What Demon hath possessed thee, that thou wilt never forsake that | impertinent custom of punning?' Scriblerus. | Second Series. | London: | Charles Tilt, 86, Fleet Street. | MDCCCXXVII.

It was prefaced as follows:

'In the absence of better fiddles, I have ventured to come forward again with my little kit of fancies. I trust it will not be found an unworthy sequel to my first performance; indeed, I have done my best, in the New Series, innocently to imitate a practice that prevails abroad in duelling—I mean, that of the Seconds giving satisfaction.

'The kind indulgence that welcomed my Volume heretofore, prevents me from reiterating the same apologies. The Public have learned, by this time, from my rude designs, that I am no great artist, and from my text, that I am no great author, but humbly equivocating, bat-like, between the two kinds; —though proud to partake in any characteristic of either. As for the first particular, my hope persuades me that my illustrations cannot have degenerated, so ably as I have been seconded by Mr. Edward Willis, who, like the humane Walter, has befriended my offspring in the wood.

'In the literary part I have to plead guilty, as usual, to some verbal misdemeanours; for which, I must leave my defence to Dean Swift, and the other great European and Oriental Pundits. Let me suggest, however, that a pun is somewhat like a cherry: though there may be a slight outward indication of partition—of duplicity of meaning—yet no gentleman need make two bites at it against his own pleasure. To accommodate certain readers, notwithstanding, I have refrained from putting the majority in italics. It is not every one, I am aware, that can Toler-ate a pun like my Lord Norbury.'

PAGE 76, l. 233. *Be thou my park.* 'I'll be a park, and thou shalt be my deer,' Shakespeare, *Venus and Adonis.*

PAGE 77. *Mary's Ghost.* This was set to music by Jonathan Blewitt, and published about 1829 as No. 1 of *The Ballad Singer.*

l. 44. *Sir Astley*, i.e. Sir Astley Cooper; see note to p. 21.

PAGE 78, l. 36. *One Williams.* In 1811 'one Williams' murdered the Marrs in Ratcliffe Highway; the crime is said to have inspired De Quincey's essay on *Murder Considered as one of the Fine Arts.*

l. 47. *distance did not lend.*

'"Tis distance lends enchantment to the view."—*Campbell.*

l. 70. *Not Goldsmith's Auburn.*

'Sweet Auburn! loveliest village of the plain.'
Goldsmith, *The Deserted Village.*

PAGE 79, l. 89. *Hilton.* William Hilton (1786–1839), historical painter.

l. 90. *De Wint.* Peter De Wint (1784–1849), landscape painter.

PAGE 83. *The Demon-Ship. Literary Gazette*, June 30, 1827. In the *Whims and Oddities* volume it was prefaced as follows:

'Stories of storm-ships and haunted vessels, of spectre-shallops, and supernatural Dutch doggers, are common to many countries, and are well-attested both in poetry and prose. The adventures of Solway sailors, with Mahound, in his bottomless barges, and the careering of the Phantom-ship up and down the Hudson, have hundreds of asserters besides Messrs. [Allan] Cunningham and [Geoffrey] Crayon; to doubt their authenticity may seem like an imitation of the desperate sailing of the haunted vessels themselves against wind and tide. I cannot help fancying, however, that Richard Faulder was but one of those old tavern-dreamers recorded by old Heywood, who conceived

"The room wherein they quaff'd to be a pinnace."

And as for the Flying Dutchman, my notion is very different from the popular conception of that apparition, as I have ventured to show by the above design [a woodcut showing a broad-beamed Dutchman, hat-downwards, as a balloon]. The spectre-ship, bound to Dead-Man's Isle, is almost as awful a craft as the

skeleton bark of the Ancient Mariner; but they are both fictions, and have not the advantage of being realities, like the dreary vessel with its dreary crew in the following story, which records an adventure that befel even unto myself.'

PAGE 89. *The Monkey-Martyr. Blackwood's Magazine*, June, 1827.

PAGE 90, l. 54. *Where Cross keeps.* The Menagerie at Exeter Change: see p. 57.

PAGE 92. *Death's Ramble. Literary Gazette*, June 9, 1827.

PAGE 94, l. 66. *'The head and front of his offending.'*

'The very head and front of my offending.'—*Othello*, I. iii. 80.

PAGE 95, l. 12. *Like the emmets.* See note to p. 35.

PAGE 96, l. 41. *when as Norval I spoke.* In Home's *Douglas*.

PAGE 102, l. 60. *Was Little—now I'm* Moore. Thomas Moore wrote several of his earlier volumes of verse under the pen-name of Thomas Little.

A Butcher. Introduced by the following prose passages:

'Of all creeds—after the Christian—I incline most to the Pythagorean. I like the notion of inhabiting the body of a bird. It is the next thing to being a cherub—at least, according to the popular image of a boy's head and wings; a fancy that savours strangely of the Pythagorean.

'I think nobly of the soul with Malvolio, but not so meanly, as he does by implication, of a bird-body. What disparagement would it seem to shuffle off a crippled, palsied, languid, bed-ridden carcass, and find yourself floating above the world—in a flood of sunshine—under the feathers of a Royal Eagle of the Andes?

'For a beast-body I have less relish—and yet how many men are there who seem predestined to such an occupancy, being in this life even more than semi-brutal! How many human faces that at least countenance, if they do not confirm, this part of the Brahminical Doctrine. What apes, foxes, pigs, curs, and cats, walk our metropolis—to say nothing of him shambling along Carnaby or Whitechapel.'

The verses are then followed by a prose consideration of certain animal-like humans.

PAGE 103, l. 10. *there's the Phœnix*, &c. The insurance companies used to keep their own fire-engines.

PAGE 104. *The Volunteer.* Published in the second edition of Dagley's *Death's Doings*, 1827.

l. 1. *that memorable year.* 1804.

l. 9. *Lawyers' Corps.* In the *Death's Doings* text this is Tailors' Corps.

PAGE 107. *John Trot.* This was set to music by Jonathan Blewitt, and published about 1829 as No. 3 of *The Ballad Singer*.

THE PLEA OF THE MIDSUMMER FAIRIES (PAGE 110).

The | Plea | of | the Midsummer Fairies, | Hero and Leander, | Lycus the Centaur, | and | Other Poems | By Thomas Hood, | Author of "Whims and

Oddities," etc. etc. | London : | printed for | Longman, Rees, Orme, Brown, and Green, | Paternoster Row. | 1827.

Charles Lamb contributed to Hone's *Table Book* what he termed 'a meagre, and a harsh, prose abstract' of the poem; closing with the beautiful tribute to his young friend: 'The words of Mercury are harsh after the songs of Apollo.'

PAGE 118, l. 317. *daisy stars, whose firmament is green.* This forestalled Carove, who in the *Story Without an End*, as translated by Mrs. Austin in 1834, wrote 'that she might become a floweret, and twinkle brightly as a blue star on the green firmament of earth'. It was to Carove that Longfellow referred when he wrote

> 'Spake full well, in language quaint and olden,
> One who dwelleth by the castled Rhine,
> When he called the flowers, so blue and golden,
> Stars, that in earth's firmament do shine.'

PAGE 128, l. 712. *A little, sorrowful, deserted thing.* The reference is to the tradition that Sir Thomas Gresham, who founded the Royal Exchange, was a foundling, and to the legend that his life was saved by the chirping of a grasshopper, and that he in consequence adopted that creature as his crest.

PAGE 132, l. 865. *a timely Apparition.* That of William Shakespeare.

PAGE 161. *Lycus, the Centaur. London Magazine*, August, 1822, where it had the following motto:

> 'Nec fuerat nudas poena videre Deas.—*Propertius.*'

l. 2. *fore-doom'd.* In the *London Magazine* 'foredamn'd'.

PAGE 162, l. 38. *As if rooted.* 'but rooted' in the magazine.

PAGE 163, l. 81. *pray'd with my voice.* 'one voice' in the magazine.

PAGE 164, l. 133. *Vile shapes.* 'Like shapes' in the magazine.

PAGE 170. *The Two Peacocks of Bedfont. London Magazine*, October, 1822, signed 'Ovid'.

PAGE 176. *A Retrospective Review. Literary Souvenir*, 1827.

PAGE 177. *Fair Ines. London Magazine*, January, 1823, signed 'H.', and in a section entitled 'The Miscellany'. The third stanza was added later. The song was also given, without any acknowledgements, in the *Literary Magnet* of September, 1827.

PAGE 178 *The Departure of Summer. London Magazine*, November, 1821, signed 'Incog.' It formed part of an address given by the poet to the Literary Society, of which he was a member.

PAGE 180. *Ode: Autumn. London Magazine*, February, 1823, signed 'H.', the first two stanzas being there given as one.

PAGE 182. *Hymn to the Sun. London Magazine*, September, 1822, unsigned.
To a Cold Beauty. London Magazine, June, 1823, signed 'T.'

PAGE 183. *Ruth. . Forget-me-not*, 1827.
The Sea of Death. London Magazine, March, 1822, signed ***.

PAGE 184. *Ballad. Friendship's Offering*, 1827.

PAGE 185. *I Remember, I Remember.* *Friendship's Offering*, 1826.

PAGE 186. *The Water Lady.* *Forget-me-not*, 1826.

To an Absentee. *London Magazine*, April, 1822, signed 'Incog.'

PAGE 187. *Ode to the Moon.* *Blackwood's Magazine*, April, 1827.

PAGE 190. *Autumn.* *Friendship's Offering*, 1826.

PAGE 192. *Sonnet on Mistress Nicely.* This was given, with slight verbal changes, in the *Literary Magnet* 1827 (iii. N.S.) as 'Sonnet on the Mistress Cicely, a Pattern and Example for Housekeepers'. It had probably appeared elsewhere before being given in the *Plea* volume, and may have been quoted by the *Magnet* from the earlier form.

Mrs. Davenport. Mary Ann Davenport (1765?–1843), a well-known actress.

Sonnet Written in a Volume of Shakspeare. *Literary Souvenir*, 1827.

PAGE 193. *Sonnet to Fancy.* *London Magazine*, December, 1822, signed 'T.'

l. 3. *guest.* 'quest' in the magazine.

To an Enthusiast. *London Magazine*, May, 1823, signed 'T.'

PAGE 194. *Sonnet: It is not death.* *London Magazine*, June, 1823, signed 'T.'

PAGE 196. *Sonnet: Silence.* *London Magazine*, February, 1823.

THE EPPING HUNT (PAGE 197).

The Epping Hunt. | By | Thomas Hood, Esq. | Author of "Whims and Oddities." | Illustrated with | Six Engravings on Wood, | By | Branston and Wright, Bonner, Slader, and T. Williams; | After the Designs | of | George Cruikshank. | "Hunts Roasted—" | London: | Charles Tilt, 86, Fleet Street. | MDCCCXXIX.

PAGE 198, l. 35. *Like Beckford.* Peter Beckford, who published *Thoughts on Hunting* in 1781.

COMIC MELODIES (PAGE 204).

Comic Melodies | a Series of | Humorous Ballads, Duetts and Trios | The Words (written expressly for this Work) by | Thomas Hood, Esq. | Author of Whims and Oddities | The Music—Consisting of Original Airs by | J. Blewitt | [an illustration of faces in musical notes] | A doleful Song a doleful look retraces | But merry Music maketh merry Faces. | Clementi and Chappell | 1830.

These melodies were written for Charles Mathews's (1776–1835) Entertainments, and the songs were set amid much patter.

THE DREAM OF EUGENE ARAM (PAGE 209).

The Gem, 1829.

The | Dream of Eugene Aram, | the Murderer. | By Thomas Hood, Esq. | With designs by W. Harvey. | Engraved on Wood by Branston and Wright. | [a vignette engraving of a reclining figure with a book, with a pair of hands showing through the clouds, one clutching a bag, the other pointing to a knife] | London: | Charles Till, 86, Fleet Street. | 1831.

It was dedicated to J. H. Reynolds, in the following letter:

'DEAR REYNOLDS,—Induced to this reprint by a series of Illustrations from the pencil of an Artist whose genius you highly estimate;—remembering some partiality you have expressed for the Poem itself;—and, above all, that you stand nearest to me in a stricter form of the brotherhood which the Dream is intended to enforce; I feel that I cannot inscribe it more appropriately or more willingly than to yourself. It will be accepted, I know, with the kind feeling which is mutual between you and your's, ever truly.

'THOMAS HOOD.'

The Dedication was followed by the following:

PREFACE.

'The remarkable name of Eugene Aram [1704–1759], belonging to a man of unusual talents and acquirements, is unhappily associated with a deed of blood as extraordinary in its details as any recorded in our calendar of crime. In the year 1745, being then an Usher and deeply engaged in the study of Chaldee, Hebrew, Arabic, and the Celtic dialects, for the formation of a Lexicon, he abruptly turned over a still darker page in human knowledge, and the brow that learning might have made illustrious was stamped ignominious for ever with the brand of Cain. To obtain a trifling property he concerted with an accomplice, and with his own hand effected, the violent death of one Daniel Clarke, a shoemaker of Knaresborough, in Yorkshire. For fourteen years nearly the secret slept with the victim in the earth of St. Robert's Cave, and the manner of its discovery would appear a striking example of the Divine Justice, even amongst those marvels narrated in that curious old volume alluded to in *The Fortunes of Nigel*, under its quaint title of "God's Revenge against Murther."

'The accidental digging up of a skeleton, and the unwary and emphatic declaration of Aram's accomplice that it could not be that of Clarke, betraying a guilty knowledge of the true bones, he was wrought to a confession of their deposit. The learned homicide was seized and arraigned; and a trial of uncommon interest was wound up by a defence as memorable as the tragedy itself for eloquence and ingenuity—too ingenious for innocence, and eloquent enough to do credit even to that long premeditation which the interval between the deed and its discovery had afforded. That this dreary period had not passed without paroxysms of remorse, may be inferred from a fact of affecting interest. The late Admiral Burney was a scholar, at the school at Lynn in Norfolk, where Aram was an Usher, subsequent to his crime. The Admiral stated that Aram was beloved by the boys, and that he used to discourse to them of Murder, not occasionally, as I have written elsewhere, but constantly, and in somewhat of the spirit ascribed to him in the Poem.

'For the more imaginative part of the version I must refer back to one of those unaccountable visions, which come upon us like frightful monsters thrown up by storms from the great black deeps of slumber. A lifeless body, in love and relationship the nearest and dearest, was imposed upon my back, with an overwhelming sense of obligation—not of filial piety merely, but some awful responsibility equally vague and intense, and involving, as it seemed, inexpiable sin, horrors unutterable, torments intolerable,—to bury my dead, like Abraham, out of my sight. In vain I attempted, again and again, to obey the mysterious mandate—by some dreadful process the burthen was replaced with

a more stupendous weight of injunction, and an appalling conviction of the impossibility of its fulfilment. My mental anguish was indescribable;—the mighty agonies of souls tortured on the supernatural racks of sleep are not to be penned—and if in sketching those that belong to blood-guiltiness I have been at all successful, I owe it mainly to the uninvoked inspiration of that terrible dream.—T.H.'

The 'Preface' was followed by a reprint of the text of Eugene Aram's defence.

HOOD'S OWN (PAGE 214).

Hood's Own : | or, | Laughter from Year to Year. | Being former Runnings of His Comic Vein, with an infusion of | New Blood for General Circulation | [illustration of a laughing sunflower] | London : | A. H. Baily and Co., Cornhill. | MDCCCXXXIX.

The volume consisted mostly of verse and prose published from 1830 to 1838 in *Hood's Comic Annual*. It was issued in monthly parts.

PAGE 217. *Ode to M. Brunel.* Sir Marc Isambard Brunel (1769–1849) was designer of the Thames Tunnel, which was begun in 1825 and completed in 1843—the work having been stopped for seven years from 1828.

PAGE 221. *A Nocturnal Sketch.* This was prefaced by the following letter supposed to be addressed to the Editor of the *Comic Annual*:

A PLAN FOR WRITING BLANK VERSE IN RHYME.

'RESPECTED SIR,

'In a morning paper justly celebrated for the acuteness of its reporters, and their almost prophetic insight into character and motives—the Rhodian length of their leaps towards results, and the magnitude of their inferences, beyond the drawing of Meux's dray-horses,—there appeared, a few days since, the following paragraph.

'"Mansion House. Yesterday, a tall emaciated being, in a brown coat, indicating his age to be about forty-five, and the raggedness of which gave a great air of mental ingenuity and intelligence to his countenance, was introduced by the officers to the Lord Mayor. It was evident from his preliminary bow that he had made some discoveries in the art of poetry, which he wished to lay before his Lordship, but the Lord Mayor perceiving by his accent that he had already submitted his project to several of the leading Publishers, referred him back to the same jurisdiction, and the unfortunate Votary of the Muses withdrew, declaring by another bow, that he should offer his plan to the Editor of the *Comic Annual*."

'The unfortunate, above referred to, Sir, is myself, and with regard to the Muses, indeed a votary, though not a *lol.* one, if the qualification depends on my pocket—but for the idea of addressing myself to the Editor of the *Comic Annual*, I am indebted solely to the assumption of the gentlemen of the Press. That I have made a discovery is true, in common with Hervey, and Herschel, and Galileo, and Roger Bacon, or rather, I should say, with Columbus—my invention concerning a whole hemisphere, as it were, in the world of poetry—in short, the whole continent of blank verse. To an immense number of readers this literary land has been hitherto a complete *terra incognita*, and from

one sole reason,—the want of that harmony which makes the close of one line chime with the end of another. They have no relish for numbers that turn up blank, and wonder accordingly at the epithet of "Prize," prefixed to Poems of the kind which emanate in—I was going to say from—the University of Oxford. Thus many very worthy members of society are unable to appreciate the *Paradise Lost*, the *Task*, the *Chase*, or the *Seasons*,—the *Winter* especially—without rhyme. Others, again, can read the Poems in question, but with a limited enjoyment; as certain persons can admire the architectural beauties of Salisbury steeple, but would like it better with a ring of bells. For either of these tastes my discovery will provide, without affronting the palate of any other; for although the lover of rhyme will find in it a prodigality hitherto unknown, the heroic character of blank verse will not suffer in the least, but each line will "do as it likes with its own," and sound as independently of the next as, "milkmaid" and "water-carrier." I have the honour to subjoin a specimen—and if, through your publicity, Mr. Murray should be induced to make me an offer for an Edition of *Paradise Lost* on this principle, for the Family Library, it will be an eternal obligation on, Respected Sir, yôur most obliged, and humble servant, *** ****.'

PAGE 222. *A Diary lately Published.* Lady Charlotte Bury's *Diary Illustrative of the Times of George IV*, 1838.

PAGE 227. *Number One.* This was set to music by C. M. Sola, and published in 1832.

PAGE 228. *The Drowning Ducks. Literary Gazette*, October 27, 1827.

PAGE 230. *The Fall. Athenaeum.* February 4, 1832.

PAGE 231, l. 31. *'It's Edgar Huntley'. Edgar Huntley; or, the Memoirs of a Sleepwalker*, by an American novelist, Charles Brockedon Brown, was published in 1801 and enjoyed popularity for some years.

PAGE 232. *The Steam Service.* These verses were set amid prose, foretelling the time when sailing vessels would have given place to steaming ones.

PAGE 233. *P. Murphy.* Patrick Murphy's *Anatomy of the Seasons*, 1834, *Weather Almanack*, 1837, &c., and similar works.

PAGE 236, l. 14. *on Paine's Hill.* Probably suggested by Pain's Hill, near Cobham in Surrey, at which place the poet had a friend.

PAGE 240, l. 3. *visit to Murphy.* See note to p. 233.

l. 7. *Francis Moore.* Moore's Almanack was begun in 1699.

PAGE 245. *A Singular Exhibition.* The annual exhibitions of the Royal Academy were held at Somerset House.

PAGE 248, l. 29. *Slaughter's.* The name of a celebrated coffee-house.

PAGE 251, l. 63. *Thurtell'd.* See note to p. 12.

PAGE 252, l. 196. *One drew an angel.* See note to p. 17.

PAGE 258, l. 32. *My Lord, they say.*

'My lord, they say five moons were seen to-night;
Four fixed, and the fifth did whirl about
The other four in wondrous motion.'

King John, IV. ii.

PAGE 258, l. 51. *Like old Sir Hugh*, i.e. Sir Hugh Myddleton, who planned the New River.

PAGE 259. *The Double Knock.* This was prefaced by the following letter on 'Rhyme and Reason', supposed to be addressed to the Editor of the *Comic Annual*:

'SIR,

'In one of your Annuals you have given insertion to "A Plan for Writing Blank Verse in Rhyme"; but as I have seen no regular long poem constructed on its principles, I suppose the scheme did not take with the literary world. Under these circumstances I feel encouraged to bring forward a novelty of my own, and I can only regret that such poets as Chaucer and Cottle, Spenser and Hayley, Milton and Pratt, Pope and Pye, Byron and Batterbee, should have died before it was invented.

'The great difficulty in verse is avowedly the rhyme. Dean Swift says somewhere in his letters, "that a rhyme is as hard to find with him as a guinea,"—and we all know that guineas are proverbially scarce among poets. The merest versifier that ever attempted a Valentine must have met with this Orson, some untameable savage syllable that refused to chime in with society. For instance, what poetical Foxhunter—a contributor to the *Sporting Magazine*—has not drawn all the covers of Beynard, Ceynard, Deynard, Feynard, Geynard, Heynard, Keynard, Leynard, Meynard, Neynard, Peynard, Queynard, to find a rhyme for Reynard? The spirit of the times is decidedly against Tithe; and I know of no tithe more oppressive than that poetical one, in heroic measure, which requires that every tenth syllable shall pay a sound in kind. How often the Poet goes up a line, only to be stopped at the end by an impracticable rhyme, like a bull in a blind alley! I have an ingenious medical friend, who might have been an eminent poet by this time, but the first line he wrote ended in ipecacuanha, and with all his physical and mental power, he has never yet been able to find a rhyme for it.

'The plan I propose aims to obviate this hardship. My system is, to take the bull by the horns; in short, to try at first what words will chime, before you go farther and fare worse. To say nothing of other advantages, it will at least have one good effect,—and that is, to correct the erroneous notion of the would-be poets and poetesses of the present day, that the great *end* of poetry is rhyme. I beg leave to present a specimen of verse, which proves quite the reverse, and am, Sir, Your most obedient servant,

'JOHN DRYDEN GRUBB.'

PAGE 260. *Bailey Ballads.* These were prefaced by the following prose:

'To anticipate mistake, the above title refers not to Thomas Haynes—or F. W. N.—or even to any publishers—but the original Old Bailey. It belongs to a set of songs composed during the courtly leisure of what is technically called a Juryman in Waiting—that is, one of a *corps de réserve*, held in readiness to fill up the gaps which extraordinary mental exertion—or sedentary habits—or starvation, may make in the Council of Twelve. This wrong box it was once my fortune to get into. On the 5th of November, at the sixth hour, leaving my bed and the luxurious perusal of Taylor on Early Rising—I walked from a yellow fog into a black one, in my unwilling way to the New Court, which sweet herbs even could not sweeten, for the sole purpose of making criminals uncomfortable. A neighbour, a retired sea-captain with a wooden

leg, now literally a jury-mast, limped with me from Highbury Terrace on the same hanging errand—a personified Halter. Our legal drill corporal was Serjeant Arabin, and when our muster-roll without butter was over, before breakfast, the uninitiated can form no idea of the ludicrousness of the excuses of the would-be Nonjurors,—aggravated by the solemnity of a previous oath, the delivery from a witness-box like a pulpit, and the professional gravity of the Court. One weakly old gentleman had been ordered by his physician to eat little, but often, and apprehended even fatal consequences from being locked up with an obstinate eleven; another conscientious demurrer desired time to make himself master of his duties, by consulting Jonathan Wild, Vidocq, Hardy Vaux, and Lazarillo de Tormes. But the number of deaf men who objected the hardness of their hearing criminal cases was beyond belief. The publishers of "Curtis on the Ear" and "Wright on the Ear"—(two popular surgical works, though rather suggestive of Pugilism)—ought to have stentorian agents in that Court. Defective on one side myself, I was literally ashamed to strike up singly in such a chorus of muffled double drums, and tacitly suffered my ears to be boxed with a common Jury. I heard, on the right hand, a Judge's charge—an arraignment and evidence to match, with great dexterity, but failing to catch the defence from the left hand, refused naturally to concur in any sinister verdict. The learned Serjeant, I presume, as I was only half deaf, only half discharged me,—committing me to the relay-box, as a Juror in Waiting,—and from which I was relieved only by his successor, Sir Thomas Denman, and to justify my dullness, I made even his stupendous voice to repeat my dismissal twice over!

'It was during this compelled attendance that the project struck me of a Series of Lays of Larceny, combining Sin and Sentiment in that melo-dramatic mixture which is so congenial to the cholera morbid sensibility of the present age and stage. The following are merely specimens, but a hint from the Powers that be,—in the Strand,—will promptly produce a handsome volume of the remainder, with a grateful Dedication to the learned Serjeant.'

PAGE 263, l. 1. *Our village. Our Village*, by Mary Russell Mitford, had been published in five series from 1824 to 1832.

PAGE 266, l. 55. '*Those* Emmets'. Three brothers, distinguished as workers on behalf of 'United Ireland'. See note to p. 35.

PAGE 267. *To Fanny.* Though included by Hood in *Hood's Own*, and reprinted in many editions of his works, it should be pointed out that on their original appearance in the *Comic Annual* for 1830 they were signed Edward Herbert (i.e. John Hamilton Reynolds). It may be that Hood had used Reynolds's signature with consent, as he once did Lamb's.

PAGE 268. *Poems by a Poor Gentleman.* These were introduced by the following:

'Poetry and poverty begin with the same letter, and, in more respects than one, are "as like each other as two P's."—Nine tailors are the making of a man, but not so the nine Muses. Their votaries are notoriously only water-drinkers, eating mutton cold, and dwelling in attics. Look at the miserable lives and deaths recorded of the poets. "Butler," says Mr. D'Israeli, "lived in a cellar, and Goldsmith in a Deserted Village. Savage ran wild,—Chatterton was carried on St. Augustine's Back like a young gipsy; and his half-starved *Rowley* always said heigho, when he heard of gammon and spinach. Gray's

days were ode-ious, and Gay's gaiety was fabulous. Falconer was ship-wrecked. Homer was a blind beggar, and Pope raised a subscription for him, and went snacks. Crabbe found himself in the poor-house, Spenser couldn't afford a great-coat, and Milton was led up and down by his daughters, to save the expense of a dog."

'It seems all but impossible to be a poet, in easy circumstances. Pope has shown how verses are written by Ladies of Quality—and what execrable rhymes Sir Richard Blackmore composed in his chariot. In a hay-cart he might have sung like a Burns.

'As the editors of magazines and annuals (save one) well know, the truly poetical contributions which can be inserted, are not those which come post free, in rose-coloured tinted paper, scented with musk, and sealed with fancy wax. The real article arrives by post, unpaid, sealed with rosin, or possibly with a dab of pitch or cobbler's wax, bearing the impression of a halfpenny, or more frequently of a button,—the paper is dingy, and scant—the hand-writing has evidently come to the author by nature—there are trips in the spelling, and Priscian is a little scratch'd or so—but a rill of the true Castilian runs through the whole composition, though its fountain-head was a broken tea-cup, instead of a silver standish. A few years ago I used to be favoured with numerous poems for insertion, which bore the signature of Fitz-Norman; the crest on the seal had probably descended from the Conquest, and the packets were invariably delivered by a Patagonian footman in green and gold. The author was evidently rich, and the verses were as palpably poor; they were declined, with the usual answer to correspondents who do not answer, and the communications ceased—as I thought for ever, but I was deceived; a few days back one of the dirtiest and raggedest of street urchins delivered a soiled whity brown packet, closed with a wafer, which bore the impress of a thimble. The paper had more the odour of tobacco than of rose leaves, and the writing appeared to have been perpetrated with a skewer dipped in coffee-grounds; but the old signature of Fitz-Norman had the honour to be my "very humble servant" at the foot of the letter. It was too certain that he had fallen from affluence to indigence, but the adversity whch had wrought such a change upon the writing implements, had, as usual, improved his poetry. The neat crowquill never traced on the superfine Bath paper any thing so unaffected as the following:—'

PAGE 269, l. 21. *No Peachum it is.* Peachum and Lockit are characters in Gay's *Beggar's Opera.*

l. 31. *a Brownrigg's Apprentice.* Elizabeth Brownrigg (d. 1767), a notorious murderess, was executed for inhuman cruelty (resulting in death) to her apprentices.

PAGE 276, l. 105. *Some humane Martin.* See note to p. 9.

PAGE 280, l. 16. *Not Hawker.* Colonel P. Hawker, described as 'one of the best shots in England', published his *Instructions to Young Sportsmen* in 1816.

l. 17. *Mantony.* Joseph Manton was a celebrated London gunsmith, whose name was given to a fowling-piece.

PAGE 281, l. 7. *your Gambier.* See note to p. 456.

PAGE 287, l. 19. *Miss Crachami.* See note to p. 16.

l. 40. *Sir Stamford,* i.e. Sir T. Stamford Raffles (1781–1826), Colonial Governor, and founder of the Zoological Society.

PAGE 292. *Lines to a Lady.* A parody of J. H. Reynolds's once popular song, 'Go where the water glideth gently ever,' which was published anonymously in *Friendship's Offering*, 1824.

PAGE 293, l. 14. *What Bodkin.* Secretary to the Society for the Suppression of Mendicity. See p. 32.

PAGE 294, l. 10. *All things by turns.* 'Was everything by starts, and nothing long,' Dryden, *Absalom and Achitophel.*

PAGE 295. *Domestic Didactics.* These were introduced by the following:

'It is not often when the Nine descend that they go so low as into areas; it is certain, nevertheless, that they were in the habit of visiting John Humphreys, in the kitchen, of No. 189, Portland-Place, disguised, no doubt, from mortal eye, as seamstresses or charewomen—at all events, as Winifred Jenkins says "they were never ketch'd in the fact." Perhaps it was the rule of the house to allow no followers, and they were obliged to come by stealth, and to go in the same manner; indeed, from the fragmental nature of John's verses, they appear to have often left him very abruptly. Other pieces bear witness of the severe distraction he suffered between his domestic duty to the Umphravilles, twelve in family, with their guests, and his own secret visitors from Helicon. It must have been provoking, when seeking for a simile, to be sent in search of a salt-cellar; or when hunting for a rhyme, to have to look for a missing teaspoon. By a whimsical peculiarity, the causes of these lets and hindrances are recorded in his verses, by way of parenthesis: and though John's poetry was of a decidedly serious and moralising turn, these little insertions give it so whimsical a character, as to make it an appropriate offering in the present work. Poor John! the grave has put a period to his didactics, and the publication of his lays in *Hood's Own*, therefore, cannot give him pain, as it certainly would have done otherwise, for the MSS. were left by last will and testament "to his very worthy master, Joshua Umphraville, Esq., to be printed in Elegant Extracts, or Flowers of English Poetry." The Editor is indebted to the kindness of that gentleman for a selection from the papers; which he has been unable to arrange chronologically, as John always wrote in too great a hurry to put dates. Whether he ever sent any pieces to the periodicals is unknown, for he kept his authorship as secret as Junius's, till his death discovered his propensity for poetry, and happily cleared up some points in John's character, which had appeared to his disadvantage. Thus when his eye was "in fine frenzy rolling," bemused only with Castalian water, he had been suspected of being "bemused with beer"; and when he was supposed to indulge in a morning sluggishness, he was really rising with the sun, at least with Apollo. He was accused occasionally of shamming deafness, whereas it was doubtless nothing but the natural difficulty of hearing more than Nine at once. Above all, he was reckoned almost wilfully unfortunate in his breakage; but it appears that when deductions for damage were made from his wages, the poetry ought to have been stopped, and not the money. The truth is, John's master was a classical scholar, and so accustomed to read of Pegasus, and to associate a Poet with a Horseman, that he never dreamt of one as a Footman.

'The Editor is too diffident to volunteer an elaborate criticism of the merits of Humphreys as a Bard—but he presumes to say thus much, that there are several Authors of the present day, whom John ought not to walk behind.'

PAGE 300, l. 28. *Mr. Roscoe's Liverpool museum.* Presumably the Liverpool Royal Institution, of which William Roscoe (1753–1831)—author of the *Life of Lorenzo de Medici*—was chief promoter and first president.

PAGE 301, l. 88. *as Beattie has it.* 'At the close of the day when the hamlet is still,' the opening line of Beattie's *Hermit.*

PAGE 302, l. 101. *the authoress of 'Psyche'.* Mary Tighe (1772–1810).

PAGE 303. *Lord Wharncliffe.* James A. Stuart-Wortley-Mackenzie, Baron Wharncliffe (1776–1845), first introduced his Bill to amend the Game Laws in 1824, but it was not until eight years later that a similar measure was passed.

Literary Reminiscences. In *Hood's Own* this sonnet precedes the author's literary reminiscences, but lacks the motto which prefaced it on its first appearance in the *Comic Annual*, 1833.

PAGE 307, l. 6. *'The Undying One.' The Undying One and Other Poems,* by the Hon. Caroline Norton, 1830.

PAGE 309, l. 23. *'throw Bark to the Bow-wows'.* 'Throw physic to the dogs, I'll none of it,' *Macbeth*, v. iii.

PAGE 312. *The Sweep's Complaint.* By an Act of 1834 sweeps were forbidden 'to call or hawk in the streets'.

PAGE 313, l. 75. *recommended by Queen Elizabeth.*

'Fain would I climb, but that I fear to fall.'
'He that doth fear then should not climb at all.'

PAGE 314. *The Sub-marine. Literary Gazette*, September 1, 1827.

PAGE 316. *The Kangaroos. Literary Gazette*, October 13, 1827.

PAGE 318, l. 40. *'This is a sorry sight', Macbeth*, II. ii.

l. 45. *'Angels ever bright and fair'.* From Handel's oratorio of *Theodora.*

PAGE 320. *Rondeau.* In *Hood's Own*; this is accompanied by a 'fancy portrait', of an ass with one ear robed as a Lord Mayor.

PAGE 322, l. 13. *My Manton.* See note to p. 280.

PAGE 323, l. 29. *Hawker's book.* See note to p. 280.

PAGE 324. *Trimmer's Exercise.* Sarah Kirby Trimmer (1741–1810), a once-popular writer of moral tales for the young.

PAGE 326, l. 3. *The name of H******l's*, i.e. Herschel.

l. 14. *A new André.* Major John André (1751–1780), who was hanged by Washington as a spy.

PAGE 328, l. 40. *Sir Francis Freeling* (1764–1836), for nearly fifty years occupied high official positions in the Post Office. Hood's surviving daughter was named Frances Freeling after him.

PAGE 336, l. 397. *As wrote another.*

'Fare thee well! and if for ever,
Still for ever, fare thee well.'—*Byron.*'

PAGE 343, l. 674. *My Lord, they say,* See note to p. 258.

PAGE 345, l. 763. *Send them to South—or Children.* Sir James South (1785–

1867), astronomer; John George Children (1777–1852), Secretary of the Royal Society.

PAGE 346. *Those Evening Bells.* A parody of Thomas Moore's song.

PAGE 347. *The Quakers' Conversazione.* These verses come at the close of a long account of 'The Tottenham Friends' Conversazione', and are prefaced as follows:

'The Record here breaks off. The society probably did not proceed farther, but died on the spot, of a complication of Innocent Jocularity and Sister Rumble, and was buried tacitly, with the fair Ruth Mumford for its chief mourner. The other papers are in verse, and a reading of them will certainly persuade the reviewers that they were premature in applying the designation of "Quaker Poetry" to foregone lays and lyrics. The first is a genuine brown study after nature; the second a hint how Peace ought *not* to be proclaimed.'

POEMS FROM 'UP THE RHINE' (PAGE 35:).

Up the Rhine. | By | Thomas Hood | [vignette bust of a German woman crowned with sausages] | London: | A. H. Baily and Co., 83, Cornhill. | MDCCCXL. |

PAGE 352. *To* *****. *Athenaeum*, July 4, 1835. The lines are addressed to the poet's wife.

WHIMSICALITIES: A PERIODICAL GATHERING (PAGE 363).

Whimsicalities, | a Periodical Gathering. | By | Thomas Hood, | author of 'The Comic Annual,' 'Whims and Oddities,' &c. | With numerous Illustrations, from Designs by Leech. | In Two Volumes. | Vol. I [II]. | London: | Henry Colburn, Publisher, | Great Marlborough Street. | 1844.

The volume was made up of a selection from the poet's contributions to the *New Monthly Magazine.*

PAGE 365. *Mrs. Parkes's Pamphlet.* Presumably a letter on the subject of the Art Unions.

PAGE 367, l. 155. *May read it all in Schiller.* Schiller's *Fridolin.*

PAGE 370, l. 394. *It beats the very Walpurgis Night.* See Goethe's *Faust*, part i.

PAGE 372, l. 15. *'modest, wee, and crimson-tipp'd'.* 'Wee modest crimson tippéd flower', Burns, *To a Mountain Daisy.*

PAGE 373, l. 5. *famous Mississippi dreams.* The 'Mississippi Scheme' of the early eighteenth century.

PAGE 377. *Lieutenant Eyre's Narrative.* Lieut. Vincent Eyre issued in 1843 several books dealing with recent events in Cabul of which he had been an eyewitness.

PAGE 380. *On a Certain Locality.* In 1842 Queen Victoria was twice shot at when driving along Constitution Hill, and two years earlier a similar attempt on her life had been made at the same place.

Laying Down the Law. This was published on a separate sheet when Sir Edwin Landseer's picture of the same name was on exhibition.

PAGE 381, l. 18. *says Dr. Watts.* 'Let dogs delight to bark and bite,' Isaac Watts, *Divine Songs for Children*, xvi.

PAGE 384, l. 6. *Not described by the Countess of Wilton.* The Countess of Wilton edited *The Art of Needlework*, by Elizabeth Stone, 1840.

l. 24. *spread very neatly.* 'How skilfully she builds her cell, How neat she spreads the wax,' Isaac Watts, *Divine Songs for Children*, xx.

PAGE 385, l. 72. *Retzsch's Infernals.* Friedrich Retzsch's illustrations to *Fridolin*, *Faust*, &c.

PAGE 389, l. 239. *as beset Lady Sale.* The wife of Sir Robert Sale, 'the hero of Jellalabad'; she was present during the Afghan disasters of 1841–2, of which she published an account in 1843.

l. 7. *Recalling only.* Peel first re-imposed the Income Tax in 1842.

PAGE 390, l. 1. *'Come*, gentle *Spring,'* &c. The opening line of Thomson's *Seasons*.

l. 8. *Spring the Fighter.* See note to p. 18.

PAGE 391, l. 4. *'Mistress of herself' though China fall!* Pope, *Moral Essays*, iii. 268.

PAGE 392. *The University Feud.* This was suggested by the contest at Oxford in 1841–2 between Messrs. Garbett and Williams for the Professorship of Poetry. Hood wrote briefly in prose of the contest, but considering the 'Feud' as unsuited for serious consideration in the magazine wrote the verses.

l. 29. *When Swiveller was President.* Few readers of the *Old Curiosity Shop* will need reminding that Dick Swiveller was 'Perpetual Grand' of the 'Lodge of Glorious Apollos'.

PAGE 393, l. 40. *For Catnach swears.* James Catnach (1792–1841), a Seven Dials publisher of chapbooks and broadsides.

PAGE 398, l. 135. *'longing lingering look'.* Gray's *Elegy*, l. 88.

MISCELLANEOUS UNCOLLECTED POEMS (PAGE 399).

PAGE 399. *To Hope. London Magazine*, July, 1821.

PAGE 400. *Ode to Dr. Kitchener. London Magazine*, November, 1821. Although not acknowledged this has been unhesitatingly ascribed to Hood, although he dealt with the same theme again in the *Odes and Addresses*. The footnote to 'tewah-diddle', it may be pointed out, is given in identical terms in the two pieces. Dr. Kitchiner's *Cook's Oracle* had been reviewed by Reynolds in the preceding issue of the *London*. See note to p. 27.

l. 11. *'When like a lobster boiled,'* &c. Butler's *Hudibras*.

l. 17. *'What baron, or squire,'* &c. From John O'Keefe's song, *I am a Friar of Orders Grey*.

l. 39. *Michael Kelly.* (1764?–1826), actor, vocalist, and composer.

PAGE 401. *To a Critic. London Magazine*, February, 1822, signed 'Anthony Rushtowne' in the Lion's Head, where it was introduced thus:

'The remonstrance of Juvenis is indeed pathetic; but in spite of the Sonnet which he has quoted in his behalf, we must adhere, though with regret, to our refusal: but if, as we suspect, he is Old Anthony himself, we shall be happy to hear from him again.'

PAGE 401. *To Celia. London Magazine*, April, 1822, unsigned.

PAGE 402. *Fare thee Well. London Magazine*, September, 1822, in the Lion's Head with these introductory words: 'The following verses are selected from an Ode written in fear of the new Marriage Act.'

Midnight. London Magazine, December, 1822, signed 'T.'

On a Sleeping Child. London Magazine, December, 1822, signed 'T.' The text given is that of the sonnets as they appeared in the magazine, but it differs in several particulars from the text generally reprinted—probably originally from a manuscript in the possession of the poet's children. A copy of the sonnets written by Hood for a member of the Reynolds family which I have seen is entitled 'Sonnets to Mrs. Rice's little boy', and is almost exactly the same as that usually printed. The chief changes in the sonnets in MS. and as printed are these:—

i. 4. 'unchanging' for 'unmoving'.
ii. 2. 'so beautiful as' for 'more beautiful than'.
3. 'rosy' for 'glossy', and 'in such still slumbers' for 'so unimpassioned'.
4. 'nor ever' for 'and never'.
5. 'those' for 'thy'.
6. 'I never thought' for 'I did not think'.
7. 'chase' for 'charm'.
12. 'sound' for 'mirth'.
13. 'Now thou dost' for 'How dost thou'.

The sonnets were written to the infant son of the Rev. James Rice, Master of Christ's Hospital.

PAGE 403. *Sonnet written in Keats's Endymion. London Magazine*, May, 1823, signed 'T.'

PAGE 404. *Epigram. London Magazine*, June, 1823, unsigned.

Song. Forget-me-not, 1824, signed 'T. Meadows'. This was sent to the *Times* after Hood's death, but its original appearance has not hitherto been noted, though the poet's son conjecturally dated it 1824.

The Two Swans. New Monthly Magazine. February, 1824.

PAGE 411. *Ode on a Distant Prospect of Clapham Academy. New Monthly Magazine*, April, 1824.

PAGE 412. *Address to Mr. Cross. New Monthly Magazine*, April, 1826.

PAGE 413, l. 66. *murder'd Marrs.* See note to p. 78.

l. 82. *Another C****.* George Croly (1780–1860), author and divine.

l. 83. *though F*********.* One writer in *Notes and Queries* some years ago suggested that F. stood for Fowell Buxton, but another made the more probably accurate suggestion that it was W. T. Fitzgerald (1759?–1829), the fertile versifier immortalized in the opening lines of Byron's *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers.*

PAGE 414. [*In Memoriam.*] These lines with a tiny curl of hair were found among the poet's papers after his death. They were written on the birth and death of his first child in May, 1827. It was the same event which inspired Charles Lamb with his lines *On an Infant Dying as soon as born.* Chronologically the piece should come a few pages later, immediately preceding the *Elegy on the Death of David Laing.*

PAGE 414. *Ode to the late Lord Mayor.* The original appearance of this has not been traced, but it must have appeared late in 1826 or early in 1827. The book, which was also ridiculed by Theodore Hook ('Lord Wenables'), was entitled *The Lord Mayor's Visit to Oxford. Written at the desire of the Party by the Chaplain of the Mayoralty*, 1826. The author was Robert C. Dillon, D.D.

PAGE 415, l. 9. *King of Mogg's map.* See note to p. 2.

l. 35. '*Strong, without rage*'. 'Strong without rage, without o'erflowing full,' Denham, *Cooper's Hill.*

PAGE 417. *Ode to Edward Gibbon Wakefield. Atlas*, 1826. Wakefield (1796–1862), who became a distinguished Colonial statesman, in the spring of 1826 abducted the daughter of a wealthy manufacturer from school and married her at Gretna Green. He was sentenced to three years' imprisonment, and the marriage was cancelled by Act of Parliament.

PAGE 418, l. 35. *more wives than Buncle.* See *The Life and Opinions of John Buncle*, by Thomas Amory.

Vauxhall. Atlas, 1826.

PAGE 419. *To Mr. Wrench. Atlas*, 1826.

PAGE 420. *To Miss Kelly. Atlas*, 1826.

PAGE 421. *Hints to Paul Pry. Atlas*, 1826.

PAGE 422. *To Thomas Bish. New Monthly Magazine.* 'T. Bish, stock-broker, 4, Cornhill, and 9, Charing Cross,' was one of the much-advertising Lottery agents. Lotteries were finally prohibited in England in 1826.

PAGE 423. *Time, Hope, and Memory. Friendship's Offering*, 1827.

PAGE 424. *Flowers. Friendship's Offering*, 1827.

I Love Thee. Friendship's Offering, 1827.

Ballad. Literary Souvenir, 1827, signed.

PAGE 425. *Elegy on David Laing. Literary Gazette*, August 4, 1827, with the following footnote:

'On the third inst., died at Springfield, near Gretna Green, David Laing, aged seventy-two, who had for thirty-five years officiated as high priest at Gretna Green. He caught cold on his way to Lancaster to give evidence on the trial of the Wakefields [see note to p. 417], from the effects of which he never recovered.'

PAGE 426. *Ode. Literary Gazette*, August 25, 1827, of which William Jerdan was the editor.

PAGE 427. *A Lament for the Decline of Chivalry. Bijou*, 1828.

l. 1. *Well hast thou cried.* 'The age of Chivalry is gone,' Edmund Burke, *Reflections on the Revolution in France.*

PAGE 428. *Ode. Amulet*, 1828, signed.

PAGE 429. *Stanzas to Tom Woodgate, of Hastings. Literary Souvenir*, 1828. The Hastings fisherman, whom Lamb designated 'Lignum Janua', with whom Hood enjoyed sailing on more than one visit to Hastings.

PAGE 431. *The Logicians. Forget-me-Not*, 1828.

PAGE 432, l. 57. *Barbara Celarent.* Two terms in logic; a syllogism in

barbara is one of which all the three propositions are universal affirmatives, the middle one being the subject of the first, and the predicate of the second; *celarent* is a syllogism having the second proposition a universal affirmative, and the other two universal negatives.

PAGE 433. *Death in the Kitchen. Forget-me-Not*, 1828.

PAGE 434, l. 34. *The 'glass of fashion'.* 'The glass of fashion and the mould of form,' *Hamlet*, III. i. 161.

Epistle to Miss Charlotte Reynolds. Now first printed.

PAGE 435. *Birthday Verses. Gem*, 1829, where they were printed as here given. Hood's son gave the lines from manuscript, being unaware of the place of their publication. Canon Ainger, while noting that they had appeared in the *Gem*, did not note the differences. In the version given by young Hood, and generally reprinted, we have in line 4, 'Since it makes' in place of 'That hath made'; in l. 5, 'sweetest' for 'Dearest'; in l. 6, 'I could find no flowers, dear' for 'Summer lies upon her bier'; in l. 9, 'I've brought thee jewels, dearest,' for 'I bring thee jewels, Fairest!' and in l. 11, 'shows' for 'seem'.

The Farewell. Gem, 1829.

PAGE 436. *On a Picture of Hero and Leander. Gem*, 1829.

For the Fourteenth of February. Forget-me-Not, 1830.

A Bunch of Forget-me-nots. Forget-me-Not, 1830.

l. 3. *'to dumb forgetfulness a prey'.* Gray's *Elegy*.

PAGE 438. *The Poet's Portion. Athenaeum*, July 3, 1830.

'I'm not a Single Man.' Written in the album of the daughter of Horace Smith.

PAGE 439. *Playing at Soldiers. Juvenile Forget-me-Not*, 1831.

PAGE 440. *The Sweets of Youth. Comic Annual*, 1831.

PAGE 441. *Ode to N. A. Vigors. Comic Annual*, 1831. N. A. Vigors (1785–1840), the first Secretary to the Zoological Society, published his book in the autumn of 1829.

PAGE 443, l. 108. *Harvey*, &c. William Harvey, the artist; Branston and Wright being the engravers.

The Painter Puzzled. Forget-me-Not, 1831.

PAGE 444. *The Death-Bed. Englishman's Magazine*, August, 1831. These lines are supposed to have been written on the death of the poet's sister.

Anticipation. Englishman's Magazine, September, 1831.

PAGE 445. *The Stage-Struck Hero. Forget-me-Not*, 1832.

PAGE 446. *Ode to Joseph Hume. Comic Annual*, 1832. Joseph Hume (1777–1855) was for thirty years leader of the Radical party in the House of Commons; it was chiefly through his efforts that 'retrenchment' was added to the words 'peace and reform' as the party watchwords.

PAGE 447, l. 83. *Expose each Peachum.* See note to p. 269.

PAGE 448. *The Ballad. Ackerman's Juvenile Forget-me-Not*, 1832.

To a Child embracing His Mother. Athenaeum, January 7, 1832.

PAGE 449. *Epigram on a Picture. Athenaeum*, January 7, 1832, immediately after the previous poem.

PAGE 449. *Answer to Pauper. Athenaeum*, February 18, 1832, three weeks after there had appeared verses entitled 'Reply to a Pastoral Poet', signed 'Pauper'. Young Hood thought that the earlier verses were by Reynolds.

Jarvis and Mrs. Cope. New Sporting Magazine, March, 1832, signed 'C. O. B.'

PAGE 450. *Miss Fanny's Farewell Flowers.—Athenaeum*, July 7, 1832, signed. These were immediately followed by other lines to Miss Kemble, signed 'Curl-Pated Hugh'. According to Hood's son the second verses were by Reynolds—they are much like Hood's own—and I have put them in the Appendix.

PAGE 451. *The China-Mender. Forget-me-Not*, 1833.

PAGE 453. *Ode to Spencer Perceval. Athenaeum*, February 18, 1832, and *Comic Annual*, 1833.

On the Death of Sir Walter Scott. Comic Annual, 1833.

PAGE 454. *A Public Dinner. Comic Annual*, 1833.

PAGE 456. *Ode to Admiral Lord Gambier. Athenaeum*, March 3, 1832, and *Comic Annual*, 1833. James, Lord Gambier (1756–1833), an undistinguished naval officer, who was a zealous temperance reformer.

PAGE 458. *The Cigar. Comic Annual*, 1833.

PAGE 459. *A Charity Sermon. Comic Annual*, 1833.

PAGE 460, l. 24. *Mr. Martin's Act.* See note to p. 9.

A Happy New Year! Comic Annual, 1833.

PAGE 461, l. 30. *die like a Weare.* See note to p. 12.

PAGE 462. *Ode to Miss Kelly. Athenaeum*, February 2, 1833.

l. 21. *what a housekeeper for Mr. Rogers!* Samuel Rogers, the poet, author of *The Pleasures of Memory*.

PAGE 463. *Ode to Sir Andrew Agnew. Comic Annual*, 1834. Sir Andrew Agnew of Lochnaw (1793–1849) was a zealous promoter of Sabbatarian legislation. His Bill for prohibiting all Sunday labour was four times presented to Parliament before securing a majority, and then it was prevented from becoming law by the death of William IV.

PAGE 465. *Ode to J. S. Buckingham. Comic Annual*, 1835. James Silk Buckingham (1786–1855), author and traveller; he started the *Athenaeum* at the beginning of 1828, and took an active part in promoting the temperance movement.

PAGE 473. *The United Family. Comic Annual*, 1835.

PAGE 475, l. 132. *Adelphi prizes.* The prizes offered by the Society of Arts.

PAGE 477. *Poetry, Prose, and Worse. Comic Annual*, 1836.

PAGE 479. *Song for the Nineteenth.* Written for the poet's German friend, Franck, of the 19th Polish Infantry.

PAGE 480. *Drinking Song. Comic Annual*, 1837.

PAGE 482. *Domestic Poems. Comic Annual*, 1837. With the following prefatory prose:

'It has often been remarked—and never more likely than after hearing "John Anderson, my Jo," sung by Broadhurst, at a public dinner—that there

is a species of Poetry, indigenous to Scotland, which might emphatically be called Domestic. The Land of Cakes, is, indeed, peculiarly rich in songs and ballads of household interest, which like their stock Tragedy of Douglas, may be said to be Home-made. The Caledonian Muse does not merely take a walk round the premises, speculating on the domestic comforts, or discomforts, the household affections, or disaffections, within; but she is invited, and goes *ben*, far ben; makes herself quite at home; and is "treated as one of the family." She sits down, like a gossip, as she is, at the ingle side; takes a peep into the muckle pat; pries into the cradle; and does not hesitate to spier into the dubious parentage of "young wee Donald." She gauges the meal tub; and informs herself of the stock of siller in hand. There are no secrets with her. The gude wife and gude man unfold to her their most private affairs. They describe to her how they sleep, with a pint stoup at their bed-feet; and confide to her all their particular gratifications and grievances. Johnny complains of a weary pound of tow,—that his wife does not drink hooly and fairly,—and hints that he should not be sorry to see the termagant dished up in her winding sheet:—Jeanie tells of his extravagance in not wanting to take his old cloak about him; and asks counsel on the state of his gray breeks. The Daughter, if she be at home, gets the Muse in a corner, lets her into the names and number of her lovers; describes the modes and freedoms of their wooings; and repeats all their love-nonsense verbatim. In short a Familiar of the Inquisition could not be more familiar with all the recesses of their private life: only what the Muse knows she publishes; and, in the shape of ballads and songs, spreads her home news, scandal and all, throughout the parishes.

'The English on the contrary, have few Poems of this nature. The Muse does not sing like a cricket from our hearths; and with an abundance of home-made wines, we have scarcely a home-made song. This is a gap in our literature, a vacant shelf in our *Family Library*, that ought to be filled up. I cannot suppose that we are nationally deficient in the fireside feelings and homely affections which inspire a domestic ditty;—but take it for granted that the vein exists, though it has not been worked. In the hope of drawing the attention of our Bards to the subject, I venture to offer a few specimens of Domestic Poems, "such as"—to use the words of Doctor Watts—"I wish some happy and condescending genius would undertake and perform much better."'

PAGE 483. *A Parental Ode. Blackwood's Magazine*, February, 1837, as well as *Comic Annual*, 1837.

PAGE 485. *John Jones. Comic Annual*, 1837.

PAGE 486. *Ode to Messrs. Green*, &c. *Comic Annual*, 1837.

PAGE 489. *The Blue Boar. Comic Annual*, 1837.

l. 69. *Waithman's column.* The obelisk in the northern half of Ludgate Circus, erected in 1833 in memory of Robert Waithman (1764–1833), Lord Mayor in 1823.

PAGE 490, l. 111. *as the Dove, so stanch.* See p. 507.

PAGE 492. *Ode to Doctor Hahnemann. Comic Annual*, 1837.

PAGE 495, l. 134. *Drown, drown your book.*

'Deeper than did ever plummet sound
I'll drown my book.'—*Tempest*, v. i.

PAGE 495. *The Dead Robbery. Comic Annual*, 1837.

PAGE 499. *The Desert-Born. Comic Annual*, 1837.

PAGE 504. *Agricultural Distress. Comic Annual*, 1837.

PAGE 506. *Love Lane. Comic Annual*, 1837.

PAGE 507. *Ode to Rae Wilson. Athenaeum*, August 12, 1837. Rae Wilson was a moneyed traveller, who wrote discursive books with no merit in them beyond a zealous attempt to glorify the narrowest Protestantism. In these books he repeatedly attacked Hood in a manner betraying a total absence of any sense of humour. He is remembered to-day only as the subject of this *Ode*.

PAGE 508, l. 42. *'Within the limits of becoming mirth.'*
Love's Labour 's Lost, II. i.

PAGE 509, l. 62. *sham-Abr'am saints.* Abraham-men were beggars who feigned madness, hence sham-Abraham for those guilty of hypocritical pretences.

PAGE 510, l. 98. *The Scottish member's*, i.e. Sir Andrew Agnew. See note to p. 463.

PAGE 511, l. 157. *'sat at good men's feasts,'* &c. *As You Like It*, II. vii.

PAGE 512, l. 203. *Church is 'a little heav'n below'.*

'I have been there, and still would go;
'Tis like a little Heav'n below.'
Isaac Watts, *Divine Songs for Children*, xxviii.

l. 212. *homage to the Sun.* 'gun' in the *Athenaeum*, but this has been treated as a misprint in all reprints.

l. 225. *Cuddie Headrigg's mother.* See Scott's *Old Mortality*.

PAGE 513, l. 254. *like male Mrs. Trollopes.* Frances Trollope (1780–1863), the author of many novels and books of travel.

l. 261. *Hurlothrumbo.* A burlesque of that name by Samuel Johnson, an actor, 1730.

PAGE 516, l. 381. *For choir.* 'For choice' in the *Athenaeum* is obviously a misprint.

PAGE 518. *Napoleon's Midnight Review. Comic Annual*, 1838.

PAGE 519. *Hit or Miss. Comic Annual*, 1838.

PAGE 524. *The Old Poler's Warning. Comic Annual*, 1838.

PAGE 525. *Stanzas. Comic Annual*, 1838.

PAGE 526. *Clubs. Comic Annual*, 1838.

PAGE 527. *A Rise at the Father of Angling. Comic Annual*, 1838.

PAGE 529. *The Forlorn Shepherd's Complaint. Comic Annual*, 1838.

PAGE 531. *Morning Meditations. Amaranth*, 1839.

l. 29. *An early riser Mr. Gray has drawn.* See Gray's *Elegy*.

PAGE 532. *The Beadle's Annual Address. Comic Annual* (preface), 1839. All, excepting the italicized lines, is of course from Gray's *Elegy*.

PAGE 533. *A Table of Errata. Comic Annual*, 1839.

PAGE 534. *All Round my Hat. Comic Annual*, 1839.

PAGE 535. *Ben Bluff. Comic Annual*, 1839.

PAGE 537. *A Plain Direction. Comic Annual*, 1839.

PAGE 538, l. 93. *George Robins.* George Henry Robins (1778–1847), a famous auctioneer.

PAGE 539. *The Bachelor's Dream. Comic Annual*, 1839.

PAGE 540. *Rural Felicity. Comic Annual*, 1839.

PAGE 543. *A Flying Visit. Comic Annual*, 1839.

PAGE 545, l. 177. *But Bowring.* Sir John Bowring (1792–1872), a celebrated linguist.

l. 189. *the Feast of Belshazzar.* The most remarkable of the paintings by John Martin (1789–1854).

PAGE 547. *The Doves and the Crows. Comic Annual*, 1839.

PAGE 548. *The Doctor. Comic Annual*, 1839.

PAGE 549. *The Vision. Comic Annual*, 1839.

PAGE 550. *The Assistant Drapers' Petition. Comic Annual*, 1839, with the following introduction:

'Of all the agitations of the time—and agitation is useful in disturbing the duckweed that is apt to gather on the surface of human affairs—the ferment of the assistant shopmen in the metropolis is perhaps the most beneficial. Many vital queries have lately disturbed the public mind; for instance, ought the fleet of the Thames Yacht Club to be reinforced in the event of a war with Russia, or should the Little Pedlington Yeomanry be called out, in case of a rupture with Prussia? But these are merely national questions; whereas the Drapers' movement suggests an inquiry of paramount importance to mankind in general—namely, "When ought we to leave off?"

'It is the standard complaint against jokers, and whist players, and children, whether playing or crying—that they "never know when to leave off."

'It is the common charge against English winters and flannel waistcoats—it is occasionally hinted of rich and elderly relations—it is constantly said of snuff-takers, and gentlemen who enjoy a good glass of wine—that they "do not know when to leave off."

'It is the fault oftenest found with certain preachers, sundry poets, and all prosers, scolds, parliamentary orators, superannuated story-tellers, she-gossips, morning-callers, and some leave-takers, that they "do not know when to leave off." It is insinuated as to gowns and coats, of which waiting-men and waiting-women have the reversion.

'It is the characteristic of a Change Alley speculator—of a beaten boxer—of a builder's row, with his own name to it—of Hollando-Belgic protocols—of German metaphysics—of works in numbers—of buyers and sellers on credit—of a theatrical cadence—of a shocking bad hat—and of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, that they "do not know when to leave off."

'A romp—all Murphy's frosts, showers, storms, and hurricanes—and the Wandering Jew, are in the same predicament.

'As regards the Assistant Drapers, they appear to have arrived at a very general conclusion, that their proper period for leaving off is at or about seven

o'clock in the evening; and it seems by the following poetical address that they have rhyme, as well as reason, to offer in support of their resolution.'

The opening words seem to have been suggested by those of the popular 'Beggar's Petition'—'Pity the sorrows of a poor old man.'

PAGE 551, l. 52. *Knight*, i.e. Charles Knight, one of the pioneers of cheap high-class literature.

Lord Durham's Return. Comic Annual, 1839. In the spring of 1838 Durham (1792–1840) was sent to Canada as Governor-General in consequence of an insurrection of French Canadians. He returned in the following November.

PAGE 552. *Verses Mistaken for an Incendiary Song. Comic Annual*, 1839. These verses, 'which, perhaps very naturally under the circumstances of the times, our Recorder mistook for an incendiary song,' are given at the end of a prose skit entitled 'The Corresponding Club', telling how trouble had broken out at Stoke Pogis.

l. 3. *Sing old Rose.* This was a Cavalier drinking song, beginning:

'Now we're met like jovial fellows,
Let us do as wise men tell us;
Sing old Rose and burn the bellows—
Let us do as wise men tell us.'

PAGE 553. *The Green Man. Comic Annual*, 1839.

PAGE 557, l. 179. *As* 'rashes *growing green*'. Burns's *Green grow the rashes.*

l. 195. *the odd gross from little Moses.* Goldsmith's *Vicar of Wakefield.*

PAGE 558. *Pompey's Ghost. New Monthly Magazine*, August, 1840.

PAGE 559, l. 75. *You know black beetles. Measure for Measure*, III. i.

PAGE 560. *An Open Question. New Monthly Magazine*, August, 1840, and *Comic Annual*, 1842. To it the author appended the following:

'NOTE.—There is an anecdote of a Scotch Professor who happened during a Sunday walk to be hammering at a geological specimen which he had picked up, when a peasant gravely accosted him, and said, very seriously, "Eh! Sir, you think you are only breaking a stone, but you are breaking the Sabbath."

'In a similar spirit, some of our over-righteous sectarians are fond of attributing all breakage to the same cause—from the smashing of a parish lamp, up to the fracture of a human skull;—the "breaking into the bloody house of life," or the breaking into a brick-built dwelling. They all originate in the breaking of the Sabbath. It is the source of every crime in the country—the parent of every illegitimate child in the parish. The picking of a pocket is ascribed to the picking of a daisy—the robbery on the highway to a stroll in the fields—the incendiary fire to a hot dinner—on Sunday. All other causes—the want of education—the want of moral culture—the want of bread itself, are totally repudiated. The criminal himself is made to confess at the gallows that he owes his appearance on the scaffold to a walk with "Sally in our alley" on the "day that comes between a Saturday and Monday."

'Supposing this theory to be correct, and made like the law "for every degree," the wonder of Captain Macheath that we haven't "better company at Tyburn tree" (now the New Drop) must be fully shared by everybody who has visited the Ring in Hyde Park on the day in question. But how much greater must be the wonder of any person who has happened to reside, like

myself, for a year or two in a continental city, inhabited, according to the strict construction of our Mawworms, by some fifteen or twenty thousand of habitual Sabbath-breakers, and yet, without hearing of murder and robbery as often as of blood-sausages and dollars! A city where the Burgomaster himself must have come to a bad end, if a dance upon Sunday led so inevitably to a dance upon nothing!

'The "saints" having set up this absolute dependence of crime on Sabbath-breaking, their relative proportions become a fair statistical question; and, as such, the inquiry is seriously recommended to the rigid legislator, who acknowledges, indeed, that the Sabbath was "made for man," but, by a singular interpretation, conceives that the man for whom it was made is himself!'

PAGE 563. *Miss Kilmansegg and Her Precious Leg. New Monthly Magazine*, September, 1840, and *Comic Annual*, 1842.

PAGE 565, l. 104. *Robins.* See note to p. 538.

PAGE 566, l. 197. *the Naples Spider*, i.e. the tarantula.

l. 199. *It had scared King John.* See note to p. 258.

PAGE 578, l. 936. *the present Post-Office covers.* A reference to the drawing on the Mulready envelope of the time.

PAGE 582, l. 1196. *the Great Enchanter*, i.e. George Robins. See note to p. 538.

PAGE 596, l. 2134. *the Miller's name was Mendoza.* Daniel Mendoza, a notable pugilist.

PAGE 600. *On a Late Immersion. Athenaeum*, February 13, 1841.

A Tale of a Trumpet. New Monthly Magazine, May, 1841, and *Comic Annual*, 1842. The following note was appended:

'NOTE.—The following curious passage is quoted for the benefit of such Readers as are afflicted, like Dame Spearing, with Deafness, and one of its concomitants, a singing or ringing in the head. The extract is taken from "Quid Pro Quo; or a Theory of Compensations. By P. S." (perhaps Peter Shard), folio edition.

"Soe tenderly kind and gratious is Nature, our Mother, that She seldom or never puts upon us any Grievaunce without making Us some Amends, which, if not a full and perfect Equivalent, is yet a great Solace or Salve to the Sore. As is notably displaid in the Case of such of our Fellow Creatures as undergoe the Loss of Heering, and are thereby deprived of the Comfort and Entertainment of Natural Sounds. In lew whereof the Deaf Man, as testified by mine own Experience, is regaled with an inward Musick that is not vouchsafed unto a Person who hath the compleet Usage of his Ears. For note, that the selfsame Condition of Boddy which is most apt to bring on a Surdity, —namely, a general Relaxing of the delicate and subtile Fibres of the Human Nerves, and mainly such as belong and propinque to the Auricular Organ, this very Unbracing which silences the Tympanum, or drum, is the most instrumental Cause in producing a Consort in the Head. And, in particular, that affection which the Physitians have called Tinnitus, by reason of its Resemblance to a Ring of Bells. The Absence of which, as a National Musick, would be a sore Loss and Discomfort to any Native of the Low Countryes,

where the Steeples and Church-Towers with their Carillons maintain an allmost endlesse Tingle; seeing that before one quarterly Chime of the Cloke hath well ended, another must by Time's Command strike up its Tune. On which Account, together with its manye waterish Swamps and Marshes, the Land of Flandres is said by the Wits to be Ringing Wet. Such campanulary Noises would alsoe be heavily mist and lamented by the Inhabitants of that Ringing Island described in Rabelais his works, as a Place constantly filled with a Corybantick Jingle Jangle of great, middle-sized, and little Bells: wherewith the People seem to be as much charmed as a Swarm of Bees with the Clanking of brazen Kettles and Pans. And which Ringing Island cannot of a surety be Barbadoes, as certain Authors have supposed, but rather our own tintinnabulary Island of Brittain, where formerly a Saxon could not soe much as quench a Fire or a Candle but to the tune of a Bell. And even to this day, next to the Mother Tongue, the one mostly used is in a Mouth of Mettal, and withal so loosely hung, that it must needs wag at all Times and on all Topicks. For your English Man is a Mighty Ringer, and besides furnishing Bells to a Bellfry, doth hang them at the Head of his Horse, and at the Neck of his Sheep—on the Cap of his Fool, and on the Heels of his Hawk. And truly I have known more than one amongst my Country Men, who would undertake more Travel, and Cost besides, to hear a Peal of Grandsires, than they would bestow to look upon a Generation of Grandchildren. But alake! all these Bells with the huge Muscovite, and Great Tom of Lincoln to boot, be but as Dumb Bells to the Deaf Man: wherefore, as I said, Nature kindly steps in with a Compensation, to wit a Tinnitus, and converts his own Head into a Bellfry, whence he hath Peals enow, and what is more, without having to pay the Ringers." '

PAGE 602, l. 82. *Yearsley's Work. On Deafness*, by James Yearsley, 1839.

PAGE 611, l. 644. *'whispering tongues can poison Truth'*. Coleridge, *Christabel*, Part I, l. 409.

PAGE 613, l. 768. *like Harry Gill.* See the opening lines of Wordsworth's *Goody Blake and Harry Gill.*

l. 777. *the parish Charley*, i.e. watchman.

PAGE 614. *A Bull. New Monthly Magazine*, October, 1841, and *Comic Annual*, 1842.

A Reflection. Comic Annual, 1842.

On a Royal Demise. Comic Annual, 1842.

'Up the Rhine.' Comic Annual, 1842.

The Pursuit of Letters. Comic Annual, 1842.

PAGE 615. *Epigram. Comic Annual*, 1842.

On a Native Singer. New Monthly Magazine, January, 1842.

To C. Dickens. New Monthly Magazine, February, 1842, which has two verbal differences from a MS. of this in the British Museum. In line 7 'the river' is 'our river', and in line 8, 'I will' for 'I would'.

Night Song-Written at Sea. New Monthly Magazine, July, 1842, where it occurs in Horace Smith's *Rides in an Author's Omnibus*. In the index it is twice credited to Hood.

PAGE 616. *The Elm Tree. New Monthly Magazine*, September, 1842.

PAGE 622. *Rondeau. New Monthly Magazine*, December, 1842.
Epigram. New Monthly Magazine, December, 1842.
l. 4. *such top-gallant Sales!* See note to p. 389.
Address. Morning Chronicle, August 3, 1843; it was delivered at a benefit performance on behalf of the family of Elton, a popular actor, who had been drowned in the wreck of the *Pegasus* on July 19, 1843.

PAGE 623. *Sonnet. New Monthly Magazine*, September, 1843.
A Drop of Gin. Punch, November 18, 1843.

PAGE 625. *The Song of the Shirt. Punch*, Christmas Number, 1843. Inspired by an incident which had newly drawn public attention to the condition of some workers in London. A woman with a starving infant at the breast 'was charged at the Lambeth Police-court with pawning her master's goods, for which she had to give two pounds security. Her husband had died by an accident, and left her with two children to support, and she obtained by her needle for the maintenance of herself and family what her master called the "good living" of seven shillings a week.' Having written the *Song*, Hood found difficulty in getting it accepted, but his wife was confident that it would tell wonderfully 'as one of the best things he had ever done', and having been refused elsewhere Hood sent it to Mark Lemon with a note, saying that he feared it would scarcely suit *Punch*, and that if Lemon thought the same he had better put it in the waste-paper basket. Lemon, despite the protests of some of his colleagues, insisted on dignifying *Punch* with the *Song*. Its success was instantaneous. The verse marked with brackets was not given in *Punch*, being presumably crowded out.

PAGE 626. *The Pauper's Christmas Carol. Punch*, Christmas Number, 1843.

PAGE 627. *The Mary. Hood's Magazine*, January, 1844, signed 'B.'
l. 31. *Woodgate.* See note to p. 429.

PAGE 629. *The Haunted House. Hood's Magazine*, January, 1844.

PAGE 630, l. 52. '*shocking tameness.*' 'Their tameness is shocking to me,' Cowper, *Verses supposed to be written by Alexander Selkirk.*

PAGE 635. *A Discovery in Astronomy. Hood's Magazine*, January, 1844.
A Song for the Million. Hood's Magazine, January, 1844.

PAGE 637. *Skipping. A Mystery. Hood's Magazine*, January, 1844.

PAGE 638. *A Tale of Temper. Hood's Magazine*, January, 1844.

PAGE 640. *Epigram. Hood's Magazine*, January, 1844.
Reflections on New Year's Day. Punch, January 6, 1844.

PAGE 641. *The Lady's Dream. Hood's Magazine*, February, 1844.

PAGE 642. *Magnetic Musings. Hood's Magazine*, February, 1844.
l. 19. *Mr. Eyre . . . Lady Sale.* See notes to pp. 377 and 389.
l. 23. *'tis Brockedon.* William Brockedon (1787–1854), painter and author, published *Illustrations of the Passes of the Alps.*

PAGE 643. *A Dream. Punch*, March 9, 1844; à propos of the State trials in Ireland.
l. 81. '*change came o'er.*' Byron, *The Dream.*

PAGE 644. *Epigram.* *Hood's Magazine*, March, 1844.

l. 3. that *by Poole.* 'Solomon Eagle exhorting the People to Repentance during the Plague of the year 1665,' by Paul Falconer Poole (1807–1879).

The Key. *Hood's Magazine*, March, 1844.

PAGE 646. *The Captain's Cow.* *Hood's Magazine*, March, 1844.

PAGE 648. *The Workhouse Clock.* *Hood's Magazine*, April, 1844.

PAGE 649. *An Explanation.* *Hood's Magazine*, May, 1844.

The Bridge of Sighs. *Hood's Magazine*, May, 1844. From some fragmentary verses found among Hood's papers by his son, it looks as though the poet had intended to write another 'part' to this poem, in which should be told the story of the mother who threw her illegitimate child into the river and was then 'legitimately' done to death. These three scraps run:

BRIDGE OF SIGHS.

PART II.

Weary with troubles
The Death must deliver
Once more life bubbles
Away in the river—
* * * * * *
The moon in the river shone
And the stars some six or seven—
Poor child of sin, to throw it therein
Seemed sending it to Heaven.
* * * * * *
Cover her, cover her,
Throw the earth over her—
Victim of murder inhumanly done;
With gravel and sod—
Hide—hide her from God,
And the light of the sun!

PAGE 651. *Epigrams.* *Hood's Magazine*, the first in October, and the others in November, 1844.

The Lay of the Labourer. *Hood's Magazine*, November, 1844.

PAGE 652. *Sonnet to a Sonnet.* *Hood's Magazine*, November, 1844.

PAGE 653. *Epigrams.* *Hood's Magazine*, the first two in November, and the third in December, 1844.

The Sausage-Maker's Ghost. *Hood's Magazine*, December, 1844.

PAGE 655. *The Lark and the Rook.* *Hood's Magazine*, December, 1844.

PAGE 656. *Suggestions by Steam.* *Hood's Magazine*, January, 1845.

Anacreontic. *Hood's Magazine*, January, 1845.

Epigram. *Hood's Magazine*, February, 1845.

PAGE 657. *Stanzas.* *Hood's Magazine*, February, 1845.

The Surplice Question. *Hood's Magazine*, February, 1845.

Epigram. *Hood's Magazine*, March, 1845.

Ballad. From manuscript; an incomplete version is given in some earlier editions of Hood's poems.

PAGE 660. *To My Dear Marianne.* Now first printed.

[*Song.*] Now first printed.

Give me a pen. Now first printed.

PAGE 661. [*Fragment.*] Now first printed.

PAGES 661–699. These pieces are of unascertained dates; some of them were published posthumously.

PAGE 664. *Song.* To these two stanzas Barry Cornwall (B. W. Procter) added two more at Mrs. Hood's request:

'There is care that will not leave us,
And pain that will not flee;
But on our hearth unalter'd
Sits Love—'tween you and me.

Our love it ne'er was reckon'd.
Yet good it is and true,
It 's *half* the world to me, dear,
It 's *all* the world to you.'

PAGE 666. *Youth and Age.* A rough draught of this in manuscript gives several alternative beginnings:

'Ambitious of the future,'
'Forgetful of the present,'
'Impatient of his blessings,'.

Sir John Bowring. See note to p. 545.

PAGE 667. *To Henrietta.* Addressed to the daughter of William Harvey, the artist.

PAGE 674. *Lamia.* First printed at the end of vol. i of the *Autobiography* of William Jerdan (1852).

PAGE 700. *The Bandit.* Probably written about 1815–17, first printed in *Hood in Scotland* by Alex. Elliot (1885), and reprinted here by permission.

PAGE 730. *Lines to Miss F. Kemble.* See p. 450, and note to that page.

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PRINTED IN ENGLAND
AT THE OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS